A

MONITORY ADDRESS

TO

GREAT BRITAIN;

A POEM IN SIX PARTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

BRITAIN's REMEMBRANCER, &c.

992. £.26
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Heav'n-daring ſins unerring tokens yield,
That mercy ſoon will ceaſe a land to ſhield:
For theſe abounding, rouſe Almighty ire,
And waſte a realm as with conſuming fire.
'Tis God incens'd that empires does o'erthrow,
To his juſt wrath theſe their deſtruction owe.

Righteouſneſs exalteth a nation: but ſin is a reproach to any people, Prov. xiv. 34. *Ah ſinful nation, a people laden with iniquity—they have forſaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Iſrael unto anger*, Iſa. i. 4. *And behold, ye are riſen up in your fathers ſtead, an increaſe of ſinful men, to augment yet the fierce anger of the Lord toward Iſrael*,—toward Britain. *Behold, ye have ſinned againſt the Lord: and be ſure your ſin will find you out*, Numb. xxxii. 14, 23. *Do ye thus requite the Lord, O fooliſh people, and unwiſe?* Deut. xxxii. 6. *Shall I not viſit for theſe things? ſaith the Lord: and ſhall not my ſoul be avenged on ſuch a nation as this?* Jer. v. 9. *Only fear the Lord, and ſerve him in truth with all your heart; for conſider how great things he hath done for you. But if ye ſhall ſtill do wickedly, ye ſhall be conſumed, both ye and your king*, 1 Sam. xii. 24, 25.

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M.DCC.XCII.

TO THE

KING.

SIR,

THAT the Supreme Magiſtrate, acting in character, is juſtly entitled to all legal ſubjection, and dutiful reſpect, both reaſon and Scripture agree; and ſuch as would refuſe to render theſe, or infringe on either, cannot be innocent in the ſight of Heaven. In his official character, he is the moſt ſtriking emblem of the Sacred Majeſty of the Univerſe that earth can preſent; and therefore claims the higheſt civil homage and veneration, for His ſake whoſe ſubſtitute and emblem he is. A wiſe and virtuous Prince is a proof of the Divine favour towards the people over whom he preſides: but every tyrant is as a ſword or ſcourge, in the hand of God, to chaſtiſe or deſtroy the offending nations. As kings are amenable to him for the exerciſe of their high authority and extenſive influence, ſo, even in ordinary caſes, that authority is to be viewed as derived from himſelf: for *the Powers that be are ordained of God*, by whom kings reign and decree juſtice. The regal power and dignity are a ſacred depoſitum intruſted to them, in order to be employed for the honour

of its original Author, and the protection and happineſs of its objects. Theſe ends anſwered, they become an important bleſſing to mankind, and ſubſervient to the benign purpoſes of the Divine adminiſtration.

The following ſheets being addreſſed to the Nation at large, and, with regard to their contents and object, of univerſal concern, it will appear the leſs ſurpriſing, the Author ſhould preſume thus to inſcribe them to your Majeſty; for whatever affects the morals and the happineſs of the ſubjects at large, ſure cannot appear a matter of indifference to a Prince, who hath deſervedly acquired the venerable title of the Father of his People. When kings and princes, whoſe judgment and choice fix the taſte and manners of the great, and from whoſe example even the lower claſſes draw, thro' that medium, their habits, actions, and characters, diſcover an unfeigned concern for the eternal happineſs of their ſubjects no leſs than for their temporal welfare, their memory will remain fragrant and refreſhing to lateſt ages; for Religion confers the trueſt honour, and the moſt laſting fame.

That the important ends of Government have in a great meaſure been happily ſecured to theſe lands, by the acceſſion of your illuſtrious Anceſtors to the Throne of Britain, every unprejudiced perſon muſt allow, and millions will cheerfully

fully own. May ſuch be the happy conſequence of that event to lateſt ages. It is perhaps ſcarce poſſible for a people to give more unfeigned proofs, or ſtronger expreſſions of loyal attachment to a prince, and concern for his perſonal and domeſtic felicity, than the Inhabitants of this Iſle have diſcovered for your Majeſty and Royal Houſehold, on the afflictive occaſion of your late threatening illneſs. The joy manifeſted by all ranks, on the happy recovery which propitious Heaven vouchſafed your Majeſty, in anſwer to their wiſhes and prayers, afforded ſuch a demonſtration of loyalty and affection as could not but be highly pleaſing and acceptable to your paternal heart. In the lively ſorrow and joy which theſe events ſo univerſally gave, the Writer begs leave to ſay, he took an intimate part. That kind interpoſition of Providence hath, no doubt, laid the Nation under ſingular obligations to Heaven: But there is too much reaſon to fear, that we are too apt to forget ſuch deliverances, at leaſt, to neglect their due improvement. The elevated ſphere in which kings move, being inſeparable from much care and danger, is leſs deſirable on its own account, than for the ſake of thoſe diſtinguiſhed advantages which it affords, of approving themſelves the loyal ſubjects of the Prince of peace, by employing their power and influence for his ho-

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nour and intereſt, and the generous friends of mankind, whoſe Guardians they are by office. A few things, juſtly deemed of great moment, are here humbly ſubmitted to your Royal conſideration.

The Great King of kings, by ſparing your valuable life to ſuch a time as this, is giving you a favourable opportunity of promoting his glory, the honour and intereſt of Chriſtianity, and the happineſs of myriads of the human race; and, no doubt, expects you ſhould embrace it. Your Royal clemency, and known regard to juſtice and humanity, cannot ſure be more honourably exerciſed, than by an exertion of the power with which your Majeſty is inveſted, in order to put an immediate ſtop to the fatal depredations of the Slave Trade on a foreign coaſt, ſo far as Britiſh ſubjects are concerned, an object which hath of late deſervedly excited the attention of the Public: for your Royal pleaſure once ſignified, the other branches of the Legiſlature, we may ſuppoſe, would ſoon acquieſce. Such an act of humanity and juſtice could not fail to add freſh luſtre to the crown, to immortalize your auſpicious reign, to gratify the virtuous part of the Community, and to bring down the bleſſing of Heaven on your Family and Subjects: whereas the continuance of this odious and inhuman traffic, in the face of all the evi-

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dence of its enormity, if the Governor among the nations be a God of truth and juſtice, cannot fail to expoſe and endanger all theſe. That *righteouſneſs* which *exalteth a nation*, ſeems to require ſuch an exertion of the Royal prerogative on the preſent occaſion; for to countenance the trade in queſtion, in preſent circumſtances, muſt *be a reproach to any people*, and, if perſiſted in, may prove their ruin.

Even pure minds need to be ſtirred up by way of remembrance, and none more than kings, who have not always acceſs to ſee truths and facts undiſguiſed. It often grieves the hearts of many of your Majeſty's beſt ſubjects, to ſee the barbarous cuſtom of Duelling prevailing in a Chriſtian land, to the offence of God, the great increaſe of our national guilt, the diſtreſs of families, the loſs of many lives to the community, and, it is much to be feared, the future perdition of the individuals who engage in it, or, at leaſt, who periſh by it. They look up with anxiety to you, Sire, to give an effectual check to a practice ſo diſgraceful and criminal in itſelf, and ſo deſtructive, and ſubverſive of all good order in the State; and hope your paternal care will, in this reſpect, at length manifeſt itſelf for the peace, the ſafety and happineſs of thoſe, who, in a civil view, ſtand related to you as ſubjects, as ſervants and children. While they rejoiced

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at the late narrow eſcape of one of the Princes, they fondly perſuaded themſelves, that event would have ere now produced ſomething deciſive on that head, as an expreſſion of gratitude for the kind interpoſition of Heaven on that occaſion, and a proof of your Majeſty's paternal care, reſpecting the peaceable deportment, and perſonal ſafety of your ſubjects.

If the too common practice of Duelling add to our national guilt and diſgrace, and ſo claim ſpeedy redreſs, the neglect of puniſhing, for a conſiderable time paſt, the atrocious crime of Child-murder, in one part of your Majeſty's dominions, is a crying evil, which merits your Royal attention, and demands the interference of the Legiſlature. This neglect is fraught with inſult to the laws of God and the State, and brings the guilt of innocent blood upon the Land, which the Judge of all will not fail to require, when He makes inquiſition for blood. The prevalence of the above evils, ſo fraught with ſhame and guilt, ſanctioned by blind cuſtom, and patronized, or connived at by the laws, cannot but deeply affect all that fear God, and properly love their King and Country; becauſe theſe claim the interpoſition of his rectoral juſtice, and, if not timely redreſſed, may ſoon procure the awful viſitation of his merited wrath.

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As the means of Divine appointment, thro' the bleſſing of Heaven, alone can give an effectual check to abounding iniquity, and produce a thorough reformation, it is humbly begged, with all due deference, that your Majeſty, as a nurſing Father to the Church eſtabliſhed by law in theſe lands, would give diligence that all her members be provided with able and faithful Paſtors, to inſtruct them in the great truths and duties of Chriſtianity, and exemplify the ſame by their own pious and circumſpect deportment. The common exerciſe of the uſurped right of Patronage, having been found ſadly prejudicial in this reſpect, the reſtoration of this right, ſo far as claimed by the Crown, to the Chriſtian people, in whom it was originally veſted, and who ſtill exerciſe it in moſt Churches, would be an act of juſtice and generoſity, worthy a great and good Prince, and attended with ſuch happy conſequences as would much more than compenſate all the power and influence its preſent exerciſe can give. A worthy Prelate, who was no enthuſiaſt, or enemy to due ſubordination in Church or State, ſuggeſts a conſideration, which renders the exerciſe of this modern right no deſirable object to any that believe the exiſtence of a Supreme Ruler, and the certainty of a future judgment. His words me-

rit the attention of thoſe who claim the ſole exerciſe of that right.

" Patrons (ſays he) ought to look upon themſelves as bound to have a ſacred regard to this " truſt that is veſted in them, and to conſider " very carefully what the nature of the benefice " that they give is, and what are the qualifications of the perſon they preſent to it; otherwiſe the ſouls that may be loſt by a bad nomination, whatſoever may have been their " motive to it, will be required at their hands*." This conſideration duly weighed, your Majeſty, and all inferior patrons, would think the ſurrender of this claim, or ſolemn truſt, to thoſe to whom it properly and of divine right belongs, a happy releaſe from an intolerable burden; for every one will find he has enough of his own to account for in the great day, when all the ſons of men muſt render an account of their ſtewardſhip, tho' he ſhould not be amenable for the fatal conſequences that may reſult from the criminal neglects of others.

No doubt, under your Majeſty's mild adminiſtration, there is leſs reaſon to complain on this head, every one being left at liberty to ſubmit to the Patron's Preſentee as his Paſtor, or to aſſociate himſelf with any party of Chriſtians where

* Biſhop Burnet's Paſtoral Care, Page 200. apud me.

where he may think his edification and Chriſtian privileges beſt promoted and ſecured. But then, what good reaſon can be aſſigned, why ſuch meaſures ſhould be ſtrenuouſly perſiſted in, as evidently tend to reduce parochial charges to mere ſinecures, and have had that effect already in numberleſs inſtances,—to alienate the ſubjects from the Church as by law eſtabliſhed, (where they, in general, find themſelves treated as ciphers in a matter which moſt nearly concerns them) if not from religion itſelf, and to deprive the Clergy of reſpectability and influence among the people; all which, the experience of many years ſhews to be ſome of the unhappy effects of the rigorous exerciſe of that oppreſſive yoke. The redreſs of this ſingle grievance would be of vaſt moment to the ſucceſs of religion, and the proſperity of the State; and is therefore highly worthy the attention of a King, who is happily ſo much beloved by his people. It is with becoming diffidence and reſpect theſe things are ſuggeſted; but a regard to the glory of the Divine Being, the honour and proſperity of theſe lands, and the ſtability of the Britiſh throne, will, it is hoped, be deemed a ſufficient apology. While the permiſſion, or practice of the evils alluded to, is deemed and felt to be ſuch a grievance as loudly claims redreſs, it is readily granted, that, in mixed conſtitutions, like ours, the

greateſt princes, and the wiſeſt miniſters of State may often find it expedient to yield to abuſes, which they are far from approving.

Such, alas, is the impudent wickedneſs and daring impiety of the preſent day, that the example of Royalty itſelf fails in recommending the practice of virtue, even to thoſe who have near acceſs to obſerve its attractive charms! If ſins abound in Britain, and receive the countenance of thoſe who lead the faſhion, and form the manners of the age, againſt which God hath revealed his wrath from heaven, and on account of which he hath often inflicted deſolating judgements on other nations, not favoured with our advantages, what is the iſſue too likely to prove with reſpect to us? Seeing then that depravation of manners wofully prevails among all ranks, to the great diſgrace of a nation profeſſing Chriſtianity, and the imminent hazard of the State; and as reformation, before it can prove effectual, muſt begin with the Great, may we not hope that your Majeſty, according to the ſpirit of your Royal proclamation for the *encouragement of Piety and Virtue*, &c. will, with the aſſiſtance of your Privy Council, adopt the moſt vigorous and eligible meaſures for checking the alarming progreſs of ſuch a boding evil, that all iniquity, as aſhamed, may hide her face, and ſtop her mouth, and that ill men be no more. Such is

the great object of this Eſſay, humbly inſcribed to your Majeſty, however poorly it may be executed; to ſecure which, it is devoutly recommended to His patronage and bleſſing, *with whom it is nothing to help, even with them that have no power.* He whoſe kingdom ruleth over all hath declared, that ſuch as honour him, he will honour, an object worthy the ambition of princes, as well as private perſons.

May that God, by whom kings reign, and princes and rulers decree juſtice, have your Majeſty and Royal Conſort always under his ſpecial care and protection, and command his beſt bleſſings upon you, and on your progeny. May what the poet ſings continue to be ſtill verified in your reign, and in the reign of many happy ſucceſſors of your Royal line:

Happy, when both to the ſame centre move,
When Kings give liberty, and ſubjects love *.

Conſcious of a heart devoted to God, and ſupported in every ſituation by a well-founded confidence in his favour, may you be enabled to riſe in your views and affection above every thing attractive on earth, and to fix your hopes on the glorious realities of an unſeen world. May your valuable lives be ſpared for his glo-

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* Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill.

ry, the happineſs of your Royal Houſehold, and the proſperity of theſe lands, till, after having long adorned your elevated ſtation on earth, you obtain, at a remote period, thro' the mediation of the Son of God, an eaſy and honourable tranſlation to the poſſeſſion of a crown of glory which fadeth not away, and a kingdom that cannot be moved, eternal in the heavens.

May your Royal Offspring be endowed with every Chriſtian grace, and princely virtue; and may there be always one of your illuſtrious line to fill the Britiſh throne, and ſway the Sceptre over a free and happy people, who will make their happineſs the great rule of his Government; and the practice of undefiled Religion, without which neither Prince nor People can be happy, the pillars of his Throne. Such is the ſincere deſire and earneſt prayer of,

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

Your Majeſty's moſt loyal Subject,

And moſt humble

And obedient Servant,

BRITANNICUS.

THE

PREFACE.

IT is with that diffidence and reſpect which are due to the Public at large, that the Author ventures to addreſs the following ſheets to his fellow-ſubjects. To animadvert on public vices, to a perſon of ordinary humanity, however neceſſary at times, is a taſk not the moſt pleaſant in itſelf, or deſirable on its own account. Of all the offices of friendſhip and fidelity, admonition and reproof, are, in general, not the moſt welcome, or the leaſt difficult to be properly adminiſtered. How far he has ſucceeded in attempting this, time, and the judgment of the virtuous and candid, muſt determine. This is not indeed a time for ſaying ſmooth things on ſuch a ſubject; for no complaiſance ſhould give laws where objects of the very laſt importance are at ſtake. His wiſh, however, is not to irritate, but to reform; and he therefore hopes, the ſincerity and goodneſs of his intention will be allowed to apologize for him, where the natural warmth of his tempar, a felt concern for the honour and ſucceſs of Chriſtianity, and the continued proſperity of his Country, have led to what ſome may perhaps account too plain dealing, or undue ſeverity. If able to form any judgement of his own ſentiments and leading motives in this attempt, he can appeal to Him who perfectly knows all our ſecret ſprings of action, that he would not willingly offend any, even the meaneſt of his fellow-creatures, nor ſay a ſevere thing of their conduct, did not a regard to their happineſs ſeem to require it.

Indeed,

Indeed, while vices keep private, they ought to be reproved only in private, and no attempts ſhould be made to draw forth deeds of darkneſs from their vile obſcurity. But when the wicked become bold in iniquity, and proclaim their ſin as Sodom, and hide it not, he is unworthy of the Chriſtian name, who is afraid of declaring the truth, and animadverting on their conduct, leſt he ſhould incur their diſpleaſure. Tho' it would give vaſt concern to the author, ſhould this Addreſs fail of attaining, in ſome meaſure, the end propoſed, thro' his inability or miſmanagement; yet, in a matter which involves objects of ſuch magnitude, he would not be deterred from the duty of a faithful monitor by any conſiderations which carnal prudence might ſuggeſt.

With regard to any liberty of animadverſion taken, is it not much to be wiſhed there was leſs occaſion for it? However much the writer deteſts falſehood and miſrepreſentation, yet would he rejoice ſhould our conduct, as a nation, in this prove him a liar, and his ſpeech nothing worth. None but the guilty need be alarmed at the mention of guilt. Callous and unfeeling indeed muſt that heart in a moral view be, that can cloſely ſurvey ſuch a ſcene of guilt and conſequent miſery, as our national vices preſent, and not be at times tranſported beyond the bounds which cold criticiſm, and a lifeleſs form of godlineſs might preſcribe. When profligacy of manners, ariſing from a combination of cauſes—education, infidelity, aſſociations in vice, &c. hath ſpread, and is ſtill ſpreading its horrid devaſtations far and wide, is it not time to obey the injunction of God by the prophet? "Cry aloud, ſpare "not, ſhew my people their tranſgreſſion, and the "houſe of Jacob their ſins *." Such profligacy is indeed

* Iſa. lviii. 1.

deed the leſs to be wondered at, when we conſider how it is countenanced by perſons of the higheſt rank, has no check from the laws, and will admit of none from the pulpit. A conduct of this nature is not more hoſtile to religion and purity of manners, than unworthy of that philoſophy and refinement of taſte to which ſo many pretend.

Some parts of the following Addreſs were compoſed ſeveral years ago, merely to give vent to the impreſſions produced by the events to which they refer, without the moſt remote thought of their ever appearing in public. Often indeed did the Author earneſtly wiſh, while he turned his thoughts to the ſubject, that God might put it into the heart of ſome one better qualified, to attempt ſomething of a ſimilar nature. Whatever may have been done with the ſame view, in a detached way, nothing has appeared, ſo far as he has acceſs to know, on ſo comprehenſive a plan, or executed in a ſimilar manner; elſe this had never ſolicited the attention of the Public. Viewing the favourite maxims, and prevailing courſes of the times, as repugnant to the glory of God, the intereſt of religion, and the peace and ſafety of the ſtate, he was induced to proſecute it in its preſent form, amidſt a number of other avocations, rather than neglect the opportunity, and ſeeming call of Providence, of admoniſhing his fellow-ſubjects reſpecting the evil and danger of our ways; or, ſhould we ſtill perſiſt in theſe, in ſpite of every admonition, of bearing teſtimony for God againſt them, in which view he doubts not of his acceptance of the attempt, ſhould it unhappily fail of attaining its deſired effect with regard to ourſelves. The Writer is ready to own, he hath, in common with other members of the community, had a hand in the

general provocation, and contributed to the increaſe of our national guilt. Of this he wiſhes to be deeply ſenſible, and humbled for it in the ſight of Heaven. While he therefore takes upon him to animadvert on the reigning vices of the day, however free he may be kept from theſe, he muſt yet plead guilty before God, placing his ſole hope in his mercy.—May he, of his infinite compaſſion, forgive both him and them in this, for the ſake of his Anointed, and not ſuffer our iniquity to prove our ruin.

Senſible of the importance and difficulty of ſuch a taſk, he engaged in it with fear and diffidence, yet, looking up to Him who can ordain ſtrength, and perfect praiſe even from the mouths of babes, and with whom it is nothing to help with them that have no power, he perſevered, not without ſome hopes that the Lord would graciouſly accept of this free-will-offering at his hand, and make it, with all its defects, one way or other ſubſervient to his glory. Accompanied with his warmeſt wiſhes and earneſt prayers, it now comes abroad, ſoliciting the attention of his Countrymen, as a ſubject in which every Briton is deeply intereſted.—May the Governor among the nations, to whoſe patronage and bleſſing it has been often committed, and to which it is now commended on its entrance into the world, deign to patronize and bleſs it.

Among other objections which preſented themſelves againſt ſuch a publication, one was, That, conſidering the reigning taſte and ſpirit of the times, and the culpable indifference and lukewarmneſs of many even of the ſerious, there was no great reaſon to expect ſuch encouragement as would indemnify the expence attending it; tho' indeed productions of a comparatively

ly trivial nature, or of a moſt pernicious tendency, ſtill find a warm reception, and command an extenſive circulation. Motives however, which he truſts are not unworthy of the man, the citizen, and the Chriſtian have out-weighed every conſideration diſſuading from the attempt. However poorly it may be executed, and whatever exceptions may lie againſt particular parts, yet, conſidering its object, may it not be allowed to have a claim on the patronage of the virtuous part of the community, a diſappointment in which would redound not more to the honour of the nation, a concern for whoſe happineſs was the ſtimulating motive, than of the author? Some may diſreliſh, others perhaps ridicule a performance, one profeſſed object of which is to expoſe and cenſure public vices, ſome of which have unhappily gained the ſanction of the faſhionable and wealthy: but whatever is publiſhed with a ſincere aim to benefit mankind in their moſt valuable and laſting concerns, cannot wholly fail of obtaining the approbation and beſt wiſhes of the wiſe and good, notwithſtanding any defects in the mode of execution. Degenerate as the age is, there ſtill remains ſo much candour and virtue among us, as to procure indulgence, if not approbation and countenance, to a deſign of this nature, at leaſt with thoſe who ſtand not in ſuch need of it. But ſhould He who alone can convert Jacob, and ſucceed any mean of reformation, deign to make the preſent eſſay ſubſervient to ſo deſirable an end, tho' but in a few inſtances, this would render the breath of applauſe, and the blaſt of cenſure almoſt alike inſignificant, and ſecure to the author the moſt valuable reward.

May it not be aſſerted, without incurring the charge of vanity, that the ſubjects here humbly offered to the

conſideration of the public, with their native conſequences, are, in preſent circumſtances, much more intereſting to every Briton than the moſt elegant and flowery ſtrictures that ever appeared on the merely political advantages or defects of any ſyſtem of civil polity, that hath at any time been adopted in the kingdoms of the world? When theſe are loſt in one univerſal wreck, and all their pomp and pageantry vaniſhed as a viſionary ſcene, the reſult of obſerving or violating the laws of the Almighty, will be felt and acknowledged by an aſſembled world, to be of infinite importance,—to involve the moſt momentuous conſequences to all ranks and deſcriptions of men. The compliance now given to the demands of his word and providence, and the reception ſuch attempts find, as tend to inculcate and enforce theſe, will prove the occaſion of inconceivable bliſs or endleſs wo to countleſs myriads of the human race. Such however, is, alas, the infatuation of multitudes, that, tho' often warned of their danger, and earneſtly beſeeched to flee from it, they remain ſtill deaf to ſuch admonitions and intreaties, till their deſtruction cometh, ſudden and irreſiſtible as a whirlwind, when no ſpace is found for repentance, tho' ſought carefully with tears, and every poſſible method of eſcape becomes quite impracticable! Thus it befals nations as well as individulals. How awfully was this verified in the calamities which befel the Jews in the days of Jeremiah, notwithſtanding all the plain warnings and admonitions that God gave them by that prophet; and afterwards in the total overthrow of their city and temple, of their civil and religious polity, by the Roman army! Of this latter calamity, our Lord plainly forewarned them, and tho' there appeared at the time no human probability

of the event, yet was the ſolemn prediction literally accompliſhed within the ſpace of forty years. From ſuch examples of the Divine vengeance, let Britain beware of ſtill incurring the wrath of Heaven; for, with reſpect to us, who can tell what even a ſhorter period may bring forth? Such ſins abound among us as have proved the certain harbingers of awful judgments to other nations, leſs favoured in the courſe of providence than theſe lands; and ſhall we then ſtill expect impunity?—The prevalence of iniquity, in any ſtate, nearly concerns both prince and people. When the latter abuſe the exerciſe of Divine patience, continue to miſimprove the ſeaſon of their merciful viſitation in the goſpel, ſhut their eyes againſt the ſigns of the times, and by their crimes bid defiance to Heaven itſelf, what can they expect but that God ſhould addreſs them, as he repeatedly did his ancient people? *Shall I not viſit for theſe things? ſhall not my ſoul be avenged on ſuch a nation as this?* The ſins and impieties of profeſſing Chriſtians cannot fail to inflame the wrath of Heaven; and we are expreſsly told, that *the Lord ſhall ſtrike through kings in the day of his wrath*, eſpecially if they have neglected to exert the high authority lodged in them for the ſuppreſſion of vice, and for the encouragement of piety and virtue. Pſal. cx. 5. "To me belongeth vengeance and recompence, (ſaith the Lord) their foot ſhall ſlide in due time: for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that ſhall come upon them make haſte." Deut. xxxii. 35. Let us not then fondly imagine that our religious advantages will ſtand between us and the Divine vengeance, which we have been ſo long treaſuring up againſt the day of wrath by our ſins, ſeeing our ſad abuſe of theſe advantages is one of the

the chief reaſons why we ſhould dread and deprecate that vengeance.

But why, may ſome ſay, forebode ſuch things, when our nation was never more proſperous than at preſent? The author is diſpoſed cordially to rejoice in the continued, or increaſing proſperity of his Country; for, ſo far from deſiring, he deprecates the evil day. But let us not forget how ſoon a ſtorm may ſucceed the greateſt calm; how ſoon the brighteſt day may be overcaſt with clouds and tempeſts. To infer from our temporal proſperity, ſuppoſe it ever ſo great, that the divine diſpleaſure at our growing contempt of religion, and our vicious practices, is happily averted, and that God whom we have inſulted times and ways paſt number, is become our Friend and Guardian, would not be more ſalacious than dangerous. A prudent man foreſeeth the evil even at a diſtance, and provideth for his own ſafety; but it is characteriſtic of fools and ſimpletons to paſs on heedleſsly, till their folly and obſtinacy become their own puniſhment—to confine their views to preſent objects, and make no proviſion for futurity. Nations, like individuals, muſt one time reap as they ſow; for tho' the Divine patience may be longer exerciſed towards large communities, yet the period of retribution will arrive; and this the annals of paſt ages can ſufficiently atteſt. The goodneſs of God in our proſperity, inſtead of leading us to repentance, hath, alas, proved the occaſion of our copying the example of ancient Iſrael, in their ingratitude and rebellion towards their heavenly Benefactor! "But Jeſhurun "waxed fat, and kicked: *then* he forſook God which "made him, and lightly eſteemed the Rock of his ſal-"vation *." May he not then juſtly ſay of us, "As "they

* Deut. xxxii. 15.

" they were increaſed ſo they ſinned againſt me: there-
" fore will I change their glory into ſhame *?"

When men preſume to ſay unto God, like the infidels of old, " Depart from us; for we deſire not the " knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, " that we ſhould obey him? And what profit ſhould " we have if we pray unto him?" Job xxi. 14, 15.: or, like the Gadarenes, beſeech him, in effect, to quit their coaſts, prefering their ſwine, the moſt filthy luſts and criminal pleaſures to his preſence, what can be expected but that he ſhould remove his word from them, if not in the letter, at leaſt in its ſpirit and power? Should he, as a juſt puniſhment of the careleſs indifference, or daring impiety of ſinners, ſay to every mean that can convert or reform, Let them alone, ſtrive no more with them, will not theſe prove like wells without water, or clouds without rain, leaving ſuch to become more ſecure and obdurate under them? Indeed too many, on whom God and man have a juſt claim for a very different conduct, turn their backs on the public as well as private inſtitutions of religion, ſo that were their example to be univerſally imitated, we ſhould have ſhut ſanctuaries, ſilent Sabbaths, and not the ſhadow of piety remaining. The time has been, when the higher ranks in theſe lands were, in general, examplary for every thing pious, virtuous, and praiſeworthy; but alas, how art thou now fallen, O Britain, in this reſpect!

There is little reaſon to hope that reformation will become effectual, till it begin with the Great, who at preſent chiefly need it; for while they remain corrupt and diſſipated, their conduct, like ſo many poiſoned

* Hoſ. iv. 7.

ſoned fountains, ſtill emitting noxious ſtreams, will not fail to taint the lower claſſes of mankind. What doth it avail that the ſprings of induſtry among the poorer ſort are ſhut up one day in ſeven, while on that very day the ſluices of ſenſual amuſement, diſſipation and folly are ſet open among the great and affluent; and continue to flow without check or intermiſſion?— What doth it avail that the common people are abridged of their favourite diverſions on the Sabbath, while families of the firſt rank and diſtinction indulge in practices prohibited on other days, and proſtitute their houſes into a place of rendezvous for the votaries of pleaſure, gaming, and diſſipation of both ſexes? If ſuch ever enjoin the duties of morality on others, or reprove their diſorderly conduct, what good effect can this be ſuppoſed to produce? Precepts counteracted by example become fruitleſs, nay worſe, quite ridiculous, and retort with double advantage on the giver. The native force of good examples among the higher ranks in life, will go much farther to ſecure a ſober and regular practice among the people at large than all the pains and penalties the civil magiſtrate can inflict. While ſo many of our nobility and gentry deſert the places of public worſhip, as if infected, form parties of pleaſure on the Lord's day, and ſpend the evening of it at cards and concerts; while, by their impious or immoral practices, they convert their houſes into ſynagogues of Satan, or temples of vice, what is to be expected from their children, their ſervants and inferiors? Do not ſuch things degrade nobility more effectually than the decree of the Legiſlature of a neighbouring kingdom? When theſe and the like practices prevail, do they not mark a people ripe for ruin? The many proſecutions for Crim. Con. of late,

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and the hiſtory of their ſecret intrigues and amours, afford a melancholy proof and picture of the degraded manners of too many of the great, whoſe wealth and ſtation cannot ſcreen them from the contempt they ſo richly merit. Sure then a revolution in the morals of the people at large, without which no civil advantages can make them happy, is much more neceſſary than in the ſyſtem of our political adminiſtration.

On the ſouth ſide of the Tweed, the profanation of the Sabbath has been obſerved to be more notorious, few regarding it but during what is called *canonical hours*, and ſtill fewer devoting it to the proper exerciſes of the day; whence travellers thither, from the northern part of the iſle, have been, at firſt, not a little ſtruck at the liberties taken thereon: but the inhabitants of that part of the Britiſh empire, at leaſt much the greater part of the people of faſhion, inſtead of following the example of their anceſtors, in this reſpect, are making quick advances in imitating their Southern brethren in this, as well as in their other worſt practices, tho' perhaps not in ſo open and avowed a manner.

But our national guilt and danger are increaſed, not only by thoſe who pour open contempt upon the duties of religion and morality; even perſons that have ſome claim to a negative kind of virtue, and may paſs in the world for worthy good ſort of people, contribute their ſhare, and that none of the leaſt. Being free of groſſer vices, ſins of omiſſion give them little or no trouble, tho' theſe make up in number what the other have in weight, and are the more dangerous, becauſe leſs apt to excite alarm. Such ſeem to forget the fate of the barren fig-tree, of the ſervant who hid his Lord's talent in the earth, and the ground

of the condemnation of the wicked at the laſt day, as given by the Judge himſelf, in what he has told us of the ſolemn procedure of that day. A vaſt proportion of profeſſing Chriſtians, will, it is to be feared, be found included in this deſcription. The above view of things, being admitted as matter of fact, does it not preſent a much more ſerious object of alarm than all the publications, which are apprehended to contain materials ſo dangerous to the ſafety of the State? So far as theſe employ falacious reaſoning to impoſe on the ignorant and unwary, the better they are known the ſooner will they ſink into contempt—Error cannot abide the light, but flies to ſhade and ſubterfuge: but truth, like gold, will bear the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, and gain by every renewed trial. The greateſt enemies to their country, are doubtleſs thoſe who dare openly violate the laws, and contemn the inſtitutions of Heaven: for vice and impiety gradually ſap a nation's peace and proſperity, and, if perſiſted in, cannot fail to effectuate, at length, its utter ruin. Profligate immoral perſons, are the moſt dangerous incendiaries any ſtate can have, and that in proportion to the elevation of their rank in life, and the extent of their influence; for theſe, wherever they go, ſcatter ſnares, fire-brands, and death, even when they would be thought in ſport.

The Moſt High hath uſed a variety of means to reclaim us from our evil courſes, and yet we perſiſt in them; whence he may addreſs us, as he did the Jews, "The men of Nineveh ſhall riſe up in judgment a-"gainſt this generation, and ſhall condemn it: for "they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and be-"hold a greater than Jonah is here." While the prophet denounced the divine vengeance, "the peo-"ple believed God, and proclaimed a faſt, and put on "ſack-

"ſackloth, from the greateſt of them even to the leaſt "of them." The king and his nobles joined in a decree enforcing this, exhorting and enjoining all to *cry mightily unto God*, and to *turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that was in their hands*, and ſet them at the ſame time the example. Few and precarious were their inducements to repentance compared to ours. The utmoſt they could ſay, was, "Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and "turn away from his fierce anger, that we periſh "not?" Jonah iii.

Among the various topics of animadverſion in the following ſheets, one perhaps needs to be adverted to here. The author is well aware how very delicate it is to interfere with the conduct of thoſe who are inveſted with the ſacred office, and how difficult it is to do it, thro' the unjuſtifiable prejudices of ſome, without injuring religion itſelf. Tho' ſome ſtictures to be here met with on that head, may ſeem more immediately to apply to thoſe in national Eſtabliſhments; yet would he by no means be underſtood, as if he thought theſe, every thing conſidered, to be worſe than others. When their number is taken into the account, there is, no doubt, much greater room for irregularities of conduct, many of which, however, may be traced to the mode of acceſſion to their livings, which makes neither piety nor perſonal worth a neceſſary qualification. But ſuch inconſiſtencies, and even immoralities, too often appear among diſſenting clergymen, as leave them no room to ſay to their brethren in Eſtabliſhments, Stand by, for we are holier than you; for a change of circumſtances might, in many caſes, produce a change of conduct, and in ſome actually has, giving too much countenance to the aſ-

 ſertion,

ſertion, *Prieſts of all religion are alike.* Were the blemiſhes of ſuch characters, the mere reſult of human frailty, inſtead of expoſing them, a perſon of candour and humanity, would be inclined to palliate and excuſe them. But it avails little, that others ſhould be careful to conceal their faults, if too many of their own order are among the firſt to give up the ſpirit and power of Chriſtianity, by indulging a worldly temper, and immerſing in ſecular ſchemes, pleaſures, and purſuits; or to betray their important truſt, by imbibing that infidelity, and giving way to that laxneſs of morals, which have unhappily infected ſo many others; thus laying themſelves open to the reflexions of thoſe who are diſaffected towards religion, and too eager to graſp at every pretext for reſiſting its evidence, rejecting its authority, and counteracting its influence in the world. A city ſet on a hill cannot be hid, and if the ſalt loſe its ſavour, for what is it good, but to be caſt out, and trodden under foot of men?

With regard to the valuable tract ſubjoined to the Addreſs, Britain's Remembrancer, the Writer thought to content himſelf with extracting ſuch things as are detached from the time and circumſtances in which it firſt appeared; but, on more mature reflection, he judged it proper to republiſh it entire, as being, upon the whole, but too well adapted to the preſent times and manners. We who are reaping the happy fruits of the defeat of the rebellion in 1745, which gave birth to that performance, are ſurely concerned to attend to the ſteps of Providence in effecting that defeat, and to make a ſuitable improvement of both. To induce to this, the Author gives a ſhort view of the remarkable deliverances which this nation has had in the moſt imminent dangers, with ſuitable reflexions;

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and theſe, it muſt be allowed, ſtill claim our grateful acknowledgments to Heaven, that interpoſed ſo ſeaſonably in our behalf. It nearly intereſts us, to attend to the native and judicial effects of theſe vices which then prevailed, and have ſince been unhappily on the increaſe, tho' perhaps diverſified in their external form, upon the greateſt ſtates and empires of former times, which he illuſtrates from hiſtory. Theſe things have a monitory language; they addreſs us, Forſake their evil courſes, as you would avoid their unhappy fate. The picture he gives of the Britiſh nation, tho' drawn about fifty years go, muſt, to every diſcerning eye, ſtill appear too applicable and expreſſive; only the ſhades are ſince much heightened. The hints he ſuggeſts reſpecting the propereſt means of promoting reformation, and ſecuring the proſperity of the nation, well merit the attention of our leaders both in church and ſtate, yea of all ranks and individuals. The preſent editor is therefore perſuaded, he could not perform a more eſſential ſervice to his Country than by republiſhing this moſt excellent performance, at a time when a variety of circumſtances render it but too ſeaſonable and neceſſary.

The Addreſs in verſe, however well intended, does by no means ſuperſede it; for beſides that the neceſſary attention to the verſification muſt partly confine the freedom of admonition, there are ſome who have little or no taſte for that mode of writing, or complain they cannot ſo underſtand it as to be profited by it. Others indeed may give it a preference, to whom it will prove more inſinuating than proſe; according to that well known line of the poet:

A verſe may catch him who a ſermon flies.

Rhyme

Rhyme was choſen as being moſt adapted to ſupport a ſubject which did not poſſeſs ſuch native dignity. Being intended for general uſe, the plan of the performance, and the mode of executing it were purpoſely accommodated to that object. No diſplay of learning or reading was attempted, many of the ideas, alluſions, and admonitions being drawn from ſcripture; knowing the walls of Jericho of old fell, not by the ſound of ſilver trumpets, but of rams horns; and the formidable giant of Gath by a ſmooth ſtone from the brook. It is not ſo much the means that can accompliſh the end, as the bleſſing of Heaven upon them. It is humbly hoped, every reader will find ſomething in it ſuited to his taſte, who brings with him only a candid mind, and a cordial concern for the civil and religious proſperity of his Country. It is indeed much to be wiſhed, that the prevailing manners of the time, and the preſent aſpect of Providence did not make a publication of this nature ſo ſeaſonable and neceſſary. "Whoſo is wiſe, and will obſerve theſe things, even "they ſhall underſtand the loving-kindneſs of the "Lord." Pſal. cvii. 43.

Subjoined is the late Royal Proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, &c. which "affords (as one expreſſes it) an honourable ſanction to "virtuous endeavours, and lends nerves and ſinews "to the otherwiſe feeble exertions of individuals, by "enforcing laws wiſely planned, but hitherto feebly "executed." However poorly ſuch edicts may be enforced, and however much their influence may be counteracted, and their expreſs prohibitions diſregarded by high examples, the Author deems himſelf ſanctioned in the great object of this publication by them, tho' he could pretend to no higher authority. He there-

therefore wiſhes his Countrymen may be induced to accept of it in good part, and improve it to the purpoſes intended, as a teſt of their loyalty, and a proof of their obedience to Heaven, that it contribute not to the greater aggravation of our guilt. Whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, he humbly hopes, the Moſt High will not forget his labour for the honour of his name, and the continued proſperity of theſe lands, nor refuſe to grant him his own ſoul for a prey, which he hath thus attempted to deliver, ſhould he be ſpared to ſee the unhappy period when that wrath, which we are treaſuring up with ſuch infernal haſte, ſhall be revealed from Heaven againſt us; for there can be no rational doubt that ſome awful viſitations in providence await Britain—how nigh, or how diſtant, belongs only to the Almighty Judge of all the earth to determine.

At all events, let every fearer of God ſay, with reſpect to the nation at large, with a certain eminent ruler and worthy patriot, "As for me, God forbid that "I ſhould ſin againſt the Lord, in ceaſing to pray for "you:" for who can tell if he may not yet be intreated of us? 1 Sam. vii. 23. O that his counſel were acceptable; that many may be thence timely induced to break off their ſins and impieties, by a due regard to righteouſneſs and true religion, and their iniquity by ſhewing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquility *! May the God of all grace, by what means it ſeemeth him good, effectually check the prevalence of that ſin and daring iniquity, which conſtitute the reproach of our public character, and endue all ranks with that righteouſneſs which exalteth

* Dan. iv. 27.

eth a nation. May the ſtates and kingdoms of the earth, and our own in particular, ever enjoy, by means of their rulers ſupreme and ſubordinate, uninterrupted peace and proſperity; and may many worthy and patriotic deeds be happily done, and diſorders rectified, by their prudent and vigilant adminiſtration. May ſuch always prove *able men, ſuch as fear God, men of truth, hating covetouſneſs:* And may we, in theſe lands, and all other ſubjects, be diſpoſed to lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godlineſs and honeſty: for this is good and acceptable in the ſight of God our Saviour *.

* Exod. xviii. 21. 1 Tim. ii. 3.

BY

BY THE KING,

A PROCLAMATION

FOR THE

Encouragement of Piety and Virtue,

AND FOR

Preventing and Punſhing of Vice, Profaneneſs, and Immorality.

GEORGE R.

WHEREAS We cannot but obſerve, with inexpreſſible concern, the rapid progreſs of impiety and licentiouſneſs, and that deluge of profaneneſs, immorality and every kind of vice, which, to the ſcandal of our Holy Religion, and to the evil example of our loving ſubjects, hath broken in upon this nation; We, therefore, eſteeming it our indiſpenſible duty to exert the authority committed to us for the ſuppreſſion of theſe ſpreading evils, fearing leſt that they ſhould provoke God's wrath and indignation againſt us, and humbly acknowledging that we cannot expect the bleſſing and goodneſs of Almighty God (by whom Kings reign, and on which we entirely rely) to make our Reign happy and proſperous to ourſelf and our people, without a religious obſervance of God's holy laws, to the intent that religion, piety, and good manners, may (according to our moſt hearty deſire) flouriſh and increaſe under our adminiſtration and government, have

thought fit, by the advice of our Privy Council, to iſſue this our Royal Proclamation, and do hereby declare our Royal purpoſe and reſolution to diſcountenance and puniſh all manner of vice, profaneneſs, and immorality, in all perſons of whatſoever degree or quality, within this our Realm, and particularly in ſuch as are employed near our Royal Perſon; and that, for the encouragement of religion and morality, we will, upon all occaſions, diſtinguiſh perſons of piety and virtue by marks of our royal favour: And we do expect and require, That all perſons of honour, or in place of authority, will give good example by their own piety and virtue, and to their utmoſt contribute to the diſcountenancing perſons of diſſolute and debauched lives, that they, being reduced by that means to ſhame and contempt for their looſe and evil actions and behaviour, may be thereby alſo enforced the ſooner to reform their ill habits and practices, and that the viſible diſpleaſure of good men towards them may (as far as it is poſſible) ſupply what the laws (probably) cannot altogether prevent: And we do hereby ſtrictly enjoin and prohibit all our loving ſubjects, of what degree or quality ſoever, from playing, on the Lord's Day, at dice, cards, or any other game whatſoever, either in public or private houſes, or other place or places whatſoever: And we do hereby require and command them, and every of them, decently and reverently to attend the worſhip of God on the Lord's Day, on pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure, and of being proceeded againſt with the utmoſt rigour that may be by law. And, for the more effectual reforming all ſuch perſons, who, by reaſon of their diſſolute lives and converſation, are a ſcandal to our kingdom, our further pleaſure

ſure is, and we do hereby ſtrictly charge and command all our Judges, Mayors, Sheriffs, Juſtices of the Peace, and all other our Officers and Miniſters, both eccleſiaſtical and civil, and all other our ſubjects, to be very vigilant and ſtrict in the diſcovery and the effectual proſecution and puniſhment of all perſons who ſhall be guilty of exceſſive drinking, blaſphemy, profane ſwearing and curſing, lewdneſs, profanation of the Lord's day, or other diſſolute, immoral, or diſorderly practices; and that they take care alſo effectually to ſuppreſs all public Gaming Houſes, and other looſe and diſorderly Houſes, and alſo all Public Shews, Interludes, and Places of Entertainment *: Alſo to ſuppreſs all looſe and li-

* The following clauſe is ſuppreſſed above—*uſing the utmoſt caution in licenſing the ſame.* With all due deference to ſo high an authority, the writer begs leave to think it involves an inconſiſtency, to prohibit what may be lawfully licenſed, or to licence, tho' with ever ſo much caution, what a regard to the morals and happineſs of a people requires to be prohibited. The juſt prohibition iſſued above, evidently ſuppoſes, that the things to which it refers, are viewed as moral evils of ſome magnitude, or of an immoral tendency; for to imagine that kings and their councils, would paſs, and promulgate edicts with ſuch ſolemnity, againſt things merely indifferent, or innocent in themſeves, and harmleſs in their effects, would be to offer a groſs inſult to their underſtanding. To talk then of tolerating or licenſing, what appears at the ſame time worthy to be prohibited by the higheſt authority, ſeems to favour of the diſpenſing power ſo long arrogated by his infallible Holineſs at Rome.

There is nothing that civil powers need prohibit their ſubjects which the Divine law, either expreſsly or by plain and juſt inference, does not forbid; and what it forbids, who on earth has a right to authorize? Every attempt to do ſo, is, in effect, attempting to modify and correct the Divine law, that unerring and unalterable rule of righteouſneſs, and relax its indiſpenſible obligation. To propoſe doing this with great caution, does by no means ſufficiently qualify the matter: for this plain reaſon; becauſe, if ſuch things are real evils, which the prohibition, and the recommended caution

centious Prints, Books, and Publications, diſperſing Poiſon to the Minds of the Young and Unwary, and to puniſh the Publiſhers and Venders thereof; and to put in Execution the Statute made in the Twenty-ninth Year of the Reign of the late King *Charles* the Second, intituled, *An Act for the better Obſervation of the Lord's Day, commonly called* Sunday; and alſo an Act of Parliament, made in the Ninth Year of the Reign of the late King *William* the Third, intituled, *An Act for the more effectual ſuppreſſing of Blaſphemy and Profaneneſs;* and alſo an Act, paſſed in the Twenty-firſt Year of Our Reign, intituled, *An Act for preventing certain Abuſes and Profanations on the Lord's Day, called* Sunday; and all other Laws now in Force for the puniſhing and ſuppreſſing any of the Vices aforeſaid; and alſo to ſuppreſs and prevent all Gaming whatſoever, in Public or Private Houſes, on the Lord's Day; and likewiſe that they take effectual care to prevent all Perſons keeping Taverns, Chocolate Houſes, Coffee Houſes, or other Public Houſes whatſoever, from ſelling Wine, Chocolate, Coffee, Ale, Beer, or other Liquors, or receiving or permitting Gueſts to be or remain in ſuch their Houſes in the Time of Divine Service on the Lord's Day, as they will anſwer it to Almighty God, and upon Pain of our higheſt Diſpleaſure. And, for the more effectual Proceeding herein, We do hereby direct and command all Our Judges of Aſſize, and Juſtices of the Peace, to give ſtrict Charge, at their reſpective Aſſizes and Seſſions, for the due Proſecution and Puniſhment of all Perſons that ſhall pre-

tion plainly ſuppoſe, then they ought not to be tolerated at all; and to licence, is indeed to practiſe them, and become amenable for the conſequences.

preſume to offend in any of the Crimes aforeſaid; and alſo of all Perſons that, contrary to their Duty, ſhall be remiſs or negligent in putting the ſaid Laws in Execution; and that they do, at their reſpective Aſſizes and Quarter Seſſions of the Peace, cauſe this Our Royal Proclamation to be publicly read in open Court immediately before the Charge is given. And We do hereby further charge and command every Miniſter in his reſpective Pariſh Church or Chapel to read, or cauſe to be read, this Our Proclamation at leaſt Four Times in every Year, immediately after Divine Service, and to incite and ſtir up their reſpective Auditors to the Practice of Piety and Virtue, and the avoiding of all Immorality and Profaneneſs. And to the End that all Vice and Debauchery may be prevented, and Religion and Virtue practiſed by all Officers, Private Soldiers, Mariners, and others who are employed in Our Service by Sea and Land, We do hereby ſtrictly charge and command all Our Commanders and Officers whatſoever, that they do take care to avoid all Profaneneſs, Debauchery, and other Immoralities, and that, by their own good and virtuous Lives and converſation, they do ſet good Examples to all ſuch as are under their Care and Authority; and likewiſe take care of and inſpect the Behaviour of all ſuch as are under them, and puniſh all thoſe who ſhall be guilty of any of the Offences aforeſaid, as they will be anſwerable for the ill Conſequences of their Neglect herein.

Given at Our Court at *St James's*, the Firſt Day of *June*, One thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-ſeven, in the Twenty-ſeventh Year of Our Reign.

A M O.

A

MONITORY ADDRESS, &c.

PART FIRST.

Happy art thou, O Iſrael: O Britain: *who is like unto thee, O people ſaved by the Lord, the ſhield of thy help, and who is the ſword of thy excellency!* Deut. xxxiii. 29.

Happy is that people whoſe God is the Lord; The righteous nation which keepeth the truth; yea, in the way of his judgments waiteth for him. Pſal. cxliv. 15. Iſa. xxvi. 2, 8.

Be aſtoniſhed, O ye heavens, at this, ſaith the Lord: For my people have forſaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out ciſterns, broken ciſterns, that can hold no water. Jer. ii. 12, 13.

Spare not, ſhew my people their tranſgreſſion, and the houſe of Jacob their ſins. Iſa. lviii. 1.——*It may be* they *will hear all the evil which I purpoſe to do unto them; that they may return every man from his evil way, that I may forgive their iniquity and their ſin. It may be they will preſent their ſupplication before the Lord, and will return every one from his evil way; for great is the anger that the Lord hath pronounced againſt this people.* Jer. xxxvi. 3, 7.

NO private theme aſſumes this artleſs lay,
No trivial ſubject to amuſe a day;
Britannia's weal inſpires the humble ſong,
To which far, far ſublimer ſtrains belong.

Let love to Britain, and her race excuſe
Th' uncourtly meaſures of a Britiſh muſe;
All meant to cheriſh virtue—vice reprove,
O that her ſtrains poſſeſs'd the pow'r to move!
That Wiſdom's ways adorn and bleſs a land,
That thoſe of vice its proſp'rous ſtate withſtand,
Of ages paſt the annals all atteſt—
At war with Heav'n, can any ſtate be bleſt?
In proof of which 'twere eaſy to rehearſe
A train of facts which might enhance my verſe,
Facts which diſplay o'er men God's ſpecial care,
Of which our nation reap'd an ample ſhare.
O Thou, by whom all kings and princes reign,
Who claim'ſt the univerſe as thy domain;
By whom the ſtates and kingdoms of the earth,
Are rais'd to pow'r, to wealth, to fame and worth:
Or low depreſs'd, an eaſy prey to foes,
While their proſperity no longer flows,
To ſhow thy hatred of their guilty ſtrays,
Or approbation of their righteous ways;
This homely *Eſſay* own and patronize,
Command thy bleſſing on it from the ſkies;
Thine aid beſtow, and deign thereon to ſhine,
It to regard the hearts of all incline.
As Heav'n's bright hoſts, with one accord thee ſerve,
And nature's works the laws preſcrib'd obſerve;
Like theſe, obedient to thy ſacred will,
Diſpoſe each office daily to fulfil;
To die to ſin, break off each vicious ſtray,
And learn betimes to walk in Wiſdom's way.

May

May that fair Virtue yet our land adorn,
Which rears a Nation, props and guards a Throne;
While vice, deteſted, hides her head in ſhades,
No more deforms, but from our coaſts recedes.
On Piety ſure fix'd, O may our land
'Scape public woes—to lateſt ages ſtand;
While ev'ry bliſs deſcends, and ev'ry day
Theſe ſtill renews, and ſweetly rolls away.
Ye Sons of Britain, lend a willing ear,
The theme concerns you, O regard, and hear.
My verſe contemn not, be it harſh, or low,
The truth it ſpeaks—this all who read muſt know.
On ev'ry Briton's ear it makes a claim,
Yet not for private gain, or public fame;
But to promote their weal, ſecure from wo,
That private may to public virtue grow;
That peace and purity may bleſs our Iſle,
While God is ſerv'd, and crimes no more defile.
My fellow ſubjects, pleaſe then lend an ear,
Each friendly counſel with attention hear;
Nor liſten more to ſyrens fatal ſong,
Whoſe ſweeteſt ſtrains your mis'ry would prolong.
Prize ev'ry mean that may your hearts incline
To ſeek a bliſs, both laſting and divine;
To love the Truth—the paths of vice to ſhun,
In which, alas! too many heedleſs run;
Tho' theſe ſhould ſmite, with friendly view to cure,
Ward off our bane, and future good ſecure.
May Heav'n benign with ev'ry mean concur,
That we ne'er feel the wrath our deeds incur;

That

That long our Sun may ſhed propitious rays,
While Albion ſhares proſperity and grace.
To Zion's bard, a ſolemn charge of old,
Th' Eternal gave, her heinous ſins t'unfold;
To warn of wrath, and each ſeducing ſnare,
Nor dare be ſilent, nor the guilty ſpare *.
Where ſins abound, the charge is ſtill the ſame,
And to expoſe them, is not to defame.
He oft bids ſpeak what prudence † would conceal,
And truths unwelcome to the great reveal.
The Patriot's zeal, the Chriſtian's noble fire,
This to eſſay their influ'nce ſtill conſpire;
To probe the feſt'ring wound, with friendly hand,
And thus ward off deſtruction from our land.
Thrice happy land, encircl'd by the *Main*,
Which, like ſtrong ramparts, guards round thy domain;
And wafts thy treaſures from remoteſt coaſts,
While none of theſe ſuperior bleſſings boaſts.

O Land

* Iſa. lviii. 1. The faithful diſcharge of this arduous truſt would, no doubt, expoſe the prophet to many hardſhips which carnal prudence, and the maxims of the world, would teach him to avoid, tho' at the expence of fidelity to God, and the objects of that truſt. But under the conduct of divine wiſdom, which is profitable to direct, he repelled their ſuggeſtions, as Peter and John did the iniquitous order of the Jewiſh rulers; "Whether it be right in the ſight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye, For we cannot but ſpeak the things which we have ſeen and heard," Acts iv. 19, 20. An example this, which, while we profeſs to admire, let us be careful on every proper occaſion to imitate; for it is founded on reaſons which change not with time or place.

† *To wit*, Carnal prudence; or that wiſdom of the world which is enmity againſt God.

O Land of Light, of Freedom, and Repoſe!
The boaſt of friends, the envy of thy foes;
Of ev'ry finer art the ſafe retreat,
Where civil rights have fix'd their regal ſeat;
And ſacred ones do ſtill maintain their throne—
To years remote, may God thy borders own.

Once felt thy ſons a hard tyrannic yoke,
Which Heav'n benign, in courſe of time, hath broke;
Heav'n, rous'd by Britain's tears—by Britain's cries,
Commands the wiſh'd *Deliv'rance*, from the ſkies;
Makes us the gifts of Liberty to ſhare,
As favour'd objects of Almighty care;
While millions of our race are ſtill in thrall,
And all deem'd precious at a Deſpot's call.

That glorious Æra ſtill recal to mind,
And own therein the Father of mankind,
Who in his might our darling Freedom wrought,
Eſpous'd our cauſe, and for us often fought;
Who ſtill maintains our freedom and repoſe,
Nor yet abandons Britain to her foes.

Sweet Liberty! maintain'd by equal laws,
Reſtraining ill, protecting virtue's cauſe;
Permitting good, (we hail thy friendly ray)
To yield to reaſon, Heav'n's juſt laws obey,
We ſtill rejoice in thy continu'd ſway *.

Thou,

* Time was in theſe very lands, when there was no peace to him that went out, or to him who came in; when to profeſs to worſhip God, in any other form or place than the State was pleaſed to preſcribe, was deemed ſuch a crime as the blood of the ſuppoſed offender could ſcarce expiate, while the moſt profligate and flagitious reared their head at noon day; and crimes of the deepeſt dye

Thou, with *Religion*, offspring of the ſky,
When on the brink, our ſuccour came from high;
Kind Heav'n brought ſafe to our ſince favour'd ſhore,
The Friend * of both, while Hell and Rome deplore
So large a province, to their empire loſt,
Of which their ſons full oft made haughty boaſt.
When once arriv'd on Albion's ſhelvy ſhore,
Oppreſſion's cruel rod was felt no more;
Religion, Liberty, did guide the helm,
Soon ſave the *State*, and raiſe our cruſh'd realm.
Celeſtial maids! with your bright glorious train,
Join'd hand in hand, long o'er our nation reign,
To bleſs, with all your gifts, this ſea-girt Iſle,
And cheer ſucceeding ages with your ſmile:
Till that centenial, and thrice welcome year,
In the grand *Revolution* †, ſhall appear.

Let

dye not only paſſed with impunity, but often paved the way to preferment. Then was verified what the prophet remarks of his own times, "Truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh him-"ſelf a prey," Iſa. lix. 15. Liberty to ſerve God, agreeable to the dictates of his word, and the light of our own minds, tho' a privilege merely of a negative kind, and the native right of every man, which he cannot forfeit, or barter away, and of which no earthly power can conſiſtently deprive him; yet is it ſuch a privilege as many would have gladly purchaſed at the expence of whatever the world deems valuable. To be allowed to ſit every one under his vine, and under his fig-tree, and none to make us afraid—to be allowed peaceful acceſs to the ſanctuary of the living God, to ſerve him in the purity and ſimplicity of goſpel worſhip, merits the warmeſt gratitude to Heaven, and due acknowledgements to the Powers that are. May ſuch be the privilege and boaſt of every Briton to lateſt ages; and ſoon of the whole human race!

* King William of glorious memory.

† The Reſtitution of all things, Acts iii. 21.

Let not our Sons, in any age, forget,
What was our humble, and depreſſed ſtate;
When pitying Heav'n diſpell'd the boding gloom,
Reviv'd our iſle, with a ſtill-freſh'ning bloom.
When Britain ſeem'd abandon'd as a ſlave,
Her guardian God, a new ſupporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the ſinking ſtate,
When foes exulted, and our fears were great.
His arm made ſtrong to plead our righteous cauſe,
And rule the people by juſt, wholeſome laws;
Did Heav'n employ to bring oppreſſion down,
Heav'n that confer'd on *William* Britain's crown.
Each plea, each vain pretence to royal birth,
Did the Almighty Sov'reign of the earth
Repel, his pow'r and juſtice he made known,
That no attempt the *tyrant* could inthrone.
The claims of haughty men God writes in duſt:
But ſhall ſtill bleſs the mem'ry of the juſt.
Our Fathers ſaw with joy the ſtate ariſe,
While grateful praiſe aſcended to the ſkies;
And ſhall not we, who the rich harveſt ſhare,
Make ſim'lar praiſe to Heav'n our conſtant care?
O Britain! ſtill thy Guardian's praiſe declare,
Who hath for ages made thy bliſs his care;
And yet in mercy ſpares thy guilty land,
Protected by the pow'r of his right hand.
Thine arms have oft o'eraw'd remoteſt ſhores,
While nations tremble at thy thunder's roars:
Yet 'twas that God, who rules ſupreme on high,
Who gave thee pow'r to conquer from the ſky;

O'eraw'd

O'eraw'd thy foes, gave ſucceſs to thine arms,
And ſpread to diſtant coaſts thy dread alarms.
O! bear in mind to whom your bliſs you owe,
From whom your ev'ry gift unceaſing flow,
Of friends the beſt—yet an Almighty foe!
With hearts uplifted, and imploring eyes,
Preſent to Heav'n your ſupplicating cries;
To Heav'n, ſtill ſlow to puniſh human crimes,
Yet prone to hear who plead for grace betimes!
THRICE happy Iſle! the King of kings adore,
Whoſe pow'r ſtill guards thy wide-extended ſhore;
Whoſe love hath fix'd Britannia's auguſt throne,
On firmeſt baſe, an emblem of his own;
While myriads groan beneath a yoke of ſteel,
The ſlaves of cruel lords unus'd to feel.—
To them let nature her luxuriance ſhow,
While Spring and Autumn in ſucceſſion flow;
Let earth her treaſures yearly twice return,
While more than ſummer-ſuns perpetual burn.
Superior bleſſings, Britons, ſtill are yours,
Kind Heav'n theſe bleſſings on your borders ſhow'rs:
Nor ſcorching heats, nor chilling colds, your clime
Infeſt, for nature here aſſumes her prime—
Wears aſpect mild to form a gen'rous race,
And deck your Fair with each attractive grace;
To cauſe your copious harveſts annual riſe,
Wide-waving o'er the fields to hail the ſkies;
While famine ſeldom rears her meagre head,
Nor fatal peſt her ſable wings o'erſpread:
Ills which elſewhere deſtroy whom the ſword ſpares,
The few remains of tedious, waſting wars.

With

With inward flames, no dread volcanos boil,
T' alarm thy ſons, and waſte th' adjacent ſoil.
No earthquakes dire, rage thro' deep caves beneath,
To ſhake and toſs the heaving, burſting earth;
Which oft prove fatal to the human race,
Sweep hence at once, nor leave a ſingle trace.
Of theſe we hear, like thunder's diſtant ſound,
Us rare they threaten, while convuls'd the ground.
This baleful ſcourge is ſeldom ſent alone,
The peſt amid the ruins rears her throne;
Extends her empire o'er the ſad remains,
And thouſands periſh by her galling chains.
While vapours, fraught with ſuch infected breath,
Pour forth elſewhere the num'rous darts of death;
No baneful plague thy coaſts, O Britain! ſtalks,
Terrific in her waſted, lonely walks.
Thro' ſacred Heav'n's parental, guardian care,
Thy ſons ſtill breathe a pure, untainted air;
A bliſs that Heav'n to other ſtates denies—
Aſcribe the praiſe to HIM who rules the ſkies.
Thy commerce vaſt exports to diſtant ſhores,
Of fair induſtry, the copious ſtores;
And thence imports, t'enrich her darling coaſt,
The choiceſt things of which each clime can boaſt.
To Heav'n our ties are ſure, exceeding great,
Ah! let not vice their gracious ends defeat:
But let us own dependance on that Pow'r,
Whoſe gifts deſcend, like a refreſhing ſhow'r;
Or rains and dews which fertilize the ſoil,
And crown the peaſant's hopes, and bleſs his toil.

Forſake each courſe, that riſks a nation's wo,
Each virtue court, which makes her bliſs to grow,
And to its ſource let gratitude ſtill flow.

Does not kind Heav'n regard this fav'rite iſle,
With a benign, an almoſt conſtant ſmile?
Not ſure, becauſe our crimes each where ſurceaſe—
Becauſe our pious, virtuous deeds increaſe.
Our public bleſſings, on each view, ſtill ſwell,
How great their ſum and value, who can tell?
To other nations theſe have been deny'd,
Who oft have felt the wrath of Heav'n beſide.
Theſe to recount might grace the poet's ſong,
Pour on his mind a bright, a num'rous throng;
Which ever claim each Briton's grateful ear,
Yet I the grand, the pleaſing theme forbear;
My verſe confine within more narrow bound,
To others quitting that delightful ground.

While Art and Nature all their force combine,
To make fair Albion ev'ry where to ſhine;
Her happy ſons enrich, with gifts in ſtore,
The fruits of labour, and of human lore:
Yet brighter far do here demand a lay,
The glorious dawning of celeſtial day—
The boundleſs treaſures of redeeming grace,
To which earth's choiceſt bleſſings muſt give place.

O Britons, happy! if your bliſs you know,
And favours prize, which daily on you flow;
If you improve each precious mean of grace,
And Zion's mighty Saviour embrace.

At years remote, the beams of heav'nly lore,
From Eaſtern climes, have reach'd your native ſhore;

Which

Which, by degrees, did chaſe the ſhades of night,
And ſhed o'er all your coaſts their ſacred light.
Tho' brutiſh fools, the ſons of vice, deſpiſe
That beſt of books, the offspring of the ſkies,
Its dictates treat, with inſolence and ſcorn,
Yet only theſe a nation can adorn.
Tho' earth and hell, with frantic rage inſpir'd,
To quench this light, not ſeldom have conſpir'd,
The God of Truth this heav'nly lamp ordains,
T' illume our iſle, where he it ſtill maintains.
Religion pure, with her bright, glorious train,
That land will bleſs, which yields to her ſweet reign;
For all thoſe virtues on her paths attend,
Which form the Monarch, Patriot, and Friend.
Such our bleſt lot, while nations rich and great,
O'erſpread with helliſh gloom, as Satan's ſeat,
In deepeſt ſhades for ages long did lie,
As if forgotten of the Pow'r on high.
Not ſo, becauſe that we, more juſt than they,
Our Maker's laws do cheerfully obey;
Revere Religion's ev'ry ſacred rite,
And in his ſervice place our chief delight:
For, while he guards on ev'ry ſide our iſle,
Ten thouſand crimes of deepeſt dye defile.
While HE wards off due vengeance from our coaſt,
To ſacred gratitude the bulk are loſt;
Yet can of virtue, and of goodneſs boaſt.
Jeſhurun like, of yore, we baſely ſpurn
Our ſource of bliſs, and ill for good return;
Abuſe his bounty, and reject his grace,
Yea, daringly inſult him to his face!

That ſtate decays, th' internal wound ſtill bleeds,
Where few are ſmit with love of virtuous deeds;
Where vice and luxury ſpread like a tide,
And rage for pleaſure is ſpur'd on by pride.
The ſad decay may ſoon too fatal prove,
If ſtill provok'd the Pow'r that rules above.
As miners working, with deſtructive aim,
In ſecret ſap, till once ſecur'd the ſame:
So ſin, prevailing, ſaps a nation's pow'r,
And will accelerate her fatal hour.
By guilt may mortals Heav'n's dread vengeance move;
Yet can they not affect the Pow'r above.
When vengeance merited, in pace is ſlow,
Long-ſparing Heav'n but means the heavier blow.
The day will come, that dread, avenging day,
Which ſhall the pride of haughty ſinners lay,
Full low in duſt, for ſuch ſhall meet a fall,
When one dread ruin ſhall o'erwhelm them all.
Hath not a flood of vice our land o'erſpread,
Whoſe ſwelling torrents rear each where their head?
What numbers, ſwept by their prevailing ſwell
From mercy's reach, land in the loweſt hell!
While thouſands follow on the rapid tide
Of ſenſual pleaſure, appetite their guide;
Shall likely make the ſame infernal coaſt,
Where myriads ſuch erewhile are ever loſt.
Each rank and ſtation ſtill corrupt their way,
And ſeem to make quick progreſs ev'ry day;
Their ſteps declining from the paths of light,
Like eve's duſk twilight to the ſhades of night.

The

The dire infection, ah! is not confin'd
To the ignoble herd of human kind,
Who are as void of virtue, as of grace—
Nay, not confin'd to the illit'rate race.
In Church and State, 'mong high and low degree,
The fatal moral peſt we ſpreading ſee;
While many ſeem, alas! beyond reform,
Retaining ſcarce aught human, but the form.
Fain would I draw compaſſion's candid vail,
Where crimes in divers ſhapes and forms prevail;
But ſuch their number, and their daring face,
As to deny ſuch charity a place.
When vice grows bold, and impudent in form,
And ſpurns each mean that might her ſons reform;
When theſe avow their crimes before the ſun,
And make ſuch fatal ſpeed her race to run;
Is it not time, in virtue's noble cauſe,
And in defence of Heav'n's moſt righteous laws,
To ſound alarm to theſe poor ſons of wo,
T' eſcape that mis'ry they to juſtice owe?
If ſuch won't hear, to warn of the dread ſnare,
Which their example daily doth prepare;
That ſome, at leaſt, may ſhun their crooked ways,
And now be bleſs'd, and bleſs'd thro' endleſs days.

OUR great, and noble, ah! degen'rate race, *
Their rank elate, by meaneſt deeds diſgrace!

Whoſe

* This muſt be underſtood with reſtriction; for, to the honour of our Nation, and of that deſcription of men, tho' not many, yet ſome among them are ſtill found bright examples of every thing pious, virtuous, and praiſe-worthy. Such, however, are looked upon by

Whoſe Fathers, once, have own'd the Pow'r on high,
And glory'd in dependance on the ſky:
A race devoid of rev'rence for their God,
And, hence, unlike to ſhare his bleſt abode;
A race deep ſunk in vice of divers form,
Yet hate and ſhun each mean that might reform.
While rank is levell'd in a neighb'ring land,
By erring policy's reforming hand *;

Our

by the gay and modiſh world as a kind of ſpeckled birds; a ſort of eccentric beings in the higher walks of life. Among the great, in general, ſo very unfaſhionable is the leaſt appearance of Religion, or deference to the ſacred oracles, now become, that we have been lately told it, as a *fact*, That a certain Ducheſs, not very long ſince, having caught her own daughter in the very act of—*Reading the Bible*, that antiquated book, ſhe tore it out of her hands, and threw it into the fire, aſking, in all the dignity of *inſulted rank*, "Is that a fit book for a Duke's daugh-"ter?"——O the times!—the prevailing manners! From the ſage remark of this very faſhionable Dame, one can hardly forbear exclaiming; What ſort of a being is a Duke! Are we to view him as an incarnate devil, when his daughter is ſuppoſed to have no concern with the Bible? for apoſtate ſpirits alone are excluded from all intereſt in its precious contents.

* By this it is not meant to reflect on that important event, the late *Revolution* in France; an event already productive of ſuch intereſting conſequences, as muſt impart joy to every humane and benevolent heart; and which is likely to be ſtill more ſo. Not only that nation, but others may reap eſſential benefit hence; for it may pave the way to the ſpread of civil and religious liberty over the face of the earth. The many tragical diſaſters which have hitherto unhappily attended it, form no juſt argument againſt it; and time and experience will correct its defects (which are more or leſs unavoidable in every human ſyſtem), and reſtore it to an equilibrium. No doubt, a luxuriant fancy will find little difficulty, by throwing the bright parts into the ſhade, and exhibiting only thoſe of an oppoſite nature, to repreſent it in no favourable light. They are, however, worſe than blind who ſee not the hand of Providence therein; and that ſame Providence, which hath ſo viſibly effected it, will, it is hoped, continue to watch over and defend it, in ſpite of

Our men of birth, ſo very humble grown,
Themſelves diveſt of what might elſe adorn;
In manners imitate the low and baſe,
Nay, lead the van in their impious ways.

The

of all oppoſition; which muſt form the ardent wiſh of every lover of humanity;—of every citizen of the world.

But tho' the principle on which the National Aſſembly went in aboliſhing all honorary titles; to wit, That only merit conſtitutes nobility, the want of which in effect forfeits it, cannot be diſputed; yet that ſtep does not ſeem founded in ſound policy, eſpecially at a time which called for conciliatory meaſures, and when it was dangerous to exaſperate thoſe who formerly poſſeſſed ſo much power, wealth, and influence in the State. Time, however, will aſcertain the wiſdom and expediency of ſuch a meaſure; yet can it not materially affect the grand objects of the Revolution, which reſt on a broader baſis.

It does honour to the liberal, and philanthropic principles of that venerable body of men, not only to grant a free toleration in religious matters; but alſo to make every worthy citizen, without diſtinction, elligible to all offices under government, and that without the partial invidious reſtrictions of *Teſt* laws. It muſt be a narrow, an ill-judged policy, that makes it neceſſary to exclude any worthy loyal ſubjects, merely on account of their religious principles, from the privilege of ſerving their King and Country in offices and places they are found otherwiſe qualified to fill. They diſgrace an Eccleſiaſtical conſtitution, who plead, that a partial participation of civil immunities is neceſſary to its ſupport and eſtabliſhment. Reaſon and common equity ſeem to ſay, that all thoſe who live under the ſame government, and equally contribute to its ſupport and defence, according to their rank in ſociety, ſhould equally ſhare the benefits accruing from it; unleſs forfeited by their own conduct.

What ſtrange events take place in the world!—Who could have divined, that, in the year —91, the legiſlature of Great Britain would have been occupied in granting toleration and indulgence to the Romiſh Church, at the preciſe moment that his Holineſs the Pope was burnt in effigy at Paris! Muſt it not excite ſurpriſe to reflect, that while the Proteſtant repreſentatives of a free and Proteſtant nation, diſcover the utmoſt unanimity in granting favours to thoſe who have ſo often threatened our civil and ſacred privileges with deſtruction, they ſhould be deaf to the too-well founded petitions of loyal ſubjects, and to the *importunate cries of humanity itſelf!*

The fond amuſements of our modern great,
Cock-fights, and *Races*, *Hunts*, and *Boxing-feat* * ;
Theſe ſavage relics of a Gothic race,
To an enlighten'd age no ſmall diſgrace !
Plays too, and *Gambling*, with their kindred train,
O'er diſſipation's ſons extend their reign.
In ſetting forth new modes, ah ! how alert !
For nature's order do they quite ſubvert,
Turn light to gloom, like owls, avoid the ſun,
And ſleep by day, by night their gambols run,
Or if theſe urge, they can be dreſs'd by noon,
Protract their empty joys till the late moon ;
Like ghoſts which friſk amid the ſhades of night,
Yet fly th' unwelcome advent of the light. †
The Play, the Circus, Card-room, and the Ball,
Engroſs of Levity each giddy thrall,
To ſuch vain gods the great in homage fall !

On

* Some faſhionable amuſements are quite repugnant to the precepts of Chriſtianity, and ought not to be once countenanced by profeſſing Chriſtians; others are only criminal in their exceſs, when they lead to the neglect of the duties of our ſtation, and conſume that time and wealth which ought to be devoted to other purpoſes. In moſt caſes, to draw the line betwixt theſe is no difficult matter to a conſcientious mind. That *Boxing-matches*, which have of late become ſo common, and ſo much frequented, are of the firſt ſort, there cannot be the leaſt doubt. Can theſe afford a pleaſing ſpectacle to any, who ſtill poſſeſs and cheriſh the humane and benevolent feelings of an uncorrupted heart? See ſome remarks on this, and ſome other modiſh amuſements in the Appendix.

† How prepoſterous the modern cuſtom of the dupes of faſhion—turning dinner into ſupper, and that and breakfaſt into one! Thus proceeding, what ſhall we at length become!

On theſe, what wealth, what time do they expend, *
A ſad review, when death ſuch toys ſhall end!
Their domes no altars to their God adorn,
Religion, heav'n-born, meets their keeneſt ſcorn!
Their port, how haughty, and their lips profane!
The leprous peſt of ſin theſe lips oft ſtain.
The book of God is flouted with a ſneer,
While each thing lewd and blaſphemous doth cheer!
Our modiſh Plays and Novels are confeſt,
To yield to ſuch a moſt refined feaſt;
And what is ſmutty deem'd a noble jeſt.
None can indulge what may give juſt offence,
But hearts deprav'd, and minds quite void of ſenſe.
Sure, their example paves the way to hell;
For by their means doth vice her triumphs ſwell.

* It hath been aſſerted as a fact, that during the Leith-races in the year 90, no fewer than 47 places of public amuſement were open in Edinburgh; what number then may there be in the Britiſh Metropolis! Alſo, that, for a continuance, no leſs a ſum than 200*l.* a-night, hath been expended on the Theatre and Circus alone! When the loſs of time, and other circumſtances are adverted to, how muſt the account ſtill ſwell! What a pity any of our modern Clergy, inſtead of admoniſhing the people, committed to their care, of the native effects of theſe ſcenes of levity and diſſipation, ſhould countenance them with their perſonal preſence! Such as thus proſtitute theſe two valuable talents, Time and Wealth, how ſhall they anſwer it to the great Lord, when he will accoſt them individually—"Give an account of thy *Stewardſhip:* for thou may-"eſt be no longer ſteward," Luke xvi. 2. Tho' they ſhould now put this ſolemn event at a great diſtance, as an evil day, which they chuſe not to anticipate; yet come it will, and that ſudden and irreſiſtable as a whirlwind, when none of thoſe children of vanity and pleaſure ſhall be able to find their hands, or deliver their own ſouls. Their wild career, in the flowery and frequented paths of diſſipation and folly, is like the driving of Jehu, the ſon of Nimſhi, rapid and furious; and happy for them, if it do not at length land them in the chambers of the firſt and ſecond death, from which there is no releaſe.

Can ſhe not boaſt of nobles in her train,
Her martial bands, who fight her each compaign?
For human weal, and to prepare for Heav'n,
One day, as ſacred, is requir'd in ſev'n;
Which all the good, with pious care obſerve,
While, by due worſhip, the great Lord they ſerve.
Who, not yet wicked, can miſpend this day,
Decline ſuch worſhip, walk in their own way?
Ye Britons, hear; and hear with ſhame and awe,
Such our regard to our Creator's law *;
That we this day, ordain'd for holy reſt,
Too oft devote ev'n to a Bachus' feaſt!
Or ſpend in courſes diſapprov'd of Heav'n,
Whence it becomes the worſt of all the ſev'n!
To idle viſits, or to ſenſual ſport,
The irreligious crowd thereon reſort;
While thoſe who keep it as a ſacred reſt,
And their obſervance, meet their pointed jeſt.
The Tavern, The'tre, Brothel, and Night-balls,
Can boaſt their viſits more than Zion's walls.
To God they give nor heart, nor life, nor knee,
While on their front their name you written ſee;
Tho' chiefly bound in wiſdom's ways to tread,
Yea, in each virtuous pious courſe to lead.

Leſs

* "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," Exod. xx. 8. This divine precept, which requires religiouſly to obſerve one day in ſeven as a ſacred reſt, is not more wiſe and equitable in itſelf, than humane and merciful in its obſervance, both to man and beaſt. A due regard to this royal mandate may be enforced by arguments, drawn from ſound policy, as well as from religious conſiderations; in which view, the civil magiſtrate cannot have the leaſt ſhadow of excuſe for overlooking the flagrant violations of it. See in the Appendix ſome thoughts on the ſalutary conſequences reſulting to ſociety from the proper obſervation of this holy day.

Leſs wonder then, that thoſe of low degree
Should wicked prove, and irreligious be,
Still fond to imitate the rich and great;
Vice ſpreads, when theſe once fill the ſcorner's ſeat.
But thoſe, who lead in each unhallow'd road,
Shall double vengeance ſoon receive from God.
Sure, not ſo ſanction'd by their crowned Head,
Not from the Throne doth ſuch infection ſpread.
To copy ill than good, alas! more prone,
Tho' Virtue faireſt ſhines when on a Throne.
The *Royal Edict* * do they not deſpiſe,
Who can thus treat the Lord of earth and ſkies?
Are theſe preparing with their God to dwell,
Or growing meeter for the depths of hell?
Are theſe the glory of a Chriſtian realm,
Whoſe wiſdom, 'midſt each ſtorm, ſhall guide the helm,
And pious port the wrath of Heav'n ſuſpend,
While ſparing mercy ſome reſpite may lend,
Draw down his bleſſing on our native land,
Still ſhielded round by his Almighty hand,
Can wealth, or titles, ribband, or a ſtar,
On ſuch approved dignity confer?
Do not theſe rather all ſuch ways expoſe,
Entail ſtill heavier, yet deſerved woes,
Add grief to friends, and triumph to their foes?

* The late Proclamation from the Throne, entitled, *A Proclamation for the encouragement of Piety and Virtue; and for preventing and puniſhing of Vice, Profaneneſs, and Immorality;* wherein moſt of the vices here animadverted on are prohibited, on pain of incurring the royal diſpleaſure. Are theſe loyal ſubjects who trample this Edict under foot, and daily act in direct oppoſition to it, yea, in defiance of it? Thoſe who moſt revere God, and are moſt obſervant of his holy laws, make, doubtleſs, the beſt ſubjects.

Theſe, without merit, are like metal baſe,
Which hath acquir'd the Sovereign's impreſs;
For titles but illicit deeds proclaim,
And bring an odium on their author's name.
When ſins abound, they furniſh foes with arms,
With men and wealth, and will create alarms;
More to be dreaded are, than foreign pow'r,
When foes combine, in danger's boding hour;
For thoſe go far to overwhelm a land,
What wealth, what proweſs can their force withſtand?
In ruins ſin hath mighty cities laid,
Theſe ruins blended with their num'rous dead!
What empires, once of glorious pow'r and fame,
Hath vice not conquer'd, and eras'd their name
Quite from the rolls of ev'ry earthly ſtate?
O Britain! mark the cauſe, and dread their fate;
For like effects proceed from the ſame cauſe,
None, with impunity, break Heaven's laws.

OUR vice and levity are not confin'd
To Britain's ſons, they reach the female kind;
O'er Heav'n's laſt work, and beſt diſplay their pow'r—
O that my verſe might from their ſway reſtore!
Unus'd to flatter, loath yet to offend,
Averſe to blame, more forward to commend;
Ye Britiſh Fair, while I requeſt your ear,
With candor liſten, and let reaſon hear.
The modeſt, virtuous fair ſhall praiſe ſecure;
But loſt to worth, them God, nor man endure;

For

For beauty then becomes a dang'rous peſt,
Too like a gem attached to a beaſt. *
Who can deny to virtuous dames their due?
Inſpir'd by ſuch, men honour's paths purſue;
Woman the ſpring, the object, and the end,
Where all their labours ſtill commence and tend;
For female worth and beauty o'er the mind
Acquire an empire, large as human kind.
Know then your worth, and ſtill that worth improve,
Derive your rules of conduct from above;
For woman was not form'd an empty thing,
To dreſs, to dance, to ſhine at plays and ſing;
To pleaſe our fancy, and each wayward mood,
She faireſt ſhines endow'd with moral good.
Your minds, ye Fair, let uſeful knowledge ſtore,
Who prize you moſt, that gem will nigh adore.
Such not true friends, who would your pow'rs confine,
For they perſuade you, as themſelves incline. †

Our

* As a jewel of gold in a ſwine's ſnout, ſo is a fair woman which is without diſcretion; *or, as the margin reads it*, which departeth from diſcretion, Prov. xi. 22.

† The proper Education of the Female Sex, is an object of vaſt conſequence to ſociety—Nor ſhould this be confined to what is commonly deemed genteel accompliſhments. To ſuppoſe that a woman's chief excellency conſiſts in being able to dreſs *a la mode*; to dance with a graceful air; and gayly ſhine at the ſcenes of polite amuſements; (theſe ſcenes of levity and diſſipation), and in the like mighty acquiſitions, would be no leſs degrading to the other ſex than to them. On the diligence, ſentiment, and competent learning of Mothers, much of the future character and improvement of youth depends. Men will ſtill retain ſome tincture of the nurſery; nor can ſchools, or colleges, wholly eradicate the principles and ſentiments there imbibed. A woman may poſſeſs both taſte and talents, and cultivate theſe in a good meaſure, as opportunities offer, and her ſtation and circumſtances in life may admit, without appearing

Our iſle can boaſt ſtill of a female race,
Adorn'd with virtue, and external grace;
Whoſe number may approving Heav'n increaſe,
And in their worth and charms ten thouſands bleſs!

Yet

pearing in the leaſt vain, aſſuming, or dictatorial on that account; and theſe qualities muſt endear the ſex to every man of ſenſe and diſcernment, who will deem it a felicity to converſe with a female friend and companion, by whoſe intelligent converſation he may improve himſelf, as well as contribute to the pleaſure and improvement of another. Without this, to what unimportant *chit chat*, or topics of ſcandal and defamation, muſt they often have recourſe, in order to kill a tedious hour, or entertain thoſe of congenial ſpirits; all which muſt be ever painful to a perſon of enlarged and refined ideas, and of genuine benevolence of heart.

It has been often complained of, (and may we not fear that the ground of complaint is not yet ceaſed?) That perſons of quality, for the moſt part, permit their daughters to ſpend that tender, yet important period of life, in which the mind is moſt ductile, and ſuſceptible of good impreſſions, in a conſtant round of vain amuſements; which are viewed as the proper buſineſs of young ladies. Hence their time and minds are ſo engroſſed with theſe puerile trifles, that they find little leiſure, and ſtill leſs inclination, to apply to any thing tending to improve their underſtanding, and fit them for the proper diſcharge of ſuch duties as reſult from, and ſtand connected with, theſe relations in which they may appear in future. The ordinary plan of polite female education, is very much calculated to prepare the mind for theſe frivolous feats, and faſhionable acquiſitions, which are ſuppoſed to accompliſh the modern fine Lady. Hereby, if they make religion at all their concern, they are thought to be, in general, ſo ignorant of the great articles of the faith they profeſs, that they can give no good reaſon why they believe theſe rather than others.

Perhaps this charge applies, with equal juſtice, to many of our modern gentlemen, and, every thing conſidered, with ſtill more. Be their proficiency in the knowledge of the fine arts, and of the method of acquiring and expending wealth, what it may; with regard to the knowledge of Chriſtianity, are they not egregiouſly deficient? So far indeed from being aſhamed of this, how often are they heard to ſpeak, as if they gloried in avowing their ignorance of the principles of religion, as if theſe did not comport with the underſtanding, and were unworthy of the inveſtigation of a gentleman. They ſeem to think theſe ſuch ſpeculations, as they are little or nothing

intereſted

Yet all not ſo; the truth will not conceal;
Compaſſion calls, I muſt the truth reveal;
Nor ſhould to any this unwelcome be;
In order to reform, we firſt muſt ſee.
The modiſh fair of this refining day,
So fond to dreſs, to dance, to game, and play,
Seem form'd to move in faſhion's giddy round,
As if herein each female charm were found.
They gayly live, as modes and nature teach,
Scarce once concern'd, that death them ſoon will reach;
And mar each grace and mode within his cell,
Where each fair one with ſiſter worms muſt dwell *.
What tho' they dreſs and ſhow, fine as they will,
Flow'rs, birds, and inſects, do exceed them ſtill.
Let all their charms bloom fair and freſh as May,
They are but fading beauties of a day.
Ah! time ſoon riffles ev'ry youthful grace,
And chains the faireſt in death's cold embrace!

The

intereſted in, and which concern only a certain claſs of men, who are obliged to attend to them in the line of their profeſſion. We cannot therefore imagine, they will be diſpoſed to encourage that in the other ſex, of which themſelves are content to remain ignorant; tho' there be nothing more calculated to make better wives, daughters, and ſervants, than an intimate knowledge of the doctrines and precepts of Chriſtianity. Some, indeed, have not ſcrupled to aſſign this as the reaſon, why free inquiry, and rational inveſtigation, are, in general, conſidered as rather pedantic in a woman; and an affectation to riſe ſuperior to the privilege of her ſex. Whether this charge hath more of truth, or envy, I preſume not to determine.

* To the ſubterraneous chamber of the tomb muſt ſoon deſcend even "the tender and delicate woman, which would not adventure "to ſet the ſole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateneſs, and "tenderneſs," with no ſofter pillow than the rugged gravel ſtones, and with no better company than the meaneſt reptiles, Deut. xxviii. 56.

This change forgotten, elſe the modiſh train
Of folly, ne'er ſuch votaries could gain.
But can ſuch toys, the Mother, Wife, and Friend,
Still form, and to our ſex the fair commend?
Theſe may ſet off the miſtreſs, not the wife,
Yea, muſt embitter the connubial life.
Their virtue, like their charms, can't bide the ſun,
That to ſecure, they oft the crowd muſt ſhun.
A modeſt woman ever loves her home,
Nor ſeeks but in her huſband's eyes to bloom;
Will prize the chief of every female grace,
Sage prudence, with ſweet modeſty of face,
And fair œconomy in her own place;
With all thoſe ſofter graces of the mind,
By which man's coarſer feelings are refin'd.
She covets not at balls and plays to ſhine,
That fops and beaus may hail her as divine;
Nor, Dinah-like, gads ſhe abroad to ſpy,
With mincing ſteps, and a vague rolling eye,
In queſt of ſport and game, to eaſe her mind,
For ſhe her joys in a ſmall ſphere can find.
Like ſhadows, female bliſs flies, if purſu'd,
Yet to love home, they need not act the prude.
Ye Britiſh fair, learn here of Britain's Queen,
In whom all theſe, and brighter charms are ſeen;
Nor ſpurn the pattern ſet you from a throne,
Believe, true virtue only can adorn *.

Each

* What a ſtriking contraſt to Solomon's virtuous woman, does the fine modern lady exhibit! Prov. xxxi. The modes and faſhions of the world may indeed vary, like the fleeting ſhadow; but real virtue is in every age the ſame, and the rule by which to judge of it, immutable and everlaſting.

Each female virtue in your port let ſhine,
That your example may the low incline
To copy worth—be what they ſee in you;
So ſhall you bleſs, like a refreſhing dew.
In lower ſpheres, ah! what debaſing vice,
Appears without the ſhadow of diſguiſe!
What worthleſs females, quite devoid of ſhame,
Still bring a deathleſs odium on their name;
Their ſex' diſgrace, their country's ſcourge and curſe,
Their numbers ſwell, the bad grow daily worſe! *
Should ſuch in vice be ſunk beyond recal,
And quite abandon'd to the vileſt thrall;
Ye Britiſh dames, who ſtill of virtue boaſt,
With due reſpect, let me your ear accoſt.
My counſel hear, let vice excite your frown,
And virtue ever claim you as her own.
Be it not ſaid, that deeds which deep defile,
Your ear engage, produce th' approving ſmile.
When youths debauch'd your love and favour ſue,
Tho' ſuch ſhould ſhine like angels, in your view,
And love moſt ardent and perpetual vow;
Believe them not, their ſuit and vows diſdain,
What heart can love whom vice all o'er doth ſtain,
Unleſs deprav'd, with this in ſecret love,
For virtuous hearts, but to the virtuous move?
Who waſte their ſtrength in harlots vile embrace,
Are not long caught by any female grace.
Tho' now they fondly doat upon your charms,
Soon as the wife is folded in their arms,

* Of the crowds baniſhed of late to Botany Bay, females of this deſcription make a great proportion; and yet what ſwarms of this noiſome vermin ſtill infeſt our iſle!

Their love is cool'd, yea, often grows to hate;
Such proves to many the connubial ſtate.
While youths of faſhion ſtill refuſe the ear,
To Wiſdom's lore, will not her dictates hear;
Your virtuous port, and counſels may avail,
T' allure to virtue, and may oft prevail.
An object this well worthy of your care,
For in the happy fruits ye too ſhall ſhare.
But ſhould they ſtill purſue the courſe begun,
Their preſence, as a peſt, you ought to ſhun;
Elſe, in their guilt, ye doubtleſs take a ſhare,
And pointed darts for your own breaſts prepare.
Complacent ſmiles to manly grace are due,
Enhanc'd by worth, whoſe charms are ever new;
But the unworthy ſtill your frowns ſhould meet,
Tho' they affect to worſhip at your feet.
That "every woman is at heart a rake,"
Let your whole conduct prove a groſs miſtake.
Approve yourſelves the Daughter, Friend, and Wife,
Nor once o'erlook the due concerns of life.
Then ſhall your huſbands the beſt portion ſhare,
Which may avail t' enrich their ev'ry heir.
In your dear-ſelves ſhall they a treaſure find,
Which will ſecure you both their heart and mind.
Nor think it mean to ſtudy arts to pleaſe,
Nor thoſe genteel, who waſte their time in eaſe;
Or, what is worſe, in folly's giddy train,
Which o'er the thoughtleſs diſſipated reign:
For Eve's fair daughters ſhould not idle prove,
Each is ordain'd in ſome due ſphere to move.

We read of Queens and Princeſſes of old,
Renown'd for charms, and treaſures yet untold,
Whoſe royal hands did not the diſtaff ſpurn,
Nor from domeſtic cares indignant turn *.
Each virtue love, which makes the fair to ſhine;
The ways of vice, in all her forms, decline.

The

* The truth of which the moſt ancient records in the world abundantly confirm. Homer, the Grecian Poet, and other writers of antiquity, frequently introduce ladies of the very firſt diſtinction, both for birth and perſonal accompliſhments, as not only preſiding over the *Dairy* and *Landry*, but employing themſelves at the *Needle*, the *Diſtaff*, and the *Loom*; in all which, there is reaſon to believe, they adhere ſtrictly to the cuſtoms that prevailed in the times and places of which they wrote.

Auguſtus, the Roman Emperor, is ſaid to have often boaſted, That what he uſually wore was ſpun and manufactured by the Empreſs' own hands, in which he warmly recommended her example to the imitation of the Roman Ladies. Would it then degrade a Britiſh dame to copy ſo illuſtrious a pattern?

In the book of Proverbs king Lemuel, who is probably no other than Solomon himſelf, gives it as a part of the character of a virtuous woman, "whoſe price is above rubies," that "ſhe looketh well "to the ways of her houſhold, and eateth not the bread of idle-"neſs," Prov. xxxi. 27. With high encomiums does he record the whole deſcription of her amiable character, as making part of the ſage leſſons and inſtructions delivered him by his mother; and may it not, without offence, be recommended to the regard and imitation of the fair-ſex in general? Can any length of time antiquate theſe maxims? or are there any ſo vain and ignorant, as to think the adventitious circumſtances of rank, wealth, or beauty, will ſuperſede the neceſſity of ſuch a character, or entitle them to diſpence therewith?

His own ſiſter, Tamar, the unhappy ſtory of whoſe diſaſter we have recorded in ſacred writ, ſeems to have been no ſtranger to culinary affairs; tho' in point of birth, good ſenſe, and beauty, there are few to excel her, 2 Sam. xiii.

The Public have been lately told, That the ſpinning of woollen has now, much to their credit, become a faſhionable paſtime among our young Ladies of high rank. In this and the like exerciſes, they ſurely employ themſelves much more in character, than in bearing an active part in private theatrical exhibitions, as hath of late been

The more conform'd you are to Jeſus' laws,
The more your port ſhall gain deſerv'd applauſe.
A virtuous woman ſhall inherit praiſe,
While odium is the fruit of folly's ways.
The moſt attractive charms of woman-kind,
A meek, a gentle, well-informed mind,
Where grace divine maintains a regal ſway,
And ev'ry pow'r refines for realms of day.
This prize, ye Fair, and ſeek it from above,
Theſe bliſsful regions of immortal love,
Where God's each hand-maid ſhall angelic ſhine,
And ſtill poſſeſs a bliſs and pow'rs divine.
A proſpect this well worth ſupreme deſire,
And ſhould enkindle virtue's nobleſt fire.
In ev'ry ſtate, ſuch objects bear in mind,
As you would wiſh the trueſt bliſs to find.
When youth's ſweet, roſy bloom adorns the face,
And all your ſteps ſhow dignity and grace;
When men accoſt you, as if all divine,
And ſwear your graces ſhall for ever ſhine;
Let not the final ſcene be then forgot,
Which ſoon may bring to death's dark, narrow ſpot.
Let no deception on your minds impoſe,
For ſoon he blights the lily and the roſe.
Dark is the houſe, which ſoon your corſe contains,
Th' abode how ſtrait, where reſt ſhall your remains!

Not

the caſe, or indeed in moſt of their faſhionable amuſements: And it is not hard to determine which will redound moſt to their honour in the unbiaſſed judgment of poſterity. All who deſire their trueſt honour, cannot but ardently wiſh they may have wiſdom to chuſe, and grace to perſevere in every thing pious, virtuous, and praiſe-worthy.

Not diſtant far, till 'mong the mould'ring dead,
The faireſt forms of human clay are laid.
All ghaſtly pale, the face which once could move
The firmeſt heart, and touch the ſprings of love!
The pride, the joy of friends, yea, nature's boaſt,
Fly hence at once, and to the world are loſt;
In all their bloom, by death ſnatch'd quite away,
While friends are left, of ſorrows deep the prey.
Ah! death no treaſures will in ranſom take,
Who ſleep in duſt no finite pow'r can wake.
Tho' youth and beauty now inveſt the face,
O bear in mind, that fleeting is their grace;
That 'tis in vain you youth, or beauty truſt,
Since both may ſoon be bury'd in the duſt.
A ſingle day may bring the hated doom,
Which ſhall the brighteſt charms vail in the tomb;
While your untimely fate friends ſad deplore,
You ſilent ſleep, and ſhare earth's joys no more.
Diſeaſe and death each blooming charm defy,
Diſtain the cheek, and quench the ſparkling eye.
Each feeble tenant of a houſe of clay,
In their long-home, ſhall tyrant death ſoon lay,
Our life a dream, which quickly flies away.
While nature fails, and all her charms decay,
Swift as the ſhadow, or the darting ray;
The charms of grace outbrave both death and time,
And ſhall ſtill flouriſh in immortal prime.
O that, when glory's morn on ſaints ſhall riſe,
You may, with hope, lift up your waking eyes;
With angels join in an immortal ſong
Of praiſe to him, to whom all praiſe belong.

Where

Where peerleſs beauty ſhall her charms diſplay,
All undiminiſh'd thro' eternal day:
Where ceaſe for ever ſhall the nuptial tie;
Where each is bleſs'd, nor feels the leaſt envy;
Where the redeem'd in ev'ry grace ſhall ſhine,
And rival *Seraphim*, theſe pow'rs divine!

N. B. While the Author recommends, as in note page 21. the proper education of the female ſex, he would by no means be underſtood, as approving the turn their *thoughts*, their *reading*, and the *ſtudy* of ſome of them of late take, which has been ſo juſtly expoſed in the following paragraph, that appeared in the public-papers, ſince that part of this work was thrown off; with which paragraph he begs leave to fill up this blank.

" This is ſaid to be the age of *female excellence*; every day pre-
" ſents us with ſome play, ſome novel, or ſome ſentimental ditty
" from a *female* writer; and we have lately been told of a *female*
" *ſatiriſt*; the invidious *barrier* between the ſexes, ſay the critics,
" is removed, and women are found altogether equal to men in
" whatever they undertake.

" This we believe; for in exact proportion as theſe *female* pheno-
" mena increaſe, we read of elopements, neglect of domeſtic duties,
" and crim. con!" Ah! the effects of modern female education; of filling their heads and hands with plays and romances ſo ſoon as they can read, to the neglect of every ſerious concern!

Some ladies, indeed, have of late done themſelves and their country honour, by their valuable productions in the cauſe of humanity; and, perhaps, that which concerns the glory of the Divine Being, the happineſs of their fellow-creatures, and their own preſent and immortal felicity, alone can juſtify their appearance in the character of authors.

PART

PART SECOND.

The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not ſeek after God: God is not in all his thoughts. He hath ſaid in his heart, God hath forgotten, he will never ſee it. Pſal. x. 4, 11.

The fool hath ſaid in his heart, There is *no God*: they are corrupt, they have done abominable works.* Pſal. xiv. 1.

Wherefore doth the wicked thus *contemn God? he hath ſaid in his heart, Thou wilt not require it.* Pſal. x. 13.

God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, he will whet his ſword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready. He hath alſo prepared for him the inſtruments of death. Pſal. vii. 11, 12, 13.

They declare their ſin as Sodom, they hide it not. Iſa. iii. 9.

O BRITAIN! tho' with num'rous favours bleſt,
What daring ſinners do thy coaſts infeſt,
Of ev'ry form, and ev'ry hateful ſort,
Who vice indulge, make ſacred things their ſport!
Such,

* Without the ſupplement it runs, "The fool hath ſaid in his "his heart, No God;" which is expreſſive of his deſire, rather than of his conviction. All impenitent ſinners are fools, in the ſcripture acceptation of that term; but it applies more eſpecially to avowed infidels, who diſown the authority of Divine revelation. Never did any form ſuch a fooliſh, impious wiſh, till it unhappily became their intereſt that there ſhould be no God, to inſpect their preſent conduct, and call them to a future account. When this is once the caſe, were it put in the ſinner's power, he would not heſitate to vote the *non-exiſtence* of that very Being, who is the author of his own, and the ſource of all his enjoyments.

Perhaps there is not ſuch a creature in the world as a real confirmed Atheiſt; tho' too many are, alas! practically ſo, or live without God.

Such, ah! forget that vengeance's hour will come,
That wo impends them, a dread inſtant doom.
Laws, or divine, or human fail to move
This peſt to men, theſe foes of God above;

Heedleſs

God, and as if there was none. A very good judge * gives it as his firm opinion, an opinion founded on facts, which fell under his own obſervation, "That moſt, if not all our infidels, whatever name "they take, and whatever ſcheme for argument's ſake, and to keep "themſelves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their "deplorable error, and ſupported in it, by ſome doubt of their *im-* "*mortality* at bottom." The Reader will indulge me the liberty of tranſcribing a few of his ſentiments on this important, and at preſent too needful topic, tho' they ſhould extend this note.—"Senſible appearances, (ſays he) affect moſt men much more than "abſtract reaſonings; and we daily ſee bodies drop around us, but "the ſoul is inviſible. The power which inclination has over the "judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by thoſe that "have not had experience of it; and of what numbers is it the ſad "intereſt that ſouls ſhould not ſurvive! The Heathen world con-"feſſed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed immortality; "and how many Heathens have we ſtill among us! The ſacred "page aſſures us, That life and immortality are brought to light "by the goſpel: But by how many is the goſpel rejected, or over-"looked! Men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, "are not far from being Chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, "that a man fully conſcious, eternal pain or happineſs will be his "lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, inquire after the ſureſt "means of eſcaping the one, and ſecuring the other. As to the "being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is undiſputed, "for this reaſon only, namely, Becauſe where the leaſt pretence to "reaſon is admitted, it muſt for ever be indiſputable. And of con-"ſequence no man can be betrayed into a diſpute of that nature by "vanity, which has a principal ſhare in animating our modern com-"batants againſt other articles of our belief.

"Tho' the diſtruſt of a Futurity is a ſtrange error; yet is it an "error into which *bad* men may naturally be diſtreſſed. For it is "impoſſible to bid defiance to final ruin, without ſome refuge in i-"magination, ſome preſumption of eſcape. And what preſump-"tion is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within "the compaſs of human thought. And theſe are,—That either "*God* will not, or cannot puniſh. Conſidering the Divine attri-

"butes,

* Dr Young in his Night-Thoughts, Preface to No. 6th and 7th.

Heedleſs alike of infamy or praiſe,
Baſe appetites give law to all their ways.
'Mong this grim crowd, a claſs high rear their head,
Increaſe to throngs, and o'er Great Britain ſpread;
Who glory in the nobler pow'rs of man,
Yet claim, 'mid ſons of vice, the very van.

What

" butes the firſt is too groſs to be digeſted by our ſtrongeſt wiſhes. " And ſince Omnipotence is as much a Divine attribute as Holi- " neſs, that God cannot puniſh, is as abſurd a ſuppoſition as the " former. God certainly can puniſh, as long as the wicked man " exiſts. In non-exiſtence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, " conſequently, non-exiſtence is their ſtrongeſt wiſh. And ſtrong " wiſhes have a ſtrange influence on our opinions; they bias the " judgment, in a manner almoſt incredible. And ſince, on this " member of their alternative, there are ſome very ſmall appearan- " ces in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at " this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to ſave themſelves from " the ſhock, and horror, of an immediate, and abſolute deſpair."

There are too many reaſons, which lead to conclude, that infidelity, with its native fruits, hath been on the increaſe ſince the above remarks were firſt publiſhed; which more than juſtifies any freedom of animadverſion to be met with in the ſtrictures here exhibited to the world. Tho' infidel tenets may ſerve as an opium, in the days of proſperity, to lull conſcience aſleep; yet, ſeaſons and incidents will occur, that cannot fail to rouſe it from its fatal lethargy; when it will retaliate the injury done it, by forcing conviction on the heart, and filling it with inexpreſſible horrors. How often is this verified in the courſe of Divine providence! Hence, if an eminent prophet ariſe in Iſrael, none more apt than wicked Herod to ſuſpect it muſt be John the Baptiſt, whom he had beheaded; tho' ſuch a ſuppoſition gave the lie to his own avowed principles; he being, in all probability, a Sadducee. A judicious writer *, therefore, remarks, " It is no eaſy matter to arrive at a ſteady belief of ſo great an ab- " ſurdity, as the *mortality* of the *ſoul*. The *exiſtence* of the *ſoul* af- " ter death, and a ſtate of *future retribution*, and other evident prin- " ciples of *natural religion* connected with both, will even force " themſelves upon the unbelieving heart, and wring it with anguiſh, " which it cannot always, tho' it may frequently conceal."

The fatal increaſe of infidelity but too well accounts for that torrent of vice and immorality, which hath overſpread our land, and is

* Dr Doddridge, in his Family Expoſitor.

What *Infidels* abound, an impious race,
Whoſe ways and tenets ſtill corrupt each place!
In ſhoals the great aſſociate with this tribe,
Who reaſon, heart, and conſcience daily bribe,
To give the lie to what they ſhould revere,
And quench each kindling ſpark of godly fear;
T' oppoſe each ſacred mean of gracious Heav'n,
Which the Moſt High for human bliſs hath giv'n.
A land of infidels, ah! guilty land,
Thy guilt more ponderous than all the ſand,
Soon ſhall dread wrath arreſt each rebel band;
Each irreligious throng of human kind,
Who may expect in God a foe to find.
All nature's Sire not ſeldom doth impart
Such gifts to theſe, as might improve the heart.
Theſe oft, alas! employ they to expoſe,
Religion, ſacred, to the ſneer of foes;
Her venerable rites to ridicule
Of each vain, foppiſh, modernized fool.

While

carrying thouſands before it to the gulf of preſent miſery; and, it is to be feared, to the pit of future perdition. To this ſource may be traced *duelling*, *ſuicide*, the *profanation of God's* ſacred *name*, the neglect, or contempt of religious inſtitutions; and innumerable other evils, which every where abound. Corruption in practice is ever the natural, the almoſt inſeparable conſequence of defection in principle: and hence, the Pſalmiſt, having told us what the fool ſaith in his heart, adds, "They are corrupt, they have done abomi-"nable works, there is none that doth good." It is much to be wiſhed there was no reaſon to ſay, that "the hand of the princes "and rulers hath been chief in this treſpaſs," Ezra ix. 2. And if our rich, our great, and noble are found acceſſary to the general corruption of manners, how ſhall they anſwer it to God and their own conſcience in a dying hour, when their guilt, and its fatal conſequences, will brood and prey, as vultures, on the ſoul?—When the enemy cometh in like a flood, may the Spirit of the Lord lift up a ſtandard againſt him; and excite many to come forth, to the help of the Lord againſt the mighty, Iſa. lix. 19. Judg. v. 23.

While mental pow'rs they wantonly abuſe,
Or to employ theſe for their Lord refuſe;
Do they not worſe than bury in the duſt,
Theſe talents, now committed them in truſt?
Wound thereby to the vitals virtue's cauſe,
And violate Religion's ſacred laws?
Thus prove they to the world the verieſt peſt,
Which can the bliſs of human life infeſt;
The foes avowed both of God and man,
Whoſe corrupt influence what tongue can ſcan?
If thus abus'd, the very beſt of things
A horrid train of fatal evils brings;
Will prove to ſuch a fertile ſource of wo,
As drink th' infected ſtreams which from it flow.
Sure, deep deprav'd muſt be that naughty heart,
Which can avow, and act ſo vile a part;
Attempt to gild a ſpecious poiſon'd cup,
And thus invite their friend and brother's lip;
To ſweeten to the taſte th' infernal draught,
Which is with future wo ſo fully fraught!
Their potion, thus prepar'd, may pleaſe the taſte,
Yet, in the bowels, proves a deadly peſt.
Tho' it may ſtrange and wonderful appear,
There are who ſacred things can ſlight and jeer;
Can at Religion, and the Prieſt-hood flout,
Yet ſeem, at times, to be the moſt devout;
Can talk, and write in very pious ſtrain,
And from their wonted, impious ſcoffs refrain;
At times aſſume the devotee's attire,
And can well feign, and mimic ſacred fire;

Appear to pray, to ſigh, and mourn for ſin,
As if, in fact, the verieſt ſaints within!
Thus often act theſe ſons of blackeſt night,
Become at once, like pious heirs of light.
Sometimes, like Satan once, they can appear,
'Mong ſons of God, who his great name revere;
Like Saul, at times, apparent take their ſtand,
Among the ſage, or the prophetic band:
Yet are but prowling wolves, in ſheep's array,
As ſhall to all be made appear one day.
What this, but artifice, and baſe diſguiſe,
A ſubterfuge to blind unwary eyes;
An empty grimace, and a mere pretence,
As void of honour, as 'tis void of ſenſe!
No ſooner the religious mood is o'er,
And they reviſit the dear *ranting core*,*

Than

* So Brother B—s, their famous Scotch Bard, more than once terms theſe jovial ſons of Venus and Bacchus, when aſſembled to celebrate their Bacchanalian feaſts. It has been often ſaid, by competent judges, That every good orator muſt be a good man; and may it not, with equal juſtice, be ſaid, that no bad man can be a good poet? If out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth ſpeak, what can the native effuſions of a depraved heart prove, but a vehicle to iniquity? Bad men may, no doubt, from prudential motives, ſo reſtrain and counteract the corrupt bias of the heart, as to ſpeak, write, and do good things; ſo that we cannot always thence infer correſponding diſpoſitions within: But may we not trace what is profane, irreligious, or obſcene, in an author to the prevalence of congenial inclinations, as a ſtream may be traced to its fountain, or a tree known by its fruit? Native wit and genius, ſuch may be allowed to poſſeſs; and theſe appear to conſiderable advantage in ſome of the above author's pieces: But, as the dead fly in the box of precious oinment will render it unſavoury; ſo the ſmutty, profane, and irreligious ſentiments interſperſed throughout, muſt more than counterbalance every excellency they can poſſeſs; unleſs in the eſtimation of thoſe whoſe taſte is unhappily formed to reliſh ſuch daring and degrading liberties. Can poiſon be more ſafe that it is preſented

Than all the ſeeming-ſaint a fiend appears,
And at religion once more ſcoffs and ſneers;
Affects t' inſult the unſeen Deity,
As if he could his pow'rful arm defy;
And all to cheriſh the unmeaning mirth
Of his aſſociate brothers, ſons of earth.
Thus, murd'rous Joab-like *, they can ſalute,
With view to gain, as virtue's friends, repute;
Yet aim, mean-while, a home ſtroke at the heart;
For ſo the expert *Theiſt* acts his part.
Like *Judas*, patron of the graceleſs tribe,
Who ſold his Maſter for a paltry bribe;

They

ed in a bright, poliſhed veſſel, tho' it may be more alluring? The Author cannot, therefore, help expreſſing his ſurpriſe, at having ſeen this Bard openly invited to favour the Public with ſome more of his productions, without one qualifying hint, with reſpect to the above too juſt ground of complaint. He is, however, perſuaded this muſthave been owing to inadvertence, as the gentlemen concerned in the works wherein theſe invitations appeared, poſſeſs too much honour to give their public ſanction to any thing indecent, immoral, or profane.

It does little honour to ſo many Lords and Ladies, and ſome Reverend Doctors of the Church, to lend the ſanction of their names to a work (be its merits in other reſpects what they may) replete not only with daring impiety, the favourite game of the bold ſpirits of the day; but alſo, with all the low obſcenities of the ſtews. It is truly amazing, that while ſo many, of whom other things might be expected, are not aſhamed to patronize a production, which burleſques religion, and its ſacred rites, inſults the Deity, and degrades human nature, none ſhould hitherto diſcover ſo much zeal as to expreſs, in a public manner, their diſapprobation of it! Is it becauſe they think it below ſuch public notice? Why, then, was it not thought unworthy of ſuch public encouragement? Are not thoſe who have encouraged it doubly bound to warn the public of the fatal peſt it contains, if they would not be thought to allow their name ſtill to recommend it to that public at large? Setting all reverence for God aſide, who can peruſe it, and not exclaim, *O modeſty! O virtue!* whither fled from our iſle?

* 2 Samuel xx. 9, 10.

They ſtill betray him with a ſpecious kiſs,
And then, like vipers brood, can meanly hiſs;
—A kiſs, the vail of inbred, deadly hate,
Of irreligion, and of baſe deceit,
Which marks their manner, and deſerved fate!
Thus, while they ſpeak his bleſt religion fair,
Their pointed ſhafts they artfully prepare,
That, under covert, they may ſafely wound,
And that, indeed, on conſecrated ground.
While they accoſt its ſacred Author, Lord,
And ſtill affect to reverence his word,
To praiſe his virtues, and his royal grace,
And ſeek amongſt his faithful friends a place;
The ſpecious vail, too thin, cannot long hide
Their rancour, infidelity, and pride;
Which mark them out a baſe, a trait'rous race,
The foes of God, and of Meſſiah's grace;
Unmeet to dwell, in bliſs, with him above—
In happy regions of immortal love.
There never ſhall ſuch odious foes appear,
As at his word and ſervice laugh and ſneer;
Unleſs, with deep contrition, they repent,
And mercy find, before her day is ſpent.
Do ſuch oft ſeem to ſigh, to pray, and weep,
And to aſſume the garb of Jeſus' ſheep?
All this, like alligators artful tears,
To gain our truſt, and to allay our fears;
And ſo make us their eaſy, certain prey,
Which facts atteſt to be their conſtant way.

What

What does this mimic, and devout grimace,
But prove them void of honour, as of grace,
Beſpeak a ſnake cloſe hid among the graſs!
Do not the aſs' ears, thro' the lion's ſkin,
Bewray th' ignoble animal within *?
Sure none, who ſteer by ſacred virtue's laws,
Will meanly court the infidel's applauſe;
Expend the force of genius' native fire,
That mad-men, fools, and atheiſts may admire;
Will not abaſe a ſingle gift divine,
That they in lewd, and drunken clubs may ſhine.
Such mighty feats they leave to ſlaves of vice,
Who in her cauſe employ each ſly device,
To recommend their bold, licentious page,
To a profane, and irreligious age.
If a juſt God there is, a heav'n, and hell,
And if religion is no cunning ſpell,
Such their reward will, doubtleſs, meet at laſt,
When a few days, or years at moſt, are paſt;
Be made to feel none ever ſcoff in vain
At ſacred things, or future endleſs pain;
That dearly bought is all the preſent gain.
Sure, they muſt dream the ſoul to be but breath,
Which quite evaporates to air at death,

Elſe

* All in the leaſt acquainted with the Deiſtical writers cannot be ignorant of the baſe underhand methods which they ſo generally employ to undermine Chriſtianity, and counteract its benign influence in the world. With all their pretences to honour, they can have recourſe to the moſt illiberal and diſingenuous expedients, in order to keep themſelves and diſciples in countenance, and to ſap the ſacred intereſts of Religion, and bring the profeſſion of it into diſcredit and diſuſe; whence ſuch animadverſions come to be but too juſt and well founded.

Elſe would ne'er act this blinded, fatal part,
At which recoils, with dread, a virtuous heart.
Let not a ſoul, for endleſs bliſs deſign'd,
Once wiſh to die—the horrid wiſh how blind!
Can aught, but guilt, make ſouls extinction gain?
Till virtue dies, the very thought would pain.
Till deep confirm'd in vice, they hate reform,
None, ſure, can wiſh to ſink beneath the worm.
What bane of hope and joy in life and death,
To fix our being, and both theſe to earth!
Curs'd ſcheme, which robs of our chief dignity,
God's gift and glory,—*Immortality.*
Can aught, but vice, this curſed ſcheme commend,
Or to adorn it, ev'ry effort lend?
Can thoſe, not yet to God and virtue loſt,
Of this, dire ſpectre make their horrid boaſt?
Can thoſe, who dread not never-ceaſing pain,
Once dream annihilation to be gain?
Who can once coolly face the awful brink,
With deſp'rate wiſh he may to nothing ſink,
In fatal hour, and ſo become extinct?
Let infidels their quiver ſtill exhauſt,
Againſt religion form a martial hoſt;
Let them ſtill flout, and argue what they can,
Nought, but Religion, can complete the man;
His paths ſafe guide, thro' life's each devious road,
To never-fading happineſs with God;
Yea, at the final ſcene ſupport the juſt,
Their exit grace, and renovate their duſt.
Beware, O Britons, of this fatal peſt,
Which does, alas! your land each where infeſt,

Infect.

Infecting thouſands, with its baleful breath ;
As you would ſhare ſubſtantial joys on earth,
Reap bliſs above, nor feel eternal wrath.
Theſe ſons of vice, O do not once believe !
Avoid their ways, leſt when too late you grieve ;
Believe them not, when they would ſpeak you fair,
Their paths decline to vaults of deep deſpair.

Not love to God, or you, their breaſts inflame,
For foes to both, their deeds them ſtill proclaim.
In vain, they feign their love to God doth glow,
For each he'll treat as his avowed foe.
In vain, of zeal for virtue, make they boaſt,
For are they not to ſacred virtue loſt ?

Be timely wiſe, nor wiſh yourſelves all clay,
Your date of being fixed to a day ;
Wiſh, ſo degraded, your thrice noble form,
As, in each view, to claim kin with the worm.

O would you now, but God's kind counſels hear,
Flee from due wrath, and his juſt laws revere ;
Take refuge under covert of that blood,
Which guilt cancels, and bliſs procures with God !

Make not your boaſt of pow'r, of wealth, or eaſe,
Nor once forget from whom you borrow theſe ;
That he, who now beſtows your earthly all,
Ere long, theſe favours lent will each recal.
Nor dream theſe loans will ever with you laſt,
But bear in mind, how many favours paſt
Have been, alas ! ungratefully enjoy'd,
O let them not be henceforth miſemploy'd.
Tho' now you proſper, and your hopes run high,
They build too low, who build beneath the ſky.

With deep regret, your conduct paſt review,
Seek peace with Heav'n, that bleſſings daily ſue;
Leſt you involve yourſelves, and native land,
In ſuch deep ruin, as you can't withſtand;
Leſt Heav'n arraign and doom, beyond the grave,
To woes, from which no finite power can ſave.

BOTH vice and irreligion ſupport gain
From *Sons of Song*, who their productions ſtain,
With thoughts obſcene, and ſentiments profane.
As ſuch productions in their number ſwell,
The ſons of vice maturer grow for hell;
Gain freſh acceſſions to their hateful cauſe,
And hoſtile darts to combat Heaven's laws.
Lo! wits profane ſtill court the voice of fame,
Not by fair virtue, or celeſtial flame.
Themſelves they ſtudy—as they feel, they write,
Dare Heav'n, miſtake obſcenity for wit.
Vice finds in them her ſympathetic friend,
They aim to pleaſe, and not the age to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpire to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hope to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe too gen'ral, their ſupports are ſtrong,
Their ſlaves are willing, and their reign proves long:
Till ſhame regains the poſt which ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue calls oblivion to her aid *.
Thy Bards, O Britain, oft have tun'd the lyre,
In lays refin'd, which ſpoke celeſtial fire;
Lays which their fame extend to ev'ry clime,
And will endure and pleaſe to lateſt time.

Yet

* The above lines are taken, with a few variations, from the famous Dr Johnſon.

Yet tares among the wheat are often found,
Her tuneful throng have ſtain'd Britannia's ground;
Her air polluted with their tainted breath,
Ah! while they ſwell her guilt, they bring down wrath.
Whence elſe the loud complaints of Britain's ſtage,
Which taints the morals of a giddy age *;
The lewd productions that too oft appear,
Which foſter vice, at ſacred things ſtill ſneer?
We read the bard, who ſpares his reader's pain,
Tho' from his works we ſhould not reap much gain;
Who ſquares his lines by truth and virtue's laws,
Nor injures once Religion's ſacred cauſe;
Who tells his artleſs tale with guiltleſs glee,
And culls his choiceſt flow'rs from Nature's lea;
Who thus informs the mind, he ſtrives to pleaſe,
And ſet, a while, from anxious cares at eaſe.
We love the bard, while we peruſe his page,
Whoſe aim to pleaſe, is to refine the age;
Who ſenſe and virtue blends with native wit—
Who can peruſe his page without delight?

* Dr Blair informs us, in his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Letters, that the Theatre is with us greatly reformed, and truly it needed a reformation; but how far this is really the caſe, they who frequent it can beſt tell. Is there not reaſon, however, to fear, that the ſmutty and irreligious productions, which have ſo long polluted Britiſh ears, turning the ſtage into a ſchool of profanity and an handmaid to vice, are ſtill too avidiouſly peruſed by our unprincipled, modiſh youth, who reſort, for amuſement, to ſuch ſcenes of diſſipation, and are at the ſame time, remarkable for their attention to the duties neither of religion nor morality?

The Reader is referred to the valuable tract ſubjoined, as containing ſome very juſt remarks on the ſtage—the impropriety of encouraging it in a Chriſtian country, and the unhappy conſequences of frequenting it.

Tho' ſons of vice do not extol his rhyme,
Nor in their clubs it be allow'd to chime;
Yet ſhall his genial and refining lays,
Procure him laſting, and deſerved praiſe:
When lewd, profane ones ſhall be quite forgot,
Or make their author's name and mem'ry rot.
Tho' in the pomp of verſe their numbers ſhine,
What taints the heart is ſure miſnamed *fine*.
He that would ſoar at an unhallow'd rate,
Can never make Parnaſſus' famed ſeat.
His flight precarious, but not ſo his fall,
For vice remands him as her humble thrall.
'Tis virtue only can give deathleſs fame,
Shed a rich odour round the poet's name;
For ſacred virtue will not fail of praiſe,
She conſecrates his chaſte, refining lays,
And plants his brows with her unfading bays.
Of genius' ſtores, by gracious Heav'n beſtow'd,
Should not a part devoted be to God;
Employ'd to propagate Religion's cauſe,
And to enforce true virtue's ſacred laws?
Laſcivious bards, whoſe rhymes give juſt offence,
Diſplay a naughty heart, devoid of ſenſe.
Their tainted fancy but degrades the muſe,
Yea, ſends her forth to purvey for the ſtews;
For, while ſhe fans the flames of looſe deſire,
Her pow'rs are ſet by hell itſelf on fire.
The lewd, profane, theſe foes of man and God,
Muſt furious run, ſince puſh'd by Satan's goad;
As by him once the herd of ſwine were driv'n,
Till in the lake they loſt the light of heav'n;

For while their impious lays vice' triumphs ſwell,
Their own career muſt terminate in hell;
Unleſs they fly to mercy and repent,
While patience ſpares, and ſome reſpite is lent.
In that dread goal, their vile, Heav'n-daring ſongs,
Shall wound the heart, and pain their leprous tongues.
Can it avail t' allay incurred wrath,
That once their rhymes gave *ranting* brothers mirth;
When juſtice binds in faggots theſe, and *burns*,*
And all their noiſy mirth to howling turns?
When ſuch are dead, and laid in grave to rot,
This Epitaph may grace th' unhallow'd ſpot,
Which by their ſons ſhould never be forgot:
" Here lies, ye living, a poor wicked thing,
" Who once eſſay'd in folly's cauſe to ſing;
" And broke thro' virtue's, and Religion's law,
" Nor of his Maker's vengeance ſtood in awe;
" Who, while he prov'd in Wiſdom's ſchool a *Dolt*,
" Grew up in vice an artful, wayward colt;
" Sneer'd at each mean, which might in time reform,
" Hence wiſhes now he had been form'd a worm!
" Who read, beware you act not ſuch a part,
" For ſoon or late it muſt torment the heart."
What are the fruits which guilty freedoms boaſt?
Can peace remain, if virtue once be loſt?
What pain, what anguiſh muſt haraſs our breaſts,
Should guilt, and dread of wo become the gueſts!
Hence, many ſhelter ſeek in death's grim ſhade,
From conſcious horrors, which their minds invade.
Oh!

* Bind them in bundles to burn them, Mat. xiii. 30.

Oh! that it reſted here, that future wo,
From ſuch a prelude did not inſtant flow!

SUICIDE, horrid with thy ghaſtly train!
The thought of thee the very heart muſt pain.
Nature recoils with horror at the deed,
By his own hand ſhall man untimely bleed!
Of this black crime how baleful is the cauſe,
Which thus infringes nature's ſtrongeſt laws;
Which can the potent love of life o'ercome,
From petty ills ſeek refuge in the tomb,
Yea, brave the terrors of a future doom!
Thrice hapleſs ſouls, ſo urged by the paſt,
To plunge in woes which ſhall for ever laſt!
Too weak to bear the paſſing ills of time,
Yet heedleſs ruſh into a fiery clime!
Ah! how can ſuch of this dire crime repent,
And mercy find, if no reſpite is lent;
If in the fatal act they, dying, die,
Nor ſave the time t' implore the Pow'r on high?
Ah! Infidelity, how ſtrange thy pow'r,
Which can the mind ſo ſteel againſt this hour;
Into a blank the future quite convert,
And all the moral pow'rs at once pervert!
Nought but thy ſway can lead to ſuch a death,
Lead man to quench life's lamp—his vital breath.
Too many ſuch are in Britannia found,
For blood ſo ſhed each where diſtains her ground!

Her

Her ſons fall victims to their own dire hand,
In greater numbers than in any land *.
Life is the gift of the great Lord of heav'n,
Self-murder, ah! contemns the boon ſo giv'n;
The Maker's goodneſs into blame converts,
And all the ends benign of life ſubverts.
This boon, ſo precious, ev'ry creature feels
Its value, and that value ſtill reveals.

Of

* ——— "But if there's an *hereafter*,
"And that there is, Conſcience uninfluenc'd,
"And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man;
"Then muſt it be an awful thing *to die!*
"More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
"*Self-murder!*—name it not: our iſland's ſhame;
"That makes her the reproach of neighbouring ſtates.
"Shall Nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
"Self-preſervation, fall by her own act?
"Forbid it Heav'n.—Let not, upon diſguſt,
"The ſhameleſs hand be fully crimſon'd o'er,
"With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
"Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
"To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge;
"As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
"And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
"Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: Theſe herd together;
"The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
"And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
"Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
"How long, how ſhort, we know not:—this we know,
"Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
"Nor dare to ſtir till Heav'n ſhall give permiſſion:
"Like centries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
"And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
"Thoſe only are the brave that keep their ground,
"And keep it to the laſt. To run away
"Is but a coward's trick: To run away
"From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
"Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves,
"By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
"And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
"No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this."——*The* GRAVE.

Of Nature's tribes, do any ſelf-devour?
To man, their lord, they yield this fatal pow'r;
For on his kind He! He! not only preys,
But, horrid deed! *himſelf* not ſeldom ſlays!
To each his poſt in life is now aſſign'd,
Nor, without leave, can it be once reſign'd.
God's pow'r alone inſpires our vital breath,
To HIM belongs to fix the hour of death.
Without his call none may his life expoſe,
Who do, ſhall he enrol among his foes.
Thoſe ills in life, which we cannot eſchew,
Compar'd to theſe our follies bring, are few.
The latter are the ſource of all that wo,
To which ſelf-murder its fell ſway does owe.
Life's woes, and brevity excite our plaints,
With deepeſt hues our fancy theſe oft paints.
Accuſe not Heav'n, our follies both increaſe,
Embitter life, and haſten our deceaſe.
What numbers to their vices victims fall,
Their life a death, they die ere nature call!
Each kind of exceſs ſure muſt ſpeed our fate,
Untimely ope of death the dreaded gate.
Will not ſuch *Suicide*, ah! ſhock the mind,
While it diſpatches myriads of our kind?
Excite ſome efforts to reſcue our race?
Does not ſuch charity deſerve a place?
If nature ſhrink at what would life o'erpow'r,
Recoil t' accelerate her fatal hour,
How great their guilt, who wound the conſcious part,
Fix death eternal's ſhafts in their own heart!

If the aſſaſſin death to juſtice owes,
What thoſe who act the part of virtue's foes?
Who wound their neighbour in a tender part,
Employ addreſs t' enſnare and taint the heart?
The blood of ſouls emits a louder cry,
And ſtill demands due vengeance from the ſky.
The Judge of all for this will yet inquire,
The guilty puniſh with eternal fire.
Let human life, in ev'ry view, be dear,
And it to injure, let each ſtand in fear;
Prize this depoſitum, and ſtill improve,
And love of ſelf refine by ſacred love,
That they may ſhare immortal life and bliſs above.

OUR modern *Duels* * are too near a kin,
To this black deed, this ghaſtly, fatal ſin.
Two horrid crimes theſe feats of arms imply,
Which God and man, with daring aim, defy.
Of fame and honour, thrice accurſed love!
In vain we trace thy deſcent from above.
The *Duelliſt*, that murderer in heart,
To murder adds Suicide's horrid part.
Can ſuch an exit be by honour claim'd?
They die like fools, tho' men of honour fam'd.
Abſurd in ſuch to what is great pretend,
Who ruſh, like furies, to ſo mean an end!
If they the ſcorn of fellow-mortals fear,
Almighty terrors, how ſhall they once bear!

* The Reader will find ſome verſes on Duelling, which appeared ſome time ago in the news-papers, ſubjoined at the cloſe of this Addreſs.

Poor thoughtleſs beings, to the future blind,
Court death, which oft by mutual wounds they find.
Do ſuch once think that God their deeds ſurveys,
And will them judge, when death ſhall end their days?
Do they believe the ſoul ſurvives the wound,
Which brings the body to its native ground?
If ſuch be honour, ſure it comes from hell;
For no ſuch paſſion with Immortals dwell.
This honour claims the devil for its ſire,
Whoſe boſom dark infernal paſſions fire.
Eternal life no murderer can ſhare *,
Whoſe horrid crime is pregnant with deſpair.
Such deeds, how fell, which ſoul and body ſlay,
The ſouls of two, their bodies make death's prey!
O would this tribe to reaſon lend an ear,
And of God's vengeance timeous ſtand in fear;
The boon of life, with pious care, improve,
And to your neighbour bear fraternal love!
Let not revenge within your breaſt bear ſway,
Your paſſions rule, and the great God obey.
To reaſon yield the empire o'er the mind,
For wrath indulg'd transforms t' infernal kind.
Tho' young and brave, ſuch youthful heat reſtrain,
Nor think that mean, which ſhews true wiſdom's reign;
And may prevent remorſe, and deathleſs pain.
Be not ſo proud, of ſo imperious ſoul,
That laws can't bind, nor threaten'd wrath control;
That neither preſent bliſs, nor future pain,
Can the wild ſallies of the heart reſtrain.

Should

* Whoſoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him, 1 John iii. 15.

Should once revenge pre-occupy the breaſt,
How can it prove the ſeat of joy and reſt?
When murd'rous hate gains ſway within the ſoul,
What gloomy thoughts muſt all its pow'rs control!
Which, urging ſtill to an unhappy birth,
A deed encompaſs big with future wrath—
A deed which clouds the greateſt hero's fame,
And brings a laſting odium on his name.
The man who rolls the horrid wiſh in heart,
And at another aims the fatal ſmart,
Muſt wound himſelf with the dire pointed dart.
Unhappy wretch, who can make helliſh ſpeed,
To ſate his vengeance with ſo foul a deed!
When from the duſt ſuch ſons of guilt ſhall riſe,
How ſhall they meet, appal'd, their Judge's eyes?
These ſons of Mars not rare, if fame be true,
While they engage, like heroes bold, to view,
Agree their combat ſhall quite harmleſs end,
Yet hope new bays it to their brows will lend.
Are theſe the honourable and the brave?
Or poltrons, who can baſely act the knave,
For *mereſt trifles* * ruſh to frantic ſtrife,
And rob, perhaps, their very friend of life?

Proud

* What gives occaſion to our modern Duels may juſtly be termed *mereſt trifles*. The writer of theſe ſheets hath taken the trouble of extracting from the public-papers, for ſome time paſt, ſuch circumſtances as led to theſe feats of arms, as there recorded. The detail would extend this note too far, and at the ſame time afford but little pleaſure to the humane reader; tho' it would, indeed, ſerve to place our modern pretenders to honour in a moſt deſpicable, and degrading point of view.

One challenges his friend, becauſe he happened to *touch him with a chicken bone*, while dining together. Another, becauſe his companion would not *open a window*, in the room where they ſat, *at his*

Proud names, and titles cannot once impart,
To deeds diſgraceful, fraught with helliſh art,
True honour's luſtre, crimes are ſtill the ſame,
Tho' we miſterm them by a virtuous name.
The hero-duelliſt would often prove,
A timid wretch did no vain motive move;

Did

his deſire. A third receives a challenge for preſuming to ſay, *There was no good butter to be had in Aberdeen.* And a fourth, on account of *twice aſking a lady her addreſs*, having been ſo unfortunate as to forget it, when told the firſt time. Theſe, and a number of other equally intereſting incidents, have of late given occaſion to theſe ſavage rencounters, ſome of which have proved fatal to one, if not to both combatants. Is this acting like *men of honour?* or like furies and *raving lunatics?* Muſt they not be deeply infected with the polite phrenzy of *modern honour*, who can once pronounce ſuch conduct liberal and praiſe-worthy? Depraved as human nature is, in ſuch characters it is degraded far beneath itſelf. Such pitiful beings compoſe the very dregs and offſcourings of that nature; and did ſuch monſters appear among any of the irrational tribes, they would, as by mutual conſent, expel them their ſociety.

The ſpirit which theſe worſe than bravos often diſcover, in the near view of what, for aught they can divine, may terminate their preſent ſtate of exiſtence, is expreſſive of the moſt unbridled, and diabolic paſſions, indulged under the ſpecious pretext of honour. With eager thirſt of revenge and blood, they purſue each other, as the lion, or the tyger hunts his prey, when ſpurred on by the craving appetite of hunger. One of theſe modern heroes, or beaſts of prey in human form, accidentally meeting his antagoniſt, within half an hour of the period in which he fell by his hand, he ſo far forgets himſelf, and his very critical ſituation, as to give way to the outrageous ebulitions of a frantic heart, by openly ſpitting in the other's face. Is this a temper of mind with which to ruſh into eternity!—a temper of mind wherewith to appear at the bar of the Eternal God, to render an account of the deeds done in the body? If theſe cannot forgive one another a hundred pence, how can they expect God ſhould forgive themſelves ten thouſand talents! Alas! an *Hereafter* ſeems to be no part of their firm belief; but how ſolemn and ſudden the tranſition from the ſcenes of earth, to the world of ſpirits—to the preſence of their Judge, and the retribution of his juſtice!

No

Did death approach him by accute diſeaſe,
And with his pointed darts deſtroy his eaſe.
Theſe vaunting Hectors then their courage loſe,
Still pant for life, and dread its final cloſe.
If this be honour, O my ſoul, it ſhun!
And pity thoſe its fatal courſe who run;
Let not my portion be with them who kill
Their fellow-mortal, thirſt his blood to ſpill *.
Ye Britiſh Rulers, can ye once connive
At crimes like theſe, and let their fires ſurvive?
Is this your care of thoſe you ought to guard?
Of loyal ſervices the due reward?
And is it thus you rule for God on high,
Whoſe eyes omniſcient all your actions ſpy?
Such crimes with men impunity may find,
Not ſo with Him, who judge ſhall human-kind;
Who ſhall one day avenge the blood ſo ſhed,
It, awful viſit on the guilty head.

WHEN impious tenets a whole land pervade,
Vice will, of courſe, with growing ſtrength invade,
And

No vouchers need be adduced for the above facts, as they have appeared in our public-papers; from which it were eaſy to ſelect many inſtances of a ſimilar nature. Nor would it perhaps be delicate to particularize perſons alluded to.—May their follies periſh with their memory, and their unhappy fruits ſerve as an admonition to the living.

See ſome thoughts on Duelling in Appendix.

* Gather not my ſoul with ſinners, nor my life with bloody men; in whoſe hand is miſchief. O my ſoul, come not thou into their ſecret; unto their aſſembly, mine honour be not thou united. Pſal. xxvi. 9, 10. Gen. xlix. 6.

And thoſe ſubdue, who in her cauſe engage,
All which atteſts this unbelieving age.
Religion pure, with her each ſolemn rite,
Which to the good prove ſource of chief delight,
Is ever venerated by the wiſe,
As a ſure guide to lead us to the ſkies.
The Lord of all requires one day in ſev'n,
To be obſerv'd a ſacred reſt for Heav'n;
And none but fools profane this hallow'd reſt,
Which he himſelf, in its obſervance, bleſt.
Yet 'tis profan'd, and that by low and high,
Who ev'ry mean of grace thus ſtill defy;
For few thereon attend on Wiſdom's ſchool,
While far the bulk make it to vice a tool.
What crowds, at noons and eves of this bleſs'd day,
Still walk abroad, yea, ſpend in ſport and play,
The hours, to ſacred public ſervice giv'n,
That ſocial homage juſtly due to Heav'n;
Not merely of the young, each ſex and age,
With other vie, in paſtimes vain engage.
In theſe, not only th' irreligious throng,
Are ſeen, too oft the ſober mix among,
Who, of this day, ſeem to devote a part
To God, yet ſure reſign him not the heart.
The word in ſuch, like ſeed dropt by the road,
Doth yield no fruit availing with their God;
That bleſſed word, whence ſov'reign virtues riſe,
Which ſtill avail to make the ſimple wiſe.
As birds devour what grains expoſed lie,
So good impreſſions, with theſe paſtimes fly.

The truths of God can ſure produce no fruit,
Where not permitted to take ſolid root.
Our youths of faſhion proſtitute this day,
At its approach, in crowds you ſee them ſtray,
From our great towns, in queſt of ſenſual ſport,
And rural haunts pollute by their reſort.
In pride, in inſolence, and vice grown bold,
Quite fluſh'd with wine, like Belial's ſons of old,
This day they ſpend in diſſipation's round,
At eve, returning, meaſure all the ground,
In concert reel, and mix a helliſh ſound;
Too like ſome raving, Bachanalian throng,
Whoſe frantic mirth the ſhades of night prolong.
While the devout their Saviour's death forth-ſhow,
As if a flood our cities did o'erflow,
Or were invaded by a fatal peſt,
Vaſt ſhoals pour forth, as if from theſe to reſt,
Regardleſs of his dying, great beheſt *;
Flee forth, as from ſome dread, purſuing foe,
To ſafe retreats, where carnal pleaſures flow.
Can thoſe who violate this ſacred reſt,
Once hope to be, with God, hereafter bleſt?
Can ſuch for ever find heart-felt delight,
In Jeſus' love, who now contemn this rite;
And treat the word, the courts, and day of God,
As things not worth regard, yea, to be loath'd!
Hence does the chief, the ſacred queen of days,
While thus devoted to baſe, ſenſual ways,

Inſtead

* This do in remembrance of me. Luke xxii. 19.

Inſtead of proving of all days the beſt,
Become, ſo ſpent, inferior to the reſt *.
What profanation of this Day ſtill meets,
And grates our eyes and ears along our ſtreets!
In ſportive crowds, our yonkers waſte this day,
The children it devote to ſport and play,
Which ſhows, alas! their parents void of care;
Such ſad neglect makes way for deep deſpair.
While their own ſouls theſe ſtarve, this ſeaſon waſte
In ſloth, or vanity, or conſtant feaſt;
Is it ſo ſtrange the young ſhould it miſpend,
Become ſoon vicious, rare their ways amend?
Oh! would all thoſe, concern'd in care of youth,
Beſtow due pains to train them in the truth;
To teach their wayward paſſions how to move,
Check vice in bud, allure them good to love,
Beg grace to crown their pious pains above;
Still mindful God will ſoon this truſt require,
Th' unfaithful recompence with penal fire!
When all our talents paſs muſt in review,
And guilt contracted be expos'd to view,
Yea, God exact from each the glory due.
Ah! do not many too this day paſs o'er,
In ſchemes of buſineſs, to increaſe their ſtore;
Yea, balance their affairs,—accounts inſpect,
And treat each ſacred office with neglect,
Yet on their debt to Heav'n ſcarce once reflect?

Share

* Tho' God hath ſtrictly forbidden all ſervile works on this Day, thoſe of neceſſity and mercy excepted; yet the manner in which too many ſpend it, is doubtleſs more offenſive in his ſight, and more pernicious in its conſequences to ſociety, than if they applied themſelves to their ordinary callings. What is unlawful on any day muſt be doubly ſo on the Lord's day.

Share ſuch proſperity, 'tis with a curſe,
Their wealth increaſing, they grow worſe and worſe;
Till reach'd the ſummit of their guilt and bliſs,
They head-long ſink to gloom and wretchedneſs.
Our moral peſt is ſpreading wide and deep,
When ſuch the Sabbaths many thouſands keep.
Ah! murder'd time will ſoon acquire a tongue,
And his dread knell to boundleſs years prolong;
Yea, make to quake the ſtouteſt of that race,
Who ſadly miſimprove their day of grace.
What tho' the wicked ſhould wax old in pow'r,
Increaſe in wealth to their late dying hour;
What tho' they ſtill ſhould proſper at their will,
And Heav'n, propitious, their each wiſh fulfil;
Let them not thence grow careleſs and ſecure,
Nor dream their bleſſings ever ſhall endure;
Let them not, hence, laugh at all ſerious cares,
Regal'd with wine, and muſic's ſofteſt airs;
In ſenſual rounds their days and nights conſume,
Till, like fruit mellow'd, drop they to the tomb;
For God ſhall bring them to his ſolemn doom.
Nor let them once, with impious front exclaim,
"God! who or what? a proud, vain, empty name,
"Of childiſh fear, thou phantom, we diſdain
"Thy boaſted yoke, count vows and prayers vain *.
"From our own hand our various bleſſings flow,
"Why ſhould we then vain praiſe on God beſtow?"

* They ſay unto God, Depart from us; for we deſire not the knowledge of thy ways.—What is the Almighty, that we ſhould ſerve him? And what profit ſhould we have if we pray unto him? Job xxi. 14, 15.

Such, ah! the language of their port and way,
If their proud lips do not the ſame bewray!
Alas! ſhall feeble man dare ſo requite
His Source of being, and his favours ſlight?
Shall guilty worms Almighty God defy,
Of heart and life the homage due deny,
Whoſe courage fails ev'n at his creature's eye?
The ſtouteſt heart, if the fierce lion roar,
Recoils with dread, and ſhall not man adore?
The Potentate of nature ſtill revere,
Whoſe works can ſtrike the boldeſt heart with fear?
Ungodly men may flouriſh now at eaſe,
Yet their proſperity ere long ſhall ceaſe.
That God they now forget will ſoon reclaim,
His ev'ry gift, and doom to Tophet's flame.
Their earthly bliſs, in one avenging day,
As ſwept with hail, ſhall quickly paſs away.
Amid their joys, and their exulting pride,
Aſſail ſhall terrors them on ev'ry ſide.
The wrath of Heav'n, the ſource of deathleſs pains,
Them ſhall o'ertake, as flames did Sodom's plains.
Can flight avail, when juſtice ſhall purſue,
And cauſe her ſword to ſtrike the ſinner thro'?
'Mid deepeſt gloom, their ſtaring eye-balls roll,
And keeneſt terrors ſeize their flitting ſoul.
Their dreams of bliſs are now for ever fled,
Wherewith vain hopes their vainer minds ſtill fed;
As one aſleep, to eat or drink may ſeem,
Yet waking, appetites prove all a dream *.

Ah!

* Iſaiah xxix. 8.

Ah! never ſhall their wiſhful eyes behold,
The thrice bleſt city, pav'd with fineſt gold;
Where flow, of life, the pure, tranſlucent ſtreams,
Whoſe bliſsful wave reflects celeſtial beams.
Dread woes and tortures, yet of unknown name,
For them are treaſur'd, a ſtill-quenchleſs flame,
Of old enkindl'd by JEHOVAH's breath,
In the dark, diſmal ſhades of *ſecond death*.
Their guilt entails ev'n on their race deep wo,
Which may from ſire to ſon ſucceſſive flow.
By Heav'n's decree, ſuch prove the portion ſhall
Of wicked men, from the great Judge of all.
Contempt of God, and all his ways benign,
Muſt ſure provoke wrath potent and divine.
When once in vice men obdurate become,
Nor ſlumbers, nor far diſtant is, their doom.
Thy commerce, Britain, tho' a ſpreading gourd,
Which ſeems a laſting ſhelter to afford;
Yet, ah! a worm in ſecret gnaws the root,
And ſuch may prove each favourite purſuit,
The breath of Heav'n can blaſt their faireſt fruit.
To walk upright will peace and wealth ſecure,
Indulge to ſin infallibly make poor;
While piety, and worth a bliſs convey,
Accurſed vice doth ſire and offſpring ſlay.
Should Heav'n once ſay, O Britain, in my ſcale
Thee have I weigh'd, and find thy crimes prevail;
Thy proſp'rous days are now come to an end,
Thy juſtice, ſpare not, nor reſpite once lend:
Then ſudden, and remedileſs our fate,
Each effort vain to ſave a ſinking ſtate,

Deſtruction flies, and waſtes at God's command,
Can aught ward off due vengeance from our land?
Then deſolation ſpreads her dreary reign,
May Heav'n long ſpare thee, Britain, from her chain!
Reſtore thy ſons to virtue, and to peace,
And make thy crimes, ere once too late, to ceaſe.
How ſoon can God our glory all deface!
How ſoon can puniſh our rebellious race!
Deſtruction quite around our iſland pour,
And Britain leave to mourn from ſhore to ſhore!
Beware betimes, nor let us tempt our fate,
Can we once proſper, if incurr'd his hate?
Receive with candor, and with care improve,
Each counſel ſanction'd by the Pow'r above.
When Britons dare their Maker's laws tranſgreſs,
Inſult his pow'r, and ſtill contemn his grace;
Is he a Briton, who dares not expoſe,
Such deeds infernal, leſt he ſhould find foes?
Announce the doom againſt ſuch deeds decreed,
Which is approaching, with increaſing ſpeed;
And will o'ertake, if we do not repent;
For this alone due vengeance can prevent *?

* Except ye repent, ye ſhall all periſh. Therefore now amend your ways, and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord your God, and the Lord will repent him of the evil that he hath pronounced againſt you. Luke xiii. 3. Jer. xxvi. 13.

PAR

PART THIRD.

MAN, *urg'd* by an imperious will,
Does make fell haſte to be undone,
And very eagerly ruſh on
To court forbidden ill.

Nought is too *bad* for man.
Grown Giants in Impiety,
Our impious Folly dares the ſky;
We dare aſſault God's glorious Throne,
Nor, ſtill averſe to his command,
Will we permit his lifted Hand
To lay his Thunder down.——CREECH's *Horace.*

Becauſe of ſwearing the land mourneth. Jer. xxiii. 10.

This is the curſe that goeth forth over the face of the whole earth: for every one that ſweareth ſhall be cut off. I will bring it forth, ſaith the Lord of hoſts, and it ſhall enter into the houſe of him that ſweareth falſely by my name: and it ſhall remain in the midſt of his houſe, and ſhall conſume it, with the timber thereof, and the ſtones thereof. Zech. v. 3, 4.

I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a ſwift witneſs againſt falſe ſwearers, ſaith the Lord of hoſts. Mal. iii. 5.

Have I any pleaſure at all that the wicked ſhould die? ſaith the Lord God: and not that he ſhould return from his ways and live? Therefore I will judge you, every one according to his ways, ſaith the Lord: repent and turn yourſelves from all your tranſgreſſions; ſo iniquity ſhall not be your ruin: for why will ye die? Ezek. xviii. 23, 30, 31.

WHO that fear God, and love their fellow-men,
Can once ſurvey their crimes, and not feel pain?
Who, of the inſults offer'd Him, can know,
Theſe not lament, and their deſerved wo?

Immenſe

Immenſe the diſtance between heav'n's great God,
And a poor, breathing, animated clod,
Who dwells in clay, and ſoon muſt yield his breath,
To duſt he goes, from duſt derives his birth!
Should he not then of his God ſtand in awe,
His name revere, and ſtill obſerve his law?
Were not man's nature wofully deprav'd,
His nobler pow'rs to potent vice enſlav'd,
That ſolemn mandate never had been giv'n,
By the Eternal Majeſty of Heav'n:
" Mens ſons, take not your Maker's name in vain,
" He'll not hold guiltleſs who that name profane *."

Profan'd

* Thou ſhalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltleſs that taketh his name in vain, Exod. xx. 7. So far from holding ſuch guiltleſs, he will hold them very guilty; and, tho' they may eſcape puniſhment from men, from the hand of the civil magiſtrate, who is ordained of him to be a terror to ſuch evil-doers, yet the Lord our God will not ſuffer them to eſcape his righteous judgment, when himſelf will prove a ſwift witneſs againſt them.

It has been obſerved, not without ſome good reaſon, that a habit of profane ſwearing, as an expletive to diſcourſe, is an unequivocal ſymptom of rough and unpoliſhed manners. And, without doubt, it muſt argue rudeneſs, and the want of amiable and benevolent diſpoſitions, to be capable of ſaying or doing what may hurt the feelings of another, or give juſt ground of offence. The perſon who gives himſelf no concern whom his freedoms of ſpeech may offend, tranſgreſſes the rules of good breeding, and muſt be a ſtranger to genuine politeneſs, and true urbanity of manners. Hence he forfeits not only the Chriſtian character, which indeed ſuch deem a matter of ſmall moment, but, ſetting all reverence for the Diety aſide, the character even of a gentleman, which they more highly prize, and the deference due to one, who can make free, on almoſt every occaſion, to ſwear profanely, and utter indecent things, quite regardleſs how much the feelings of others may be wounded by ſuch unbecoming freedoms. This ſymptom of barbarous manners prevails too much, among almoſt all deſcriptions of men, to the great

reproach

Profan'd it is, in Britain's ſinful iſle,
By low and high, whoſe other ways defile;
And that in various, and ſurpriſing forms,
Will God endure this from frail, guilty worms!

What

reproach of our nation, and of our character as Chriſtians; yea, too oft prevails even with thoſe who would be thought polite and well-bred. If, therefore, the prevalence of this vice be allowed to characterize a barbarous people, can we plead, Not guilty? All the poliſh of our external manners hath not yet proved an effectual remedy for this unhappy, and epidemical malady; nor, in all probability will, whatever ſome may ſurmiſe, while irreligion and infidelity prevail. It is a painful, a very diſagreeable alternative, to be reduced, on ſome occaſions, to the neceſſity either of teſtifying againſt the impropriety of ſuch conduct, or of paſſing it over in ſilence, while perhaps a felt ſenſe of duty urges to remonſtrate againſt it. No perſon, who has not ſomething very rude and unpolite about him, can ſo treſpaſs on the common civility, which is due to every one who does not forfeit it, as, to compel to either alternative, or take amiſs a diſcreet diſſuaſive from ſuch unhallowed liberties, be they ever ſo faſhionable. Thoſe, however, who can be rude and unmannerly enough to tranſgreſs the laws of good breeding in this particular, have, in general, too much pride and petulance not to reſent the moſt modeſt and reſpectful hints of the impropriety of ſuch ungentlemanly, not to ſay unchriſtian conduct.

The profane cuſtom of ſwearing in common converſation, ſo abſurd in itſelf, and ſo expreſſive of an empty, undiſciplined, and ill-bred mind, is ſtill farther aggravated as leading to perjury, and all that train of moral and penal evils, which flow from it. When once a perſon can break thro' the reſtraints of decency, and moral decorum, he is unhappily prepared to violate every other reſtraint. Can we ſuppoſe he will retain a reverence for that Name, which he habitually profanes, or will be overawed by the proſpect of that Tribunal, to which he can appeal about every trifle? The man who can lightly imprecate damnation on his own ſoul, and on the ſouls of his fellow-creatures, ſoon becomes capable of encountering the ſolemnity, and diſregarding the obligation of an oath, tho' enforced by that ſanction, infinitely awful and intereſting as it is. The perſon who is ſo void of the fear of God, as to profane his name on ordinary occaſions, is diſpoſed to make light of exciſe, and cuſtom-houſe, and election-oaths. By a natural and an eaſy tranſition, he may be thus brought to make light of oaths which affect private

property,

What earthly Prince, or Potentate would chuſe,
His ſubjects ſhould his titles ſo abuſe?
And will of earthly kings, th' Almighty Lord,
Who ought by beings all to be ador'd,

Permit

property, and life itſelf; yea, become fit for treaſon, or any piece of treachery, if a proper temptation be preſented. Tho' one event may now often be to him that ſweareth, as to him that feareth an oath; yet death will ſoon make a ſolemn, a deciſive diſcrimination, when it ſhall be well with the righteous, but ill with the wicked. Such may indeed harden themſelves againſt God, yet are they often haunted with the alarming thought, that he is their enemy, and will bring them to that judgment, to which they have ſo lightly appealed—"Who hath hardened himſelf againſt him, and hath pro-"ſpered?" Job ix. 4. Wherefore, their preſent proſperity is often blaſted, whence it is proverbially ſaid of the falſe ſwearer, "He has "never a day to do well." The perjured wretch forfeits, and indeed deliberately renounces, his Maker's help amidſt all the trials of life, and the hope of immortality with him beyond the grave. The guilt and danger of ſuch a crime appears, in that it not only inſults God, and ſets all the terrors of his retributive juſtice at defiance; but alſo as it affects ſociety, with regard to property, character, life, and every other human right. Hereby the ſacredneſs of an oath is violated, innocence itſelf becomes no protection, all human induſtry would be vain, character and reputation quite precarious; mutual confidence would ceaſe; and all the ties which bind ſociety together be quite broken: For did men loſe all reverence for an oath, or did this daring crime univerſally prevail, ſuch unhappy conſequences would unavoidably follow.

On the prevalence of this horrid, and Heaven-daring ſin among us, a certain late writer remarks—"With reſpect to the ſin of *per-*"*jury*, I fear, we are much worſe than any nation now under the "ſun, perhaps worſe than any the ſun ever ſaw. I am afraid there are "*more daring* inſtances of this wickedneſs amongſt us, than in all the reſt "of Europe. By an unhappy kind of neceſſity it is interwoven, as it "were, with the very conſtitution of the body politic, and diffuſes "itſelf like a deadly contagion amongſt all orders and ranks of peo-"ple. Oaths are exceſſively multiplied, and ſo generally neglect-"ed, that it is equally difficult and rare, for a perſon to engage for "a courſe of years, in any kind of employment, either civil or com-"mercial, without being enſnared. Some are *ſo expreſſed*, that it "is morally impoſſible to comply with them; others *ſo circumſtanced*,

"that

Permit his creatures to abuſe his name,
And not conſult the honour of the ſame?
The ſons of light, all wrapt in holy fear,
Before his ſacred Majeſty appear.

Not

"that they are uſually ſwallowed without the remoteſt deſign of re-
"garding them either in whole or in part. Tho' wickedneſs of e-
"very kind too much abounds amongſt us, *perjury* is, perhaps, pe-
"culiarly and eminently our *national ſin;* and I tremble to think
"it is ſo; for it gives too juſt a ground to fear the approach of na-
"tional judgments. It cannot but be grievous to every ſerious
"mind, to obſerve the little reverence and ſolemnity, or rather the
"total want of common decency, which too frequently prevails a-
"mong us, *while appealing to God by this ſacred rite,* ſo that ſome-
"times it is not eaſy to ſay, whether thoſe who *tender* the oath,
"or thoſe who *take* it, ſeem *leaſt in earneſt.* Without doubt, this
"indifference may be aſſigned as one cauſe of the increaſe and
"prevalence of perjury. Surely all who have any regard for the
"honour of God—any ſenſe of the worth of ſouls, will pray ear-
"neſtly that this iniquity may not be our ruin, but that the Lord
"would be pleaſed to inſpire and ſucceed the moſt proper means
"for the removal, or at leaſt the mitigation of this evil *."

This author is not ſingular in his judgment and complaint; for all who know any thing of the ſtate of public affairs, and have any proper ſenſe of this evil, will join with him in both. So much truth is there in the above remarks, that it is grown into a proverb—*It is but a cuſtom-houſe oath!* Too little care is taken, in general, by thoſe who adminiſter this ſolemn rite, that they who take it, "ſwear in truth, in judgment, and in righteouſneſs," which the Lord requires, as they would not profane his holy name, Jer. iv. 2. A due regard muſt be had to the *object*, to the *manner*, and to the *end*, agreeable to the requiſitions of ſacred writ on that head; but, alas! how rarely do all theſe meet!

It is much to be wiſhed there was no reaſon to add, that another kind of perjury too much prevails; namely, The ſubſcribing to articles of faith, which are not believed, and engaging by ſolemn vows to obſerve certain duties, without any proper concern, or due endeavour afterwards to perform them; nay, while their future conduct runs directly counter to both! Can this ſpecies of perjury be leſs offenſive to God, or leſs fatal in its influence on ſociety, becauſe committed in his own houſe, beneath the venerable ſhade of religion,

* The Reverend Mr Newton's ſermon on the third commandment.

Not one, among the vaſt celeſtial throng,
But celebrates that name in ceaſeleſs ſong,
Which poor, preſuming ſinners dare profane,
Yet none unpuniſh'd take that name in vain.
While corrupt men, ſtill as they ſtrut and ſtalk,
Their God blaſpheme, with lips that proudly talk;
Apoſtate fiends revere Almighty God,
And quake beneath the terrors of his rod.
'Tis but on earth, that creatures dare provoke
The Source of being, and his wrath invoke;
His thrice auguſt, and holy name abuſe,
And his chief favours wantonly refuſe.

On

and by thoſe who lie under obligations, peculiarly ſolemn, to reverence and ſerve him? How much this prevails over all Britain, none can be ignorant, who is in the leaſt acquainted with the ſtate of religion among us, and the principles, and line of conduct of many of thoſe, who are inveſted with the ſacred office. Whence elſe, if I may ſo expreſs it, the bleatings of the flock of Chriſt's paſture; the many complaints of the godly, with reſpect to the doctrines and practice of many, who ought by both to be the *ſalt of the earth*, and the *light of the world?* How much our national guilt is hereby increaſed, the Lord only knows; but one thing is certain, that it eſcapes not his omniſcient eye, nor will in time his judicial viſitation: "For the prophet that teacheth lies, he is the tail;" "And "whoſoever ſhall break one of theſe leaſt commandments, and ſhall "teach men ſo," whether by doctrine or example, "he ſhall be "called the leaſt in the kingdom of heaven;" that is, have no part or lot in it, Iſa. ix. 15. Mat. v. 19. "Thus ſaith the Lord God, "Wo unto the fooliſh prophets, that follow their own ſpirit; be-"cauſe they have ſeduced my people, ſaying, Peace, and there was "no peace, to ſlay the ſouls that ſhould not die, and to ſave the "ſouls alive that ſhould not live, by *their* lying to my people that "hear their lies. Becauſe with lies ye have made the heart of the "righteous ſad, whom I have not made ſad; and ſtrengthened the "hands of the wicked, that he ſhould not return from his wicked "way, by promiſing him life; therefore I will deliver my people "out of your hand, and ye ſhall know that I am the Lord." Ezek xiii. 3, 10, 19, 22, 23.

On earth, that province of the ſhades below,
Proud, daring ſinners into monſters grow,
Their head and heart on earth, and heels to Heav'n,
Are to extremes in ſin, by Satan driv'n.
The thief, the drunkard, and the debauchee,
Derive ſome profit from iniquity;
But ſwearers purchaſe ever-during wrath,
With bluſt'ring words, a vain infected breath.
Can oaths make ſuch be deemed bold and great?
They covet this, but their own ends defeat.
Among all ranks, chief 'mong our martial hoſt,
Who ſtill of honour, and of valour boaſt;
In dreadful forms, this daring vice prevails,
Their tongue profane both Heav'n and hell aſſails;
As if a ſoldier could not ſerve his prince,
Unleſs he gave his Guardian God offence;
As if the ſervice to the ſtate they owe,
Requir'd each ſhould be God's avowed foe.
Can lace, or ſcarlet, fuſil, or a ſword,
Entitle mortals to inſult their Lord;
By whom they live, and move, and draw each breath,
Whoſe hand, with eaſe, can cruſh all ſprung of earth?
Shall Heav'n and hell revere th' Almighty's name,
Yet ſinners ſtill preſume it to blaſpheme;
Defy his pow'r,—in their proud paſſion ſwear,
And yet not once his righteous vengeance fear?
Tho' this o'erlook ſhould human juſtice' bar,
Yet God ſhall it purſue with endleſs war,
In the abodes of never-ceaſing pain,
Where wrath, incens'd, her triumphs ſhall maintain.

How ſhall ſuch ſtand the mighty Judge before,
Who oft blaſphem'd, but ſeldom would adore?
How ſhall they feel, when doom'd to that dread place,
Where juſtice rules, and mercy finds no place?
There dawn no more ſhall peace, or joy, or hope,
There ſinners are deny'd a ſingle drop,
To cool that tongue, which dares be ſo profane,
As curſe, and ſwear, and take God's name in vain.
Oft is incurr'd this guilt in ſolemn form,
While He, aloud, demands a quick reform,
Of his each *delegate*, in courts below,
Yet, ah! does not the evil rather grow?
Should *perjury* prevail within our land,
Muſt not the guilt proſperity withſtand?
When men become ſo wretchedly profane,
As take God's name in ſuch dread form in vain,
Muſt not their guilty cup be filling faſt,
And tardy vengeance overtake at laſt?
Will God, who beareth long, ſtill ſilent prove,
Forbear to puniſh what his hate muſt move?
When rivers flow back to their fountain-head,
Such daring crimes impunity may plead;
When Truth's great God can violate his oath,
The *perjur'd wretch* may hope he'll not be wroth.
Are not enſnaring oaths, ſo num'rous grown,
In each department—to the very throne,
As now to prove a gangrene in the ſtate,
Whoſe ſpreading bane muſt forward Britain's fate?
'Tis hard to ſay, who moſt God's name profane,
Among the crowd who take that name in vain;

Thoſe

Thoſe who diſpenſe, or who receive this rite,
For both herein too oft its object ſlight.
With unconcern, they make the dread appeal,
Which Heav'n invokes the ſolemn deed to ſeal,
On the perjur'd, or who neglect their vow,
T' inflict the vengeance to ſuch wretches due.
Can any know, in this reſpect, our ſtate,
And not lament our due, impending fate;
If he regard the Pow'r that reigns on high,
As Lord and Judge ſupreme of earth and ſky?
In Zion's courts does ſim'lar guilt abound,
What broken vows within her walls are found!
Vows often made, in very ſolemn form,
Without ſincere intent theſe to perform!
To ſacred truths do many give aſſent,
And ſtill to teach theſe vow their firm intent;
Yet ſhow thereafter, both by word and deed,
That theſe form not the ſubject of their Creed.
Reverſe of theſe they ſtill practiſe and teach,
Nor do I here them wrongfully impeach;
For myriads can the mournful truth atteſt,
Alas! that ſuch ſhould ere the Church infeſt!
Act not theſe Scribes the part of very knaves,
Leſs like the good, than Satan's hired ſlaves?
Can ſuch a bleſſing on their works derive,
Who ſtill profeſs what they do not believe?
Their ſolemn vows, and irreligious port,
Ah! with each other poorly ſtill comport!
Tho' men connive, ſuch guilt is not the leaſt,
For God will not o'erlook it in a prieſt.

Such

Such as thus act, muſt meet their due reward,
Their ſacred office ne'er can this off-ward.
All not ſincere in their profeſſed love,
To him who ruleth all below, above,
What time they at his foot-ſtool proſtrate fall,
And on his name with feign'd devotion call,
That venerable name ſtill take in vain;
God's holy name all hypocrites profane.
O Britain, then, what a dread pond'rous load
Of guilt, contracted 'gainſt Almighty God,
Spreads o'er thy coaſts, with ſtill increaſing ſwell,
And ſeems to bear thy ſons in ſhoals to hell!
And will not He avenge the proud diſdain,
Wherewith too many take his name in vain?
Caſt off the burden of ſuch daring foes,
While their proſperity no longer flows;
While unrepented guilt brings to that place,
Where fountains ſeal'd ſhall prove each ſpring of grace?
Did Heathens ſo their dung-hill gods revere,
And by their name each while profanely ſwear?
Were they once known to trifle with an oath,
Or ſport with *Jove*'s, or *Juno*'s menac'd wrath?
Did they not fear, that Heav'n would wrath reveal,
Should they once violate their dread appeal?—
That Heav'n, to whom all vengeance doth belong,
Would interpoſe t' avenge ſuch daring wrong?
If ſo, Ye Britons, think where you ſhall ſtand,
The final day, who ſtain a Chriſtian land,
With *oaths*, with *perjuries*, and all the reſt
Of theſe *dread crimes*, which ſtill that land infeſt?

Will

Will not ev'n Pagans then againſt you riſe,
And bring their atteſtation for the ſkies?
Condemn your ways, by their more pious port,
Who ſacred things can make your wanton ſport?
Who can ſtill treat the Lord of earth and ſky,
As if you could his attributes defy;
Deſpiſe his name more than your fellow worm,
While you him ſtill inſult, or ſpurn what might reform?
How great is God! how great his peerleſs Son,
Who did exiſt ere time his race begun!
He divine honours from mankind doth claim,
Let none refuſe to venerate his name.
Each glorious virtue in Meſſiah ſhine,
All ſacred charms and human ſweet combine!
When ruin merited aſſails a land,
Relief can come but from his ſaving hand.
If he forſake, that ruin none can ſtay,
Our land at once becomes deſtruction's prey.
Hence, prize his grace, his ſacred name revere,
Leſt, in your Guardian, ſoon the Judge appear;
Swear in his wrath we ne'er ſhall ſhare his home,
Abandon guilty Britons to their doom.

OUR Fleets and Armies, tho' allowed brave,
Can we their wicked impious conduct wave *?

Their

* God was pleaſed to give this injunction to ancient Iſrael, which, to every thinking mind, carries its reaſon with it—"When the "hoſt goeth forth againſt thine enemies, then keep thee from eve-"ry wicked thing." Deut. xxiii. 9. This reſpects not only the people at large, but alſo the men of war. But with us, do not both act on ſuch occaſions, eſpecially the later, as if the ſacred mandate was reverſed—When the hoſt goeth forth againſt thine enemies, *then indulge* thyſelf in every wicked thing?

Their guilt, like Sodom, do they not proclaim,
Whence is deriv'd an odium to their name?
The truly good, are more than truly brave,
When valour fails, true worth a ſtate may ſave.
Our martial bands have oft acquired fame,
And widely ſpread Britannia's auguſt name;
While her fleets rode triumphant on the main,
And legions conquer'd on the hoſtile plain.
Since firſt the Roman eagle reach'd our land,
'Gainſt foes combin'd they've made a noble ſtand;
What glorious feats have they not often wrought,
Thro' aiding Heav'n, they vanquiſh'd, while they fought!
Their foes could ne'er her warlike ſons ſubdue,
Tho' oft haraſs'd, yet ſtill they ſtrength renew;
Whence freedom ſmiles on Britain's happy coaſt,
And vaunting foes ſtill bluſh at their proud boaſt.
May Heav'n forbid it ſhould not ſtill be ſo—
Heav'n guard our iſle, ward off deſerved wo;
Make thoſe the pillars of Britannia's cauſe,
Their country's boaſt, ſtill gaining juſt applauſe:
Should foes invade, and call them to the field,
Still aid to vanquiſh, and force thoſe to yield;
O'er-awe the nations by their conq'ring arms,
Afraid to rouſe our martial, juſt alarms.
But ſhould we now our warrior-bands ſurvey,
Who are become of vice, alas! the prey;
May we not fear our days of glory o'er,
That Albion may yet in her turn deplore?
By beings ſo profane, and ſo impure,
How can we hope God will our peace ſecure?

That

That he, by ſuch, will ſtill defend our iſle,
Who dare defy his pow'r, his land defile?
He forms our *leaders* for the hoſtile field,
And ſkill and courage gives the ſword to wield.
Our Troops he arms, and marſhals for the fight,
And girds their loins with all their war-like might.
Their head in battle doth he ſhield and guard,
Tho' they, alas! him often diſregard.
He girded Cyrus, yet he knew him not,
And is he not by warriors ſtill forgot?
Yet can his voice, his frown, or angry look,
(For who can ſtand before his fierce rebuke?)
Strike very heroes with a dread diſmay,
Can they abide theſe at the judgment day?
Like peals of thunder his Almighty ire,
His foes ſhall feel his wrath as waſting fire!
From death's aſſault their proweſs cannot ſave,
No patriot-virtue reſcues from the grave.
Whom valour hath to-day with conqueſt crown'd,
Death may to-morrow level with the ground;
No more to ſhine amid the din of arms,
Or claim a ſhare in hoſtile, dire alarms.
This king no pow'r can check, no flight can ſave,
He alike conquers cowards and the brave.
Both ſoon muſt yield, the hour will ſhortly come,
Which ſhall call hence, and lodge in the dark tomb;
Where ſleep profound ſhall ſeal each mortal eye,
Till time is loſt in vaſt eternity.
Did thoſe who rule, in virtue lead the way,
Check vice in ſuch as muſt them ſtill obey;
From her vile ſway might they not thouſands ſave,
And make our braveſt troops become more brave?

Not ſo: In vice our leaders hold the van,
Their pattern's fatal infl'ence who can ſcan?
Nor fear they God, nor walk in Wiſdom's way,
Their baſer paſſions ſtill their reaſon ſway *.
O happy were it for their native land,
Did theſe excel in worth, as in command;
Before their eyes the laws of virtue place,
And with true honour join the fruits of grace †.

But

* He that is ſlow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his ſpirit, than he that taketh a city. He that hath no rule over his own ſpirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls. Prov. xvi. 32.—xxv. 28.

† It will appear the leſs ſurpriſing, that our *Fleets* and *Armies* ſhould exhibit inſtances of mutiny and other irregular practices, when we conſider the examples ſo frequently ſet our ſea-men and ſoldiers, by their ſuperiors, who ought to excel in worth as in rank. With what conſiſtence can theſe exact the rigid obſervance of their orders, and deem every inſult to their perſon a crime worthy of death, when they themſelves, mean-while, are openly and avowedly guilty of violating the mandates of Heaven, inſulting the Supreme Power, and rebelling againſt the infinite Majeſty of the univerſe? In regard hereof, while they paſs ſentence on others, do they not in effect condemn themſelves? For if one inſtance of diſreſpectful, or inſulting carriage towards an earthly ſuperior merits an ignominious death, without the benefit of mercy upon penitence and confeſſion, how can they expect that their multiplied ſins and offences againſt the King of kings ſhould paſs with impunity, tho' they neither repent of them, nor once confeſs or forſake them? Out of their own mouth ſhall they be judged, nor can they deem it unjuſt in God to puniſh them for crimes that are committed againſt himſelf, crimes infinitely more aggravated than any of which their fellow-men can be guilty towards them. During the ſolemn moments their fellow creature was launched into eternity for his offence, we find ſome of his ſhip-mates, inſtead of praying for his departing ſpirit, ſwearing, imprecating, and blaſpheming *. The time was when it became a proverb, *If any wiſh to learn to pray, let them go to ſea;* which is countenanced, ſo early as the days of Jonah, by the mariners who were with him in the ſhip. But may not that proverb, alas! be now reverſed, If any wiſh to learn to curſe and ſwear, to

* Referring to the late execution on board the Hector.

"But when our martial leaders, and their hoſt,
Make not true virtue their purſuit and boaſt;
When thoſe who turn the battle from the gate,
Indulge to crimes, too ſhocking to relate;

'Tho'

to drink and revel, to rid himſelf of all the reſtraints of religion and conſcience, and to brave death with a more than brutal inſenſibility, let him go to ſea.

We have been told, That a worthy gentleman, who happened to be at Spithead while the Fleet was there, was ſo much ſhocked at the *ſwearing* of the ſailors, that he remarked, "It was a wonder "Providence ever favoured ſuch profane wretches;" and, without doubt, their ſucceſs is at no time owing to their worth and merit in the eye of Heaven. In this view, when weighed in the balance they are found egregiouſly wanting, yea, their guilt will awfully preponderate. So tainted, and corrupted is our Navy in this reſpect, that, to a ſober perſon, who truly fears God, it would be almoſt the heavieſt puniſhment to be confined to a ſhip of war. Indeed, to live tolerably there, he muſt become a *demi incarnate devil*, and have his ears inured to curſing, blaſphemies, and imprecations of every kind. Are theſe the *Wooden walls* of Old-England, of which we make ſuch haughty, and frequent boaſt? What reaſon have we to hope the Lord of hoſts, who is jealous of his honour, and of purer eyes than to look upon ſin but with abhorrence, will go forth with them in the hour of danger, cover their head in the day of battle, and crown them with victory and triumph? Amazing thought, indeed, that he whoſe is the ſea and dry land, and can bind or let looſe the ſtorm at pleaſure, ſhould not ſo blow with his winds, as to ſink them like lead among the devouring billows; while they dare profane his thrice holy name, and imprecate his infinite wrath! Bear with them he may for a time, but the day of his vengeance haſtens on apace, and their damnation doth not ſlumber. God is not ſlack concerning his threats, as ſome would repute him; for ſooner ſhall heaven and earth paſs away, than theſe fall to the ground, or fail to be executed. Tho' he exerciſe much patience and long-ſuffering, to lead ſinners to repentance, yet will ſuch as miſimprove theſe think the hour of reckoning comes early enough.

What true heroiſm does David diſcover, when he engaged Goliath of Gath, tho' at the time but a ſtripling? Unfeeling muſt that heart be, which can read the account of it without emotion!— "David ſaid to Saul, Let no man's heart fail becauſe of him; thy "ſervant will go and fight with this Philiſtine." Generous motion! As he advanced to the apparently unequal combat, "The "proud Philiſtine curſed David by his gods; and ſaid, Come to

Tho' in their valour we muſt own them brave,
Their guilt more like to ſink, than that to ſave.
The *fear of God* is not before their eyes,
Yea, ſtill they bid defiance to the ſkies.
Impure in life, and blaſphemous of tongue,
They form a wicked, irreligious throng;

As

" me, and I will give thy fleſh to the fowls of the air, and to the " beaſts of the field." To which haughty boaſt, the brave youth replies, " Thou comeſt to me with a ſword, and with a ſpear, and " with a ſhield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of " hoſts, the God of the armies of Iſrael, whom thou haſt defied. " This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, that all the " earth may know that there is a God in Iſrael. And all this aſ- " ſembly ſhall know, that the Lord ſaveth not with ſword and " ſpear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our " hands." 1 Sam. xvii. How dignified does his conduct on that important occaſion appear, compared to the conduct of our modern duelliſts and men of war? Theſe, too like the haughty gigantic Goliath, not rarely utter proud, ſwelling words of vanity, and affect a pitifully bluſtering carriage " Give me a man, that we may fight " together," was his language. What a contraſt to the Hebrew youth do the heroes of modern times preſent, when expoſed to imminent danger? Inſtead of expreſſing affiance in God, and facing the enemy in his ſtrength, they more generally imprecate his vengeance, and ſet his terrors at defiance; when, for ought they know, a few hours may hurry them to his Tribunal, where they have reaſon to fear their everlaſting puniſhment ſhall commence.

That excellent warrior Joab, tho' far from being a good man, ſets an example worthy of the imitation of thoſe who lead forth our ſquadrons againſt the enemy. When about to engage in battle with a formidable hoſt, the enemies of his king and country, inſtead of accompanying the word of command with horrid oaths and imprecations, as is too common in modern times, he ſpoke like one who believed that too much forgotten axiom—" The battle is the " Lord's:" " It is nothing with him to help whether with many, " or with them that have no power."—" Be of good courage, and " let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: " and the Lord do that which ſeemeth him good." 2 Sam. x. 12. The names of thoſe who climb to honour by paths diſapproved of Heaven, are written in the earth, and their memory rots; while the righteous are had in everlaſting remembrance, and their memory is bleſſed.

As if the road to glory, and to fame,
Was to be vile,—t' inſult their Maker's name;
To act the dæmon in the human form,
To ſoar in pride, in pleaſure meet the worm;
To quaff, and revel, and their frame debaſe,
By acts of lewdneſs, and ignoble ways.
Too few exceptions are there to be found!
What crimes pollute Britannia's martial ground,
And cry aloud for vengeance to the ſkies!
Tho' ſlow ſhe ſeem, on eagle's pinions flies.
Her ſword can reach the braveſt of that throng,
O'er ſons of Mars her triumphs ſtill prolong.
What tho' our troops and ſea-men ſhould be brave,
Can theſe a guilty land by proweſs ſave?
If ſuch are found an irreligious hoſt,
Tho' we them count our glory, and our boaſt,
How can they ward off danger from our coaſt?
None but the truly good are truly brave,
Can Heav'n's avowed foes a nation ſave?
Do not the leprous ſtains of vice defile,
Our ſhips of war, theſe bulwarks of our iſle?
Which ſeem ſo many little, floating hells,
Where fiends incarnate are confin'd to cells;
So many ſtews, where vice in loweſt form,
Does human beings into brutes transform *.

What

* As a proof of the above, when our Fleet was under ſailing orders, on occaſion of the *Spaniſh Armament*, we were told that no fewer than ſeveral thouſand women of bad fame were ſet on ſhore at Spithead;—a ſad picture of the profligacy of our ſeamen, and of the criminal connivance of their ſuperiors! It hath been alſo aſſerted, that when the Royal George went to the bottom, the number of

What oaths, what blaſphemies may you there hear,
In vice deep ſunk, they hourly curſe and ſwear!
And Heav'n's dread doom on other imprecate,
As if they long'd to meet their future fate;
Invoke *damnation*, as tho' but a jeſt,
Not once regardful of that great beheſt *.
What fools, who bid defiance to the ſky!
Ah! what defence, when danger is once nigh!
How can we hope th' Almighty Lord of hoſts,
Will uſe ſuch rebels to defend our coaſts?
If ſtrict to mark their crimes, in him a foe
They muſt expect, to execute juſt wo.
Tho' brave, he can, with one commanding breath,
Make each a victim to all conquering death †;

Cut

of abandoned *females* on board exceeded conſiderably that of the Crew! If this was indeed the caſe, what an unhappy ſituation, to be plunged in a moment into all the horrors of eternity amidſt ſuch company! Was it not righteous in the Judge of all the earth thus to arreſt them ſuddenly, while preſuming, in the moſt open and avowed manner, to contemn his authority, and ſet all his terrors at defiance? And yet how few of their thoughtleſs ſurviving brethren lay the ſolemn viſitation to heart!—"The Lord will be juſtified "when he ſpeaketh," and acteth, "and clear when he judgeth." Pſalm li. 4.

* The third commandment. "I ſay unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: nor by the earth, for it is his footſtool: neither by Jeruſalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither ſhalt thou ſwear by thy head, becauſe thou canſt not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatſoever is more than theſe cometh of evil." Mat. v. 34, 35, 36, 37. Here all ſwearing by the creature, as well as by the Creator, is expreſsly forbidden.

† With the breath of his lips ſhall he ſlay the wicked. Iſa. xi. 4.

Cut off in prime of life, deny'd a grave,
Their corſe ſurrender to the yawning wave;
Their wooden-walls the ſport of winds and waves,
Or ſink, like lead, and prove their wat'ry graves.
Ungrateful men who can their God ſo uſe,
The homage both of heart and life refuſe!
Be heard to curſe the hand that ſmooths the tide,
While 'mid the ſwelling floods they ſafely ride!
More apt, alas! to ſwear than to adore,
While threat'ning billows round them awful roar;
To have recourſe by direful oaths to hell,
While Heav'n's o'erwhelming terrors round them ſwell,
Than lie in duſt beneath that mighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r alone can ſhield them ſafe to land.
O Britain, make not theſe thy haughty boaſt *.
Say not, Theſe ſhall from danger guard our coaſt;
While you neglect th' Eternal Lord of hoſt.
The great, reſiſtleſs, auguſt Lord of all,
At whoſe dread word whole empires riſe or fall,
Can ſhake each feeble prop of human truſt,
Yea, humble fleets and armies to the duſt.
O that they bore this ſolemn truth in mind,
Would learn to fear the Father of mankind;
Whoſe cauſe each element can loudly plead,
At once o'erwhelm his foes among the dead!
While clouds, condens'd, a ſudden night o'erſpread,
Of ſullen darkneſs rolling o'er their head;

While

* In a ſubſequent part of this work, where the late apprehended rupture with Spain is touched at, the Reader will find, in a foot-note, ſome remarks on that vain-glorious boaſting, which is alluded to above, and is ſo highly unbecoming a Chriſtian people.

While yawning ſurges round them foam and roar,
And ſpread their terrors wide from ſhore to ſhore,
Along the ſpacious, far-reſounding main,
Not Neptune's—but Jehovah's dread domain;
O that they would his pow'r and grace adore,
His mercy prize, and humbly ſtill implore;
While they behold ſuch rich diſplays of theſe,
Amid th' extended, and unfathom'd ſeas;
And he reſtores ſafe to their native ſhore,
To ſhare its joys, when war's dread feats are o'er!
Alas! that feeble worms ſhould ſo requite
Their Source of bliſs, and dare ſuch crimes commit;
That guilty men ſhould heav'n's great King defy,
Of heart and knee the homage due deny,
While ocean toſſes his dread waves on high!
What heart ſo ſtout, amid the tempeſt's roar,
But quakes—and ſhall frail man not God adore?
Th' Almighty Sire of nature ſtill revere,
Whoſe works can make the braveſt hero fear?
All ye, who plow the deep and ſpacious main,
Ye ſons of commerce, and of war's dread train;
Attend each counſel, with a willing ear,
Break off your ſins, and learn your God to fear;
As you would wiſh, when you are here no more,
To make your landing on the heav'nly ſhore.
What pity ye, who thro' ſuch dangers run,
Should all forget, when once you ſafe return!
No leak ſo ſmall, but may yet fatal prove,
No ſin but ruins, if it ſtill we love.
As crowded ſails, 'mid ſtorms, would riſk the whole,
So vice indulg'd may ſudden ſink the ſoul.

If once in hazard to be quickly loſt,
The richeſt lading to the ſea is toſt:
If ſin is ſpar'd, the ſoul cannot ſcape wo,
Why ſpare what ſoon muſt prove our greateſt foe?
The waves yawn for you, like fierce beaſts of prey,
O quit your ſins, elſe you may feel their ſway!
As the great deeps inceſſant ebb or flow;
No peace, ſaith God, ſhall wicked men once know*.
What toils, what riſks, for worldly gain you run,
Why for your ſouls each pious labour ſhun!
Did but Religion give you half the care,
The world demands, what bleſſings would you ſhare
Are you ſtill wiſe, t' improve both tide and wind,
Yet to your chief concern both deaf and blind?
If you neglect the gale, becalm'd you lie,
The ſoul in ſin at eaſe, may ever die.
The ſails you ſhift each wind that blows to take,
Yet, ah! neglect the winds for Heav'n that make.
You by the helm the ſhip at will can turn,
Be wiſe, obey, your Maker's law not ſpurn.
Like as by ſea, the compaſs ſtill muſt guide,
So let his word, whatever can betide.
Revere his word, and depute in your breaſt,
Would you once hope with him at death to reſt.

* There is no peace, ſaith the Lord, to the wicked. But the wicked are like the troubled ſea, when it cannot reſt, whoſe waters caſt up mire and dirt. There is no peace, ſaith my God, to the wicked. Iſa. xlviii. 22.—lvii. 20, 21. O that they would practically believe this, ere it prove too late, and ſo ſhare that peace which paſſeth underſtanding here; and, in due time, enter into the joys of their Lord!

Can you foreſee the ſtorm, 'gainſt it prepare?
Why not of greater danger be aware?
The ſeas you plow ſtill caſt their filth aſhore,
Will you hold yours, yea, daily gather more?
What the vile monſters of the ſpacious deep,
To viler luſts, which in your boſoms creep!
In ocean vaſt an emblem bright eſpy,
Of boundleſs mercy, and eternity.
Of that accept, ere this ſhall date your doom,
Where juſtice reigns, nor mercy can find room *.

IN Church and State *venality* prevails,
The higheſt bidder in his ſuit ſcarce fails †.

How

* The above friendly counſels to ſeamen are taken, with ſome variation in the expreſſion, from that excellent tract of the great and pious Mr Flavell—his Navigation Spiritualized, a book well worthy of the careful peruſal of all our ſea-faring people, and very much adapted for their inſtruction.

† What Jugurtha ſaid of old, according to the Roman hiſtorian, with regard to ancient Rome, as founded on his own experience of the *venality* and *corruption* of thoſe in power and truſt, in that once mighty ſtate, applies but too well to many, perhaps to moſt of our boroughs, in caſes of election and the like—"This city may be "bought, and will ſoon be ruined, if it find a purchaſer *." In this he was not miſtaken, for ancient Rome owed its rapid decline, and the total ſubverſion of its government, to theſe very cauſes; and if they are found to prevail with us, what ſecurity can we have, that they will not produce ſimilar effects? With regard to a late trial, reſpecting a very culpable conduct at one of our burgh-elections, the following obſervation was made in one of our public-papers; "The whole of this evidence preſented a picture "of burgh-politics, degrading to human nature; and we are afraid "is not peculiar to the burgh of Lochmaben." Do not facts atteſt, that not a few even of the repreſentatives of our nation are capable of being guilty of corrupting in the groſſeſt manner; for in the courſe of the trial above alluded to, it was declared on oath, that Mr Walls was offered a bribe of 200*l.* if he would give his vote

* *Urbem venalem, et mature perituram, ſi emptorem invenerit.* SALLUST.

How rare are worth and talents made the teſt,
Elſe we ſhould ever ſee prefer'd the beſt!
While vice, too often, rears her head on high,
Ah! modeſt merit doth neglected lie.

vote for a certain candidate? That ſuch bribes are not always rejected, there is too much reaſon to fear.

But does the matter reſt here? Does this baſe ſpirit no where elſe diſcover itſelf? It has been often adduced as a ſaying of Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Miniſter to King George the II. "That "every man had his price;" in other words, that every man might be bought, or bribed, provided you roſe high enough in your offer. This obſervation he no doubt made from experience; and have we reaſon to believe that times and manners are, in this reſpect, ſince happily reformed? The impeachment of a Mr Haſtings, and the enormous ſcenes of peculation of late brought to light in the Eaſt, which have ſo long diſgraced the Britiſh name in India, but too plainly ſpeak the reverſe. Theſe are works of darkneſs, and as they cannot abide the light, they cautiouſly avoid it; ſo that the inſtances detected are probably few, compared to thoſe which eſcape public animadverſion. Immenſe fortunes are not always ſuddenly acquired, by that *honeſty* which is the *beſt policy;* for (ſays the wiſe king of Iſrael), "he that maketh haſte to be rich ſhall not be in-"nocent;" and, as ſome read it, ſhall not be unpuniſhed. Prov. xxviii. 20. To which the Apoſtle adds, "They that will be rich "fall into temptation and a ſnare, and into many fooliſh and hurt-"ful luſts, which drown men in deſtruction and perdition. For "the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10.

If any credit be due to what the public are told, in the French Spy, a book lately publiſhed, of the corruption of thoſe in offices of truſt under government, and their baſe diſpoſition to betray that truſt for reward, what are we to expect from ſuch in the hour of danger, ſhould the enemy come up to their price? and what baleful conſequences may not reſult to the public from their treachery! When men, poſſeſſing no fixed principles of honour, virtue, or religion, live in a mode of expence and magnificence, beyond what their ſtated income will bear, to what illicit expedients will they not have recourſe, in order to ſupport their extravagance, and what line of conduct ſo baſe and flagitious, but they will adopt, provided a proper temptation preſents itſelf? Nothing can furniſh a more certain token of the approaching deſtruction of a ſtate, than the prevalence of ſuch a baſely venal ſpirit, which hath often proved, even in empires once great and mighty, the harbinger of general ruin.

Of thoſe who rule, are there who can be bought,
Whence ſeats in Senates are ſo eager ſought?
Can thoſe who live as corrupt paſſions liſt,
The fatal force of bribery reſiſt?
What we buy dear, we ſell at the beſt rate—
Are ſuch the pillars of a pond'rous ſtate?
Who tempt, and who are tempted, both may fall,
For each to other is a paltry thrall.
Corruption is a worm that gnaws the root,
And will infect and blaſt the faireſt fruit.
In Zion's courts, what *ſimony* is found!
What vices taint this conſecrated ground!
When theſe a place of commerce once become,
Will God reſide there as his favour'd home?
If theſe become a den of artful knaves,
Or the reſort of Satan's willing ſlaves,
Can Jeſus and his flock there find delight,
And will he there diffuſe his ſacred light?
If error is there ſanctioned as true,
And friends of truth are timid, or but few;
Is not her glory ſwiftly flying hence?
Will not all this give God and man offence?
Tho' ſome are worthy, far the greater part
Show not the virtues of a pious heart.
As love of lucre did profane, of old,
The very Temple, ah! the force of gold!
So Mammon ſtill his votaries can claim,
Among thoſe Scribes, who bear Meſſiah's name.
Not love to Him ſtill actuates their zeal,
But a concern for their own private weal;

In

In which, and vain applauſe is their reward,
For God, as ſervants, will them not regard.
Will Jeſus deign to manifeſt his name,
Where prieſts combine to ſtain his glorious fame?
Will he, as loyal ſons, theſe rulers own,
Who with conſent unhallow'd him dethrone;
Treat ſacred truth, as if not worth their zeal,
While all is ardor for their private weal?
Exert each feeble nerve to wound his fame,
And throw a gloomy ſhade around the ſame?
Who are not for him, will he count his foes,
And ſoon or late, to due contempt expoſe.
If party-favour, and to ſerve a friend,
Check zeal for truth, to error ſanction lend,
Will God o'erlook connivances ſo baſe,
And make ſuch ſhare his preſence, and his grace *?

If

* What a warm conteſt, and mighty buſtle was there in the ſupreme Eccleſiaſtical Court of North-Britain not long ago, about the choice of a Clerk, ſo that decency and good order could ſcarce be preſerved But when the *Deity* of the *Son of God*, and the *atoning efficacy of his death*, that foundation and chief corner-ſtone in the building of mercy, became the ſubject of diſcuſſion, the minority tamely fall in with the majority, and both concur in *diſmiſſing it judicially*; becauſe, forſooth, they could plead it was a *res hactenus judicata* *. Some can be very tenacious of forms, when they ſerve their purpoſe, and help to carry a favourite point—to protract the courſe of juſtice, or get quit of a diſagreeable piece of buſineſs: But in other caſes, they can be diſpenſed with, yea, the moſt expreſs dictates of Heaven. Forms are intended to guard the adminiſtration of juſtice, but ſhould never be allowed to ſuperſede it.

Were we to judge of the opinion of the Church of Scotland by their repreſentatives, concerning theſe two objects, from a comparative view of the zeal diſcovered on both occaſions, we ſhould be led to

* An affair already determined.

If Zion's paſtors ſtill Him diſobey,
Are they not *hirelings* who his cauſe betray?
If her each office ſome to ſale expoſe,
Will he not count them, and ſuch prieſts his foes,
As traffic thus, and make them drunk with woes?

Should

to conclude, that they *almoſt unanimouſly* * thought the choice of their Clerk a matter of unſpeakably greater importance to the glory of God, the intereſt of Religion, and the good and honour of the Church, than whether Jeſus be truly and properly the Son of God, a real partaker of the Divine nature, or *a man of our own order*; whether his death was neceſſary in the plan of God, to accompliſh our redemption, or merely fortuitous, owing to the ſuperior wickedneſs of the age wherein he appeared; while the ſame ends might be anſwered without it! I forbear puſhing this farther.

Is this *contending earneſtly for the faith which was once delivered to the ſaints*, whereof the above doctrines form the leading part? Take theſe away from the ſyſtem of revealed truth, and what do we leave whereon to reſt our hopes, as Chriſtians, for time and eternity? Alas! that wiſdom and courage ſhould ſo often fail the profeſſed friends of Chriſt in the hour of trial; that, inſtead of making a noble ſtand in defence of truth, and for the honour of their Divine Lord, they ſhould ſhrink at the face of man, or be induced to take part with the enemy! Too ſeldom are the friends of Chriſt ſo firm and united in ſupporting his cauſe, as his enemies are in undermining and counteracting it! It is recorded in ſacred hiſtory, to the diſtinguiſhed and immortal honour of that ancient, worthy *Caleb*, that *he followed the Lord fully;* a circumſtance in which, alas! too few copy his example. Both miniſters and people, teachers and taught, would do well to bear that ſolemn ſaying of their common Lord habitually in mind; "Whoſoever ſhall be aſhamed of "me, and of my words, in this adulterous and ſinful generation, of "him alſo ſhall the Son of man be aſhamed, when he cometh in the "glory of his Father, with the holy angels." Mark viii. 38. Hence with propriety the Apoſtle exhorts, "Be not, therefore, aſhamed "of the teſtimony of our Lord." It is not material whether we

are

* Almoſt unanimouſly; for in that large body only two or three members thought proper to enter their diſſent from that deciſion, which denied juſtice to the Son of God, for the attack made upon his character by one of their number, when he was pleading for it at their bar; yea, put their NE PLUS ULTRA to every future attempt to obtain it there.

Should carnal, worldly tempers ſtill prevail,
What can their ſacred office them avail,
When Jeſus will each ſlothful ſervant take,
And to his juſtice ſuch examples make?
If, as their portion, they the world purſue,
Can their boughs ſhare the bliſs of heav'nly dew?
Should they be ſenſual, irreligious fools,
What can they prove but Satan's very tools;
Ev'n tho' the garb of ſheep they artful wear,
At times, by feign'd devotion, ſaints appear?
Tho' ſkill'd in ev'ry art of human lore,
Avails this aught, if they poſſeſs no more;
If ſtrangers they remain to ſacred grace,
And to its heav'nly dictates give no place?
Tho' fam'd for learning, in God's ſight a fool,
Who learns not wiſdom in Emmanuel's ſchool.
If they preſume to run of God unſent *,
Nor on his glory have their heart intent;

I^c

e led to betray the cauſe of God and truth, from ſhame, or fear, any other unworthy motives, for, whatever theſe be, if we ap-ear not on his ſide, he will count us as his enemies and oppoſers. hould his real friends be at any time carried away with the pre-iling torrent; tho' he will indeed ſo forgive their iniquity, on eir repentance, confeſſion, and application to the blood of atone-ent, that it ſhall not finally prove their ruin; yet on their unfaith-lneſs, cowardice, and puſilanimity will he take vengeance. There a time to ſpeak for Chriſt, as well as to act, and to ſuffer for him; d happy they who are ſo wiſe and valiant for the truth as to lay ld of it; for the opportunity, once neglected, may never return.

* I have not ſent theſe prophets, yet they ran: I have not ſpo-n to them, yet they propheſied. But if they had ſtood in my unſel, and had cauſed my people to hear my words; then they uld have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of ir doings. Jer. xxiii. 21, 22.

If they with error artfully confound
The word of truth, while they dare it expound;
Will He not bring them to his ſolemn doom,
And as his foes in wrath them quite conſume;
Becauſe his will they made not once their rule,
Nor to his dictates did ſubmit the ſoul?

Nor grace, nor lit'rature, do ſome poſſeſs,
As ſhows their languid, and poor, lame addreſs;
Their port and manners to the world conform'd,
While bound in heart and life to be transform'd.
Who in the chair of truth can be quite cool,
May treat the ardent preacher as a fool;
But incenſe, without flame, could ne'er ariſe,
With ſweet perfume to the inclining ſkies.
Where ſouls concerns, and Jeſus' ſacred claim,
The theme compoſe, 'tis impious to be calm *.

Of

* "It is good to be zealouſly affected always in a good thing," Gal. iv. 18. Convinced of the truth and juſtice of this apoſtolic remark, the pious and learned Dr Doddrige expreſſes himſelf thus: "While "I have any reverence for Scripture, or any knowledge of Human "Nature, I ſhall never affect to ſpeak of the *Glories of Chriſt*, and "the *Eternal Intereſt of Men*, as coldly as if I were reading a lec- "ture of *Mathematics*, or relating an experiment of *Natural Philo- "ſophy*. So far as is conſiſtent with a proper regard to the Under- "ſtanding and Judgment, theſe leading powers of our nature, I "heartily pray, that I, and all other *Goſpel Miniſters*, may ſo feel "the energy of Divine truths on our own ſouls, as to preach and "write concerning them with an holy fervency and ardor; nor can "I imagine, it would bode well to the intereſt of Religion in ge- "neral, to endeavour to lay all thoſe paſſions aſleep, which ſurely "were implanted in our hearts by God, to ſubſerve the Religious, "as well as Civil Life, and which after all will probably be em- "ployed to ſome very excellent, or very pernicious purpoſes *."

Of

* Preface to Sermons on the Power and Grace of Chriſt.

Of thoſe who traffic ſtill on ſacred ground,
In this degen'rate day, are there not found,
Whoſe pray'rs, ſo formal, vary ſcarce a word;
Their frozen, barren hearts nought new afford?

So

Of the ſame mind was the famous Dr Young, as appears from the following paſſage in his Night-Thoughts; where, notwithſtanding the uncommon Fervor of Piety which runs thro' the whole, he laments the defect of this in himſelf, while he ſo juſtly blames the want of it in others. Too well does his merited cenſure apply to thoſe unfeeling ſouls, who can recite the moſt ſolemn and important truths, with all the unmeaning monotony of a ſchool-boy; as if neither they nor their hearers had any concern in them.

"Think you my ſong, too turbulent? too warm?
"Are *Paſſions*, then, the Pagans of the ſoul?
"*Reaſon* alone baptiz'd? alone ordain'd
"To touch things ſacred? Oh, for Warmer ſtill?
"Guilt chills my Zeal, and Age benumbs my Pow'rs;
"Oh, for an humbler Heart, and prouder Song!
"Thou, my much injur'd Theme! with that ſoft eye,
"Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
"Compaſſion to the coldneſs of my breaſt;
"And pardon to the winter in my ſtrain.
"Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, Formaliſts!
"On ſuch a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
"Paſſion is reaſon, tranſport temper, *here*.
"Shall Heav'n, which gave us Ardor, and has ſhewn
"Her own for man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
"What ſmooth emolients in Theology,
"Recumbent virtue's downy Doctors preach,
"That proſe of Piety, a lukewarm praiſe?
"Riſe odours ſweet from incenſe uninflam'd!
"Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
"But when it glows, its heat is ſtruck to Heav'n *.

Night the Fourth.

* Since the above lines were tranſcribed, the Author has met with a criticiſm, in a certain periodical Publication, on the Night-Thoughts, in which ſome of theſe lines, and others from that poem, are adduced as an example of an "*outre* ſtyle; of quaint expreſſion, wild conceit, and ſtudied fetches of metaphyſical reverie." It is not here propoſed to defend that work, tho' the Author were

So oft repeated, can theſe be forgot?
They act like parrots, that can ſpeak by rote.
If Zion's King forbade his word to preach,
Had ſaid, Go, read my Goſpel, while you teach;

Theſe

equal to the taſk, nor is it thought indeed to need a defence, having ſtood till now the public teſt, without, ſo far as is known to the Writer of this, any public cenſure. Some lines may, no doubt, be ſelected from that excellent poem, which perhaps cannot ſtand the teſt of ſtrict criticiſm, eſpecially when detached from the connexion in which they occur; which is indeed more or leſs the caſe with the beſt human productions that ever appeared in the world. The Author of this criticiſm is pleaſed to tax the Writer of the Night-Thoughts as a "*viſionary poet*, who makes religion a rhap-"ſody of words." He means to do him no honour, by contraſting him with the late Reverend Ralph Erſkine, whom he terms the *celebrated enthuſiaſt* of his country; yet allows to be, even *in his Riddles, leſs extravagant*. The wiſdom from above will, however, be juſtified of her children; and both theſe Authors poſſeſs ſo many bright traits of that wiſdom in their writings, as will much more than counterbalance all their defects, in the judgment of thoſe who can reliſh her dictates. Both ſubſerve the ſame grand end, tho' in a different way; the improvement of Chriſtian knowledge, and the promoting of true and undefiled religion. That they have not, in this reſpect, run unſent, or wholly failed of their end, many can atteſt from their own experience. It was with propriety the Scotch poet entitled a part of his work *Riddles;* for ſuch it will appear, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, to thoſe who have not their eyes enlightened from above. We may give credit to our author, when he tells us, "I am ſure, that he ſhould at leaſt be more amuſing "and tolerable, either to believers or infidels, than Dr Young in "his *horrid* Night-Thoughts;" for the reaſoning and arguments of this writer againſt infidelity, (the favourite ſyſtem of thoſe who would be thought polite and faſhionable), are too juſt, keen, and pungent not to be felt by the latter; whence it is no way ſurpriſing it ſhould be neither amuſing nor tolerable to ſuch, whatever it may be to believers. We do not love what gives pain. Guilt ever ſtartles at the name of guilt, and once in ſecret love with vice and infidelity, we naturally hate and avoid the light, leſt our evil deeds ſhould be reproved. He cannot well deny, that there are ſtrokes and paſſages of genuine poetry to be found in his poem; yet

informs

Theſe ſervile *Scribes* their office would fulfil,
So far comport to their great Maſter's will.
Should ſome in civil pleadings ſtill peruſe,
To aid their ſight, their glaſſes ſometimes uſe;
Such

informs us, they are but *thinly ſcattered among wild effuſions*. Of Night Fourth he ſays, "From this," to wit, from the thirteenth line of the introduction, "the writer runs wild, and continues with "very ſlight and tranſient, if any lucid intervals, to the end of the "poem." Here the Editor of the periodical paper, wherein theſe remarks appeared, refers to the firſt ſixteen lines of Night Ninth as what "may be conſidered as one of the few remaining lucid inter-"vals, referred to by our Author," and adds—"Pity that one who "could write ſo well at times, ſhould have been ſo little under the "guidance of reaſon, in general." It is preſumed, there are few, who are in the leaſt acquainted with the Doctor's writings, and make that reaſon or wiſdom, which is contained in the ſacred oracles, the rule of their judgment, will acquieſce in this unfavourable conſtruction. It would appear that the pathos and devout ardor to be found in this poem, eſpecially in Night the Fourth, chiefly give diſguſt. That ſcheme of formal, lukewarm religion, which appropriates to itſelf the character of *rational*, counteracts both the letter and the ſpirit of theſe Divine mandates; "Thou ſhalt *love* the Lord thy God *with all thy heart*," &c. "My ſon, give me thine heart:" yet, without a compliance with theſe, all our acts of virtue and piety, tho' they may paſs current among men, when weighed in God's balance ſhall be found wanting, and rejected as ſpurious and counterfeit. That ſcheme, however, will not want its votaries in a degenerate age, becauſe it allows the heart to be divided betwixt God and the world, or rather, to laviſh its affections on the latter, while the ſource and centre of all excellence and beneficence receives no more but the ſuperficial homage of a few cold ſpeculations, and verbal compliments.

With regard to the two Authors above referred to, were they now alive, ſuch attacks would, in all probability, give them as little uneaſineſs, as the fly in the fable gave the bull, when it alighted on his horn; nor can they prejudiſe their character, or their writings in the eſtimation of any who have eyes to ſee, and hearts to reliſh the beauty, the importance, and the ſweetneſs of divine truth, which they have ſo well illuſtrated and enforced. Their praiſe is already in the Churches, and they, being dead, yet

Such *parchment-thralls* few clients would employ,
Leſs apt to gain a cauſe, than to deſtroy.
If the lips ſpeak from the heart's copious ſtore *,
Whence to their ſcrawls they ſtill can *add no more?*

Did

ſpeak, and will continue to ſpeak and edify, when ſuch criticiſms and their vehicles are forgotten.

The well known axiom of an ancient Critic is not more candid than juſt; "In a poem where the greater part excels, I would not "be offended at a few faults, which flow either from inadvertance, "or human frailty †." For while the mind is attentively fixed upon the more important parts, it cannot ſo attend to things of leſs moment, that ſome ſlight miſtakes will not eſcape; which a candid judge, however, will rather view as overſights than faults. That the poems in queſtion poſſeſs many beauties, thouſands will allow; and in matters of taſte, it is, perhaps, preſuming too far for an individual to oppoſe his private judgment to that of the public, matured by a courſe of years; for what one may deem faulty or unintereſting, another may conſider as beautiful and important, juſt according as it ſtrikes him, or comports with his own views of things. Their piety, however, is their chief excellence. Compared to this, what are all the beauties of compoſition at beſt, but as the *golden pot* to the *heavenly manna*, which would be no leſs precious in itſelf, tho' contained in an earthen veſſel, and equally acceptable to the ſoul that hungers after righteouſneſs.

May I be permitted to adduce the opinion of the late pious and worthy Mr Hervey, with regard to the Night-Thoughts, whoſe judgment, perhaps, deſerves as much weight as that of the Writer who gave occaſion to theſe remarks. I am indeed aware, that many will not ſcruple to transfer *his* character of Mr Erſkine, (viz. *a celebrated enthuſiaſt*) to this Author alſo; yet is it to be devoutly wiſhed, that there were many ſuch enthuſiaſts in the world; and that thoſe who are of this mind, may yet become, in this reſpect, ſuch as they were.

To a quotation from that poem, he ſubjoins the following character of it in a note. "Theſe, and ſome other quotations, I am "proud to borrow from *the Night-Thoughts*; eſpecially from *Night*

† —— *Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis*
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.——Horat. De Arte Poetica.

"*the*

* A good man, out of the good treaſure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth ſpeaketh, Luke vi. 45.

Did faith and knowledge in their minds abound,
And ſacred love, would their lips ſeal'd be found?
Unapt ſtill to addreſs their God for men,
Or bring his meſſage to their ears again;

Unleſs

"*the Fourth:*" (the very one our author treats with ſo much contempt) "in which energy of language, ſublimity of ſentiment, and "the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, are the leaſt perfections to "be admired: Almoſt every line glows with devotion; riſes into "the moſt exalted apprehenſions of the adorable Redeemer; and "is animated with the moſt lively faith in His All-ſufficient Me-"diation. The Author of this excellent performance has the pe-"culiar felicity, of ennobling all the ſtrength of ſtile, and every "delicacy of imagination, with the grand and momentuous truths "of Chriſtianity. Theſe Thoughts give the higheſt entertainment "to the fancy; and impart the nobleſt improvement to the mind: "They not only refine our taſte, but prepare us for Death, and "ripen us for glory. I never take up this admirable piece; but "am ready to cry out—*Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens*, i. e. "Inſpire me with ſuch a ſpirit, and life ſhall be delightful, nor "death itſelf unwelcome *."

Let me conclude theſe remarks, by extracting a ſentence or two from the writings of the other author alluded to, and which contain an admonition well worthy of our attention.

"Reader, it is a matter of ſmall moment, either to me or to your-"ſelf, what your thought ſhall be of this performance, or the Au-"thor thereof; but it is a matter of vaſt conſequence what ſhall be "your thought, eſtimate, and valuation of the truth here preſented to "your view—If the applauſe of the learned had been the Author's "ſcope in this book, perhaps he had never ſuffered it to ſee the light; "let him therefore decreaſe, as he ſhall and ought, but let Chriſt and "his truth increaſe. The time is haſtening, wherein you and I ſhall "ſtand before his awful Tribunal, and I expect to ſee or meet with "few of you, that are, or ſhall be the Readers, till that Day which "will *declare every man's work*, if it be *wood, hay, and ſtubble*, or "*gold, ſilver*, and *precious ſtones*, that he builds upon the foundation, "which is the Lord himſelf; for *other foundation can no man lay, "than that is laid, which is Jeſus Chriſt*. It will therefore be your "wiſdom in the view of that great Day of accounts, and I would

* Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs.

"beſeech

Unleſs they read, or always pray by rote?
A taſk in which the heart engages not.
What wakes the feelings of the human heart,
Will to the tongue the pow'r of ſpeech impart?
While the rich ſtores of an informed mind,
Shall thence an apt, and fluent egreſs find.
Or if they read not, would they ſtill run o'er
The ſame harangue, ſcarce adding one thought more;

If

" beſeech you by the Coming of your Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and by our " gathering together unto him, that, in reading theſe lines, you would " ſeriouſly conſider and ſee, if they can any way contribute, either " to your firſt building, or further progreſs upon that ſure foundation " God has laid in Zion."

" Maſters of Reaſon, plodding men of ſenſe,
" Who ſcorn to mortify their vain pretence,
" In this myſterious deep might plod their fill,
" It overtops the top of all their ſkill.
" The more they vainly huff, and ſcorn to read,
" The more it does their fooliſh wit exceed †."

N. B. It is not at all intended, by the above remarks, to plead for an exemption from juſt criticiſm to books on religious ſubjects; or that their faults ſhould not be noticed, if a blind veneration for their Author's name is likely to ſanction any thing faulty. It ſhould, however, be obſerved, that an author may merit well of the public, and be read with both pleaſure and profit, who is far from being free of theſe. He is therefore to be treated with candor and deference, eſpecially if he has already gained public eſteem; and care ſhould be had, that, while we point out his faults, in order to be avoided, we depreciate not his merit, nor prejudiſe our reader againſt him: for a diſcerning eye may diſcover many defects, in point of taſte and juſt compoſition, which do not in the leaſt affect the bulk of readers. It is as much the buſineſs of a good critic to point out the beauties and excellencies of an author, if he has any, as his blemiſhes, that while we are cautioned againſt the one, we may be led to reliſh, or excited to imitate the other; for both may eſcape notice on a ſuperficial peruſal.

† Preface to Goſpel Sonnets, and the Believer's Riddle.

If they within a growing fund poſſeſt,
And were with wiſdom and with utt'rance bleſt,
With deep concern to ſave their flock from wo,
And guide them ſafe where ſtreams of bliſs ſtill flow?
Thus, truth itſelf inſipid muſt become,
Her ſcanty ſpot acquiring no freſh bloom;
Her tale, oft told, now in reciting dies,
How can ſuch faint devotion reach the ſkies?
Thoſe who for ſouls poſſeſs no pious care,
Does the Eternal God himſelf declare,
To be *dumb, greedy dogs*, that *love to ſleep*,
Nor bark at danger, nor the vineyard keep *.
The ſheep they ſcatter upon ev'ry hill;
Like prowling wolves, they wound, they tear, and kill!
Are all theſe Rabbies, who the Church infeſt,
Poſſeſs'd of learning, and with wiſdom bleſt?
Not ſo:—our Lord once a dull aſs did need,
And many ſtill within his paſtures feed,
To the annoyance of more gen'rous breed.
If more acute, they prove the greater peſt,
A wolf, in ſheep's attire, is ſtill a beaſt
Of prey, that ſure, in ſeaſon, will devour,
When once he gets his prey within his pow'r.
As ſoon ſhall wolves flocks guard, and ſtill befriend,
As theſe their love, and paſt'ral care commend.

Can

* "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all *dumb dogs*, they *cannot bark;* ſleeping, lying down, loving to ſlumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are ſhepherds that cannot underſtand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter." Iſa. lvi. 10, 11. Would to God this character were applicable only to the Jewiſh paſtors, and that ſuch never troubled the Chriſtian church!

Can we expect aught elſe, while earth and hell,
Conſpire our Zion's vacancies to fill?
Expect, while ſervile manners prove the porch,
That to preferment oft lead in the Church *?

As Scribes and Prieſts of old, by groſs abuſe,
Into a den of thieves transform'd God's houſe;
Too many ſuch that houſe inhabit ſtill,
And meanly crouch into its ev'ry cell.

Are there not found, who ſneak to Zion's court,
For pride much noted, and biggotted port;
Who would both meek and moderate be thought,
Yet fierce as Tygers have not ſeldom fought:
Not in a cauſe becoming men of worth,
Ah! 'tis not virtue warms their zeal, or truth.
The royal law of Levi's martial race,
Their lov'd *Paladium*—charter of their grace;
The ſource of corrupt practices untold,
Whence ſacred things are daily bought and ſold;
Whence ignorance and vice each where prevail,
Of various forms, too ſhocking to detail!
Whence thoſe, as prieſts, in ſacred cells ſtill move,
Who games and cards more than their Bible love.

For modes of faith, let pop'lar zealots fight,
But for this law Baal's prieſts will ſtrive with might:

Good

* Tho' ſome obtain Preſentations by more honourable means; yet is it well known, that mean compliances, and ſolicitations, or connivance at the ſins of ſuperiors, procure preferment in the Church more frequently than the faithful diſcharge of duty. And, indeed, how can it be otherwiſe, when thoſe who have ſuch favours in their grant are in general more anxious to find a companion of congenial diſpoſitions and views, with whom they may ſpend a leiſure hour agreeably over a glaſs, than to provide a pious Chriſtian teacher for the edification of themſelves and families?

Good reaſon why, hereby they have their bread,
Elſe in the Church they ne'er had rear'd their head *.
True, 'tis the prieſthood binds th' oppreſſive law,
The prieſthood whom, nor ſaints, nor God, o'eraw,
Who make the ſacred office *ſinecure*,
Content, while they the living can ſecure.
Some *Ghoſtly Fathers* †, ſo elate with pride,
Like petty deſpots o'er the vineyard ride;

In

* Such as have acquired livings in the Church, by the mere dint of Patronage, and are diſpoſed to exert every nerve to ſupport and give efficacy to that engine of Eccleſiaſtic tyranny, may addreſs their brethren in this iniquity, while, as is too often the caſe, they purſue violent and illiberal meaſures with this view, as Demetrius of old did his brother mechanics; "Sirs, ye know that by this "craft we have our wealth." Acts xix. 25.

† To the Principal of an eminent Univerſity, who hath ſo long borne the political lead in Iſrael, are they indebted for this venerable title; for ſo he was pleaſed to characterize them in his famous harrangue before the G——l S——n of Ed——h, in the affair of the Popiſh bill. That God's complaint by his Prophet is too applicable to him, and to the many ſons who have imbibed his ſpirit, and copy his example, facts but too plainly atteſt: "My people hath been loſt ſheep: "their ſhepherds have cauſed them to go aſtray, they have turned "them away on the mountains: they have gone from mountain to "hill, they have forgotten their reſting place." Jer. l. 6. The Apoſtles of our Lord, who might claim as much authority in the Church, as any modern Teachers, at leaſt, never knew what it was to carry matters with ſo high a hand: "Not," ſay they, "that we "have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy;" "We therefore ought to receive ſuch, that we might be fellow-"helpers to the truth:" "For we can do nothing againſt the truth, "but for the truth." 2 Cor. i. 24. 3 John verſe 8. 2 Cor. xiii. 8. Did they once upbraid men for comparing what they ſaid and did with the unerring rule of faith and manners? "I ſpeak as to wiſe "men, judge ye what I ſay;" "Be ye followers of me, as I am of "Chriſt;" "Brethren, mark them which walk ſo, as ye have us "for an enſample." 1 Cor. x. 15.—xi. 1. Phil. iii. 17. Theſe exhortations plainly imply the undoubted right of thoſe to whom they

In their career, not caring whom they tread,
Provided only they can rule and lead.
Hence, in their furious, and illicit haſte,
They many diſtricts of that vineyard waſte,
Expos'd at pleaſure to the beaſts of prey,
For ſuch, alas! is their unhallow'd way;—
While thouſands, driven thence, are left to ſtray.

May Iſra'l's Shepherd "ſave *us* from the paw
"Of hireling wolves, whoſe goſpel is their maw;"
Who, while th' array of ſheep they cautious wear,
Like prowling foes, the flock they wound and tear;
Who, in this life, their whole reward receive,
For ſoon will death of ev'ry boon bereave;
Yea, turn them over to their lord and ſire,
To reap with him their too-well-earned hire.

The realm of Heav'n takes not from earth its riſe,
No wealth gives claim to favour from the ſkies.
My Lords but rarely nurſing fathers prove,
To Zion's offſpring, who her Sov'reign love;
Leſs ſeldom found t' oppoſe Religion's cauſe,
And proudly violate her righteous laws.
The King of kings, how can we once ſuppoſe,
Would delegate his pow'r to very foes?

Inveſt,

wrote and preached to examine and judge of their doctrines and conduct; yea, the obligation they lay under as Chriſtians to do ſo; nor does this right and obligation now ceaſe. Hence Chriſtians, in exerciſing this right, ſo far from acting the part of buſy bodies in other mens matters, act quite in character, and would be unfaithful if they neglected this. Wherefore, once admit the truth of the facts whereon the ſtrictures here exhibited are founded, and they are juſtified by Apoſtolic authority; and any attempt to prove them were equally needleſs, as to prove the ſun is above the horizon, when he ſhines at noon-day; for they who have eyes to ſee can aſcertain both.

Inveſt, perhaps, th' apparent ſons of hell,
With right each office in his houſe to fill,
With creatures of their own, a ſpurious brood,
More like to do his ſubjects ill than good?
Theſe may the *living* to *their prieſts* ſecure,
Yet not a portion which ſhall aye endure.
No wealth, or birth, can ſure involve this right,
It miſapply can but the ſons of night.
Such by their Lord uſurpers ſhall be found,
Who dare ſo traffic on forbidden ground,
Still vex his flock, his ſhafts their heart ſhall wound.
O would the Throne herein but interpoſe!
The throne, regardful of a nation's woes,
At once aboliſh an uſurped right,
A plan purſue becoming ſons of light!
Would they but hear an injur'd people's claim,
That patron-laws the Church no longer maim;
That prowling wolves no more in ſheep's attire,
Lay waſte the paſtures of our heav'nly Sire!
Alas! for thoſe who God thus diſregard,
For in this ſtate they have their ſole reward!
Their courſe once finiſh'd, when they come to die,
In endleſs ſorrows ſhall he doom to lie,
Where earthly patrons can no favour lend;
From which, if vile, themſelves they can't defend.
Such as have vow'd to ſerve the King of kings,
While they officiate in ſacred things,
Are bound to follow Jeſus as their guide,
Like him be meek, deny'd to ſelf, and pride.
Unlike to him, who once became ſo poor,
The guilty to enrich, from guilt reſtore,

Are thoſe who ſcramble into princely ſtate,
Yet all the labours of the vineyard hate;
Who loll in eaſe, in ſec'lar pow'r, and wealth *,
Yet travail rare for Zion's ſaving health.
While rais'd to opulence, and worldly ſtate,
Their needy brethren they can quite forget;
Permit to ſtarve amidſt the Church's ſtore,
To feed the flock, yet live abjectly poor;
Urg'd by the iron hand of pinching need,
To ſeek, by ſervile means, their daily bread.
How ſtrange, that they who make of learning boaſt,
Should to compaſſion for her ſons be loſt!

How

* We have been lately told, as a matter of fact, That the average produce of the Biſhopric of Durham, during the laſt four years preceding the death of the late Incumbent, amounted to the enormous ſum of *twenty thouſand pounds per annum!* If the exigences of the State need none of this extravagant ſuperabundance, to alleviate the increaſing burdens of the Public at large; might not ſome pious, well-educated, and induſtrious Curates be found, whoſe labours and neceſſitous circumſtances, loudly claim a more equitable diſtribution? May not ſome ſuch be found, who officiate for the paltry ſum of *thirty*, or *forty pounds a-year*, and that, perhaps, in more cures than one? It is high time ſuch an evil were remedied, which ſinks the officiating Clergy into contempt; while it raiſes the dignitaries of the Church above the ſpirit, and the duties of their office. What a contraſt to thoſe great and holy men, who could ſay, "Silver and gold have we none," Acts iii. 6.; while their labours and ſufferings in the cauſe of Chriſtianity abounded! What a contraſt to the pitiful pittance allowed many a poor Curate, who receives, for all his labours, ſcarce enough to hold ſoul and body together! Can we once ſuppoſe, that it is agreeable to the will of the great Lord of the vineyard, that ſome of his profeſſed ſervants ſhould live in eaſe, in princely pomp and affluence; while thoſe on whom the labours of that vineyard devolve are left to ſtarve? Far be it from him to be ſo partial and unjuſt, and from us to ſuſpect he would approve of what is repugnant to reaſon, to common equity, and the genius of Chriſtianity!

How ſtrange, that thoſe they *Rev'rend Fathers* call,
Should treat their ſons, as if each were a thrall!
Degrading to a people rich and great,
To leave their Teachers in ſo mean a ſtate!
While a few grandees ſhare the ſacred ſpoil,
But all the care to theſe depute, and toil.
Yet, if found faithful, their reward's with God,
Who ſhall promote them in his bleſt abode;
While ſlothful ſervants ſhall be doom'd to wo,
Tho' rais'd on earth, each find in God a foe.
With Him preferment is a gift to worth,
Not the reſult of pomp, of wealth, or birth.
Should thoſe who at the altar ſeem to ſerve,
Their Lord forget, from truth and virtue ſwerve,
Will they not forfeit ev'n the Chriſtian name,
Give ground to fear that nought will them reclaim?
When ſuch are blind, and ſtill corrupt their way,
They to a land portend a judgment day;
Declare our ſins ſtill the Moſt High provoke,
Give ground to fear he'll ſoon his gifts revoke.
May that great God, who nature all controls,
His Church deliver from ſuch ſervile ſouls;
Deliver ſoon from this infecting peſt,
That no ſuch beings henceforth it moleſt *.

Yet

* It is ſcarce neceſſary to advertiſe the Reader, that the foregoing reflexions are by no means intended to militate againſt that venerable body of men in general, who are inveſted with the ſacred office; for this would be to temporize with infidels, and abet their odious cauſe. Every candid perſon muſt allow, that many of that reſpectable order, both in former times, and in the preſent, in our own country and in foreign nations, have been, and are, in point of literature, exemplary deportment, and miniſterial fidelity, an honour

Yet are there found, who at his altar ſtand,
To grace and bleſs our Zion, and our land,
Not few, poſſeſs'd of wiſdom, and of worth,
Who owe to gracious Heav'n a ſecond birth:
Juſt the reverſe of theſe poor ſons of wo,
Who make a nation's guilt inceſſant grow.

May that kind Heav'n their number ſtill increaſe,
By them make known the news of ſacred peace;
While myriads are made willing by their hand,
To yield the heart at God's ſupreme command.

May peace and love in Salem's courts be found,
And grace, and joy, and holy gifts abound;

And

nour to their honourable profeſſion, an ineſtimable bleſſing to mankind, and an ornament to our common Chriſtianity. May He with whom is the reſidue of the Spirit greatly increaſe the number of ſuch. This cannot be confined to one church, or denomination of Chriſtians, no more than the inconſiſtencies and corruptions which have too often prevailed among that order of men, to the hinderance of the goſpel, and, however unjuſtly, the reproach of the Chriſtian cauſe. As pious, learned, and faithful miniſters can hardly be over-valued, ſo thoſe of an oppoſite deſcription can ſcarcely be too much deſpiſed; for no character is more deſpicable than an irreligious Clergyman. That ſuch, however, have crept into the Church we learn from ſcripture, where their leading features are ſo delineated, that he who runs may deſcry them. The hiſtory of the Church, and daily obſervation alſo ſerve to evince, that this old leaven is not yet purged out; that there are ſtill ſuch roots of bitterneſs growing in the vineyard by which many are defiled, and their eternal concerns not a little thereby affected. Is it not, then, lawful to wiſh, that every plant may be rooted up, which our heavenly Father hath not planted; or that he would graciouſly change their nature, and tranſplant them from their preſent ſoil? With regard to ſuch, the example of the ſacred writers would juſtify far more ſevere animadverſions; for no language can paint their character and doom in darker colours, than that which they employ to deſcribe theſe. It is therefore hoped, no perſon of real worth and unblemiſhed character in that line, will take offence at any freedoms here uſed, as ſuch are not intended; and it is only guilt that needs ſtartle at the mention of guilt,

And all her ſons theſe heav'nly bleſſings ſhare,
As the dear objects of Meſſiah's care;
Thoſe proſper ſtill who ſeek and love her peace,
While Heav'n commands on both a rich increaſe.
May grace divine theſe ſtubborn hearts ſubdue,
That ſtill oppoſe, and by its pow'r renew;
That their beſt efforts they may yet employ,
To rear that cauſe they did ſo long deſtroy.
The Church, her paſtors with one heart then bleſt,
Shall flouriſh, and from num'rous evils reſt;
While purity and praiſe, like incenſe riſe,
And earth becomes a nurs'ry for the ſkies.

AH! *Drunkenneſs* *, that baſe tyrannic crime,
Which taints, O Britain, ev'ry where thy clime!
What

* Such as indulge to this baſe vice, however common, and even reputable with ſome, it may be, are threatened in ſcripture with the moſt awful effects of the Divine diſpleaſure—"Wo to the drunk-"ards of Ephraim, whoſe glorious beauty is a fading flower; they "ſhall be trodden under feet. For all tables are full of vomit and "filthineſs, ſo that there is no place clean." Iſa. xxviii. 1, 3, 8. It is expreſsly declared, that ſuch ſhall not inherit the kingdom of Heaven; and all Chriſtians are prohibited every intimacy, or ſocial intercourſe with them: "I have written unto you not to keep "company, if any man that is called a brother be a drunkard, with "ſuch an one no not to eat." 1 Cor. v. 11. "Know ye not that "the unrighteous ſhall not inherit the kingdom of God? be not "deceived neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor *drunkards*, ſhall "inherit the kingdom of God;" that is, without a change of heart and conduct. 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. "Awake, *then*, ye drunkards, and "weep, and howl, all ye drinkers of wine;" "for while *ye* are "drunken, as drunkards, *ye* ſhall be devoured as ſtubble fully dry." Joel i. 5. Nah. i. 10. How many have met their fate like Amnon, while their heart was *merry with wine;* being cut off either by a violent death, or the immediate effect of their foul debauch! 2 Sam. xiii. 28,

What numbers brought to an untimely tomb,
Whom this, with kindred vices, ſtill conſume,
Their ſeed made beggars, and their name forgot!
Such often proves the jolly fellow's lot,
Who ſwills his reaſon, health, and life away,
Brings on his wealth and fame a quick decay.

What

xiii. 28, 29. But tho' this ſhould not be the caſe, a courſe of intoxication operates like ſlow poiſon, and will in time overpower the ſtrongeſt conſtitution.

The Wiſe Man cautions his Son againſt this vice, from the conſideration of the preſent miſery reſulting from it; which merits the attention of all, but more eſpecially of thoſe, who unhappily are not influenced by arguments drawn from its conſequences in a future ſtate. "Hear thou, my ſon, and be wiſe, and guide thine "heart in the way. Be not amongſt wine bibbers; amongſt riotous "eaters of fleſh. For the drunkard and the glutton ſhall come to "poverty; and drouſineſs ſhall clothe *them* with rags. Who hath "wo? who hath ſorrow? who hath contentions? who hath bab-"bling? who hath wounds without cauſe? who hath redneſs of "eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to ſeek "mixt wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when "it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itſelf aright. At "the laſt it biteth like a ſerpent, and ſtingeth like an adder." Proverbs xxiii. 19,——32. Common prudence might lead thoſe who have no rational proſpect of happineſs beyond the grave, to make the beſt of the preſent ſtate, and, inſtead of forwarding their fate by acts of intemperance and debauchery, be careful to protract life as long as poſſible, by a due regard to all the virtues of ſelf-government and moderation.

Theſe things conſidered, is it not truly ſurpriſing to hear the following account of a club, eſtabliſhed, with too apparent deſign to encourage the degrading vice of drunkenneſs, already but too prevalent.

"A *magnum bonum* club is juſt eſtabliſhed under royal auſpices. The *great bottle* is to have a label with this inſcription from Shakeſpeare,

"I'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart."

When this was ſuggeſted, the Chairman gave, as an oppoſite toaſt,

"Curſe on him who firſt cries hold!—enough!"

O would

What numbers, high and low, their frame debaſe,
Debauch their pow'rs, while reaſon luſt obeys!
What time, what wealth in Taverns do they waſte,
Their cups they quaff to grace a Bacchus' feaſt!
The jolly fellow, in his merry mood,
May deem a crowned bowl his greateſt good;
Who would envy his merriment and wine,
That ſees him once beſotted to a ſwine?

Would they be timeouſly admoniſhed, from the effects of this vice here and hereafter, to beware of incurring a weightier curſe, the curſe of the Prince of the kings of the earth, who has power to kill, and to caſt both ſoul and body into hell! "Wo unto him "that giveth his neighbour drink: that putteſt thy bottle to him, "and makeſt him drunken. The cup of the Lord's right hand "ſhall be turned unto thee, and ſhameful ſpuing ſhall be on thy "glory." Habak. ii. 15, 16.

To ſay ſuch a club was eſtabliſhed under *royal auſpices* is not ſufficiently determinate; for his Majeſty, who has all along been ſo remarkable for his temperance, would never countenance ſuch a combination againſt the health, the morals, and the life of his ſubjects; howſoever ſome of his royal offspring might, who, in this reſpect, are not careful to copy the laudable example of their Royal Parent. Intoxication, tho' ſanctioned by royalty itſelf, is not a royal, but a beaſtly vice, and unites in one degraded mortal a devil and a brute; yet the latter prevails—"Whoredom, and wine, "and new wine, take away the heart." "Bleſſed art thou, O land, "when thy princes eat in due ſeaſon, for ſtrength and not for drunk-"enneſs." Hoſ. iv. 11. Eccl. x. 17.

Let the obſervation of a late pious writer †, conclude this note: "We may ſay of *drunkenneſs*, that in moſt caſes it is "preſumptuous. It is an exceſs which one can ſcarcely be "ſurpriſed into, unleſs the liquor be mixed with ſome pernici-"ous drug, or hath ſome peculiar quality with which he is utterly "unacquainted. But this, I ſuppoſe, is a caſe that rarely hap-"pens. It uſually takes ſome time before a perſon be intoxicated; "and drunkenneſs comes on by ſuch gradual advances, that one "hath ſufficient opportunity to obſerve its approach, and to make "his eſcape, if he is not otherwiſe determined."

† The Reverend Robert Walker, Edinburgh.

Tho' ſocial glee, or noiſy mirth abound,
And tho' the ſparkling glaſs go briſkly round,
The ſhort-liv'd pleaſure none can ſure envy,
Who does not place his bliſs in ſenſual joy;
The quicker draughts, the ſooner do they cloy.
Slow poiſon mingles with the flowing glaſs;
The flaſh of mirth and wit doth quickly paſs;
The flying moments will not mortals wait,
Soon, ſoon will death knock at the Drunkard's gate.
When, on a ſudden, all his pleaſures ceaſe,
His cups no more can give a moment's eaſe;
To ſober ſadneſs, wit and mirth ſhall turn,
And raging thirſt for ever in him burn *.

Intoxication, ah! with thy dread train,
Of fatal ills, which feeling hearts muſt pain;
The bane of virtue, ſource of moral peſt,
By which ten thouſands daily are depreſt.
Domeſtic peace and bliſs thy ſway deſtroys,
And ſtill alike both friends and foes annoys.
What frantic furies an intemp'rate throng,
What noiſy jargon blabs their fault'ring tongue;
While their debauch the lateſt hours invades,
And drunken ſongs reſound in midnight ſhades †.

Intoxica-

* If Death was nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of Nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprung, then might the Debauchee
Untrembling mouth the Heavens:—Then might the Drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death.———*The* GRAVE.

† "I ſaid of *ſuch* laughter, It is mad: and of ſuch mirth, what doth it? For wiſdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkneſs.

Intoxication, baleful is thy pow'r,
Thy jaws, what myriads do they not devour!
Yet thouſands tread ſtill on thy hoſtile ground,
Who, tho' they ſcape, yet is it with a wound.
This dire enchantreſs can our race transform,
And leave them little human, ſcarce the form.
Her pow'r, how fatal! both the young and brave,
Find in her potions an untimely grave.
What mortal is ſo hardy, and ſo ſtrong,
As in her traffic can his life prolong?

neſs. The heart of fools is in the houſe of mirth. It is better to hear the rebukes of the wiſe, than to hear the ſong of fools. For as the *crackling of thorns under a pot*, ſo is the laughter of a fool." Eccl. ii. 2, 13.—vii. 4, 5, 6. This expreſſive metaphor paints, in the ſtrongeſt colours, the noiſy mirth of the ſons of diſſipation and folly, and its native fruits and effects. The ſmoke, darkneſs, and aſhes in which the ſudden blaze and crackling noiſe of burning thorns ſoon iſſue, are highly deſcriptive of the inſeparable conſequences of a foul debauch, and diſſolute courſe. "One ſinner deſtroyeth much good, *and* he ſaith to every one that he is a fool. A fool is full of words, *and* the lips of a fool will ſwallow up himſelf. The beginning of the words of his mouth is fooliſhneſs: and the end of his talk is miſchievous madneſs." Eccl. ix. 18.—x. 3, 14. 12, 13.

While carouſing together, how often does religion and its votaries become the ſong of the drunkard; the ſubject of their pointed jeſt and wanton ridicule? Yea, how often do they give looſe reins to the corrupt ſallies of a profane and impure heart, tranſgreſſing the laws of decency, and ſhooting hoſtile darts of blaſphemy againſt Heaven! But let them not forget the admonition, "Be ye not "mockers, leſt your bands be made ſtrong." Iſa. xxviii. 22. They that walk in the counſel of the ungodly, and ſtand in the way of ſinners, will ſoon come, by a natural, but fatal tranſition, to ſit in the ſeat of the ſcornful; which is never found, but in the environs of hell, and thoſe who fill it are only one remove from that region. With too much juſtice may we addreſs ſuch, as the prophet of old did the wicked Jews; "Againſt whom do you ſport yourſelves? "againſt whom make ye a wide mouth, and draw out the tongue? "are ye not children of tranſgreſſion, a ſeed of falſehood, enflaming "yourſelves?" Iſa. lvii. 4, 5.

What numbers, by her ſway, have dy'd young men,
Whoſe frame beſpoke them three-ſcore years and ten!
O deep diſgrace of this our Chriſtian iſle!
Thy nauſeous vomits all our coaſts defile.
By means of thee does Satan ſpread his reign,
And people ſtill his joyleſs, dark domain.
Parent of ev'ry vice, prolific womb,
Whoſe hateful birth entails the heavieſt doom;
Brings countleſs ſwarms to an untimely grave,
Whom temp'rance might for future years ſtill ſave.
Ah! vice degrading, with thy gloomy train,
Thy ſway deſpotic does man's glory ſtain.
What tongue, what pen, can that baſe ſway expoſe,
The pregnant, baneful ſource of num'rous woes,
Which ſtill degrades the human form divine,
Beneath the brutal, to a very ſwine!
Once to ſuppoſe, that man's ſublimeſt good,
Conſiſts in drunken exceſs, and rich food,
Would ſure him level with the beaſts that die,
And have no hope which can death's darts defy.
Can richeſt wines, or coſtly fare procure,
A pleaſure which for ever ſhall endure?
Can man, who glories in a heav'n-born mind,
Debaſe his frame below the grazing kind?
Can it be deem'd a noble, manly pleaſure,
To quaff, and ſwill, without or bound, or meaſure,
Till ſenſe and reaſon both are quite forgot,
And ſo give death free acceſs thro' the throat?
Can ſuch deſerve, of man the noble name?
Will the great Author of the human frame,

Endure

Endure to ſee that frame abuſed ſo,
While baſely ſunk the very beaſts below?
Mean ſure the man, whoſe ſoul is ſtill enſlav'd,
To luſts and appetites the moſt deprav'd;
Who waſtes his time, his cares, and wealth on ſenſe,
Which muſt ſtill wound his peace and innocence.
Look round, and ſee, if one inferior creature,
Is found to drink, but to refreſh his nature:
This forms the bound, and meaſure of their thirſt,
For ſtrangers are they to a baſer luſt.
Shall man, who boaſts of his ſuperior kind,
Beſot and drown his nobler pow'rs of mind?
Degrade himſelf beneath the very beaſt,
And wound his ſoul to pleaſe his ſenſual taſte?
To ſee them reel and ſtagger thro' the ſtreet,
Themſelves debaſe, inſult each one they meet;
While now they curſe, and ſwear, and now they fight,
How vile and ſhameful the thrice hateful ſight!
Like hell's grim fiends, they love the ſullen gloom,
The ſilent watches of the night conſume,
Amid th' unhallow'd revel, and the noiſe
Of foul debauch, till all their pow'rs it cloys.
Like them, abroad they fly in queſt of prey,
And range each ſtreet and lane till break of day;
Attack, like furies, ev'ry one they find,
So the fierce Tyger would aſſail a hind.
Can ſuch vile men expect a place on high,
Hope with the pure to dwell when once they die?
The loweſt ſeat, by far is too refin'd,
For hapleſs ſinners of this beaſtly kind.

Should

Should ſuch the proffer'd mercy ſtill refuſe,
Theſe very comforts they now ſo abuſe,
Shall make the flames of Tophet fiercer burn,
When God them to the fiery lake ſhall turn.
To thoſe a ſingle drop is there deny'd,
Who by their port have wrath divine defy'd,
Once to refreſh their tongue, or lips when pain'd,
Becauſe they have not from this vice refrain'd,
What hopeleſs wretches then muſt ſuch ſtill be,
To feel a burning thirſt, and never ſee
What can for once its ſcorching heat allay,
In whom this vice hath gain'd inſatiate ſway!
Thro' years unſpent they'll feel her dire control,
Inflicting ceaſeleſs tortures on the ſoul;
Yea, filling ſuch with wo, remorſe and pain,
When her reſult ſhall prove a galling chain *.

What

* It was the opinion of ſome of the wiſer Heathens, that the principal part of future puniſhment, would ariſe from the tyrannical ſway of theſe unruly luſts and paſſions, which had acquired, in this ſtate, the power of rooted habits in the ſoul; while every poſſible mean of gratifying them is denied. This opinion is founded in reaſon, and agreeable to the dictates of revelation; and tho' that puniſhment included no more, it is enough to make a rational being quite unhappy, and to fill his mind with horror in proſpect. At death, he that is unjuſt, ſhall be unjuſt ſtill; and he who is filthy, ſhall be filthy ſtill; and it is ſaid, that "the wicked is driven a-"way in his wickedneſs." Rev. xxii. 11. Prov. xiv. 32. This may import, not only that they die under the guilt of all their paſt tranſgreſſions; a heavy load indeed! but alſo, that they are removed hence under the fatal power and dominion which iniquity had previouſly acquired in the heart. That vicious habits can haraſs, and torment the diſembodied ſpirit, may be inferred from their domineering ſway in old debauched ſinners. How often are ſuch found to revolve in their polluted imaginations, with a kind of infernal pleaſure, the ſcenes of diſſipation thro' which they paſſed in youth;

What tho' they now make merry o'er their cups,
Where is their mirth 'midſt rouſed conſcience' ſtripes?
Tho' now the happieſt of all men they ſeem,
Amid remorſe and wrath, how fled the dream—
Each fleeting dream of future bliſs and joy!
O that they timeous would due means employ,

To

youth; tho' the body be now quite incapacitated to bear any part in them. Yet is it more than probable, that theſe unmortified and unbridled appetites and paſſions, will exert their deſpotic power over the whole man after the reſurrection. Add to this, the kind of ſociety with which they are doomed to aſſociate. Would thoſe duly conſider this, who now indulge to ſeveral vices till they acquire the power of inveterate habits; for if not ſubdued by grace in this ſtate, God will unalterably confirm them at death; and Eternity itſelf ſhall witneſs their deſpotic and woful reign! Thus their ſins ſhall be written in their puniſhment, and the guilty enſlaved mind, forced to brood perpetually upon them. God is known by the judgments which he executes; for his judicial procedure is no leſs juſt than natural. What Solomon ſaith of the effects of wine and ſtrong drink, when indulged in to exceſs, is equally verified with regard to every other vice; "At the laſt it biteth like a ſer-"pent, and ſtingeth like an adder." Prov. xxiii. 32. How dearly bought the ſhort, polluted pleaſures of ſin, which entail ſuch a dread reverſion on the ſinner? And may it not thence be juſtly ſaid, "This ſhall they have at the Lord's hand, they ſhall lie down "in ſorrow?"

One and the ſame thing holds in this reſpect of every vice, or vicious habit; whence we may infer, that no more is neceſſary to render an intelligent being completely miſerable, than to abandon him to the unbounded, and tyrannizing power of ſuch, without the moſt diſtant proſpect of deliverance, or the leaſt poſſibility of gratification. When men indulge and gratify their corrupt appetites, till they gain the aſcendant in the heart, in oppoſition to God, and every moral conſideration, is it not juſt and equitable with him to make the object of their choice the mean of their puniſhment? Would wicked men but now duly conſider, that, while they gratify their vicious paſſions, they are not only treaſuring up for themſelves wrath againſt the day of wrath, but preparing inſtruments for their future, and perpetual torment; they could not commit ſin with ſuch avidity, and remain ſo unconcerned about its conſequences.

To ſcape the ſnare, and be prepar'd for Heav'n,
While to repent both time and grace are giv'n!
Of fancy's wayward mood, ah! ſtrange extreme,
From meaneſt appetites of bliſs to dream;
While ev'ry ſource of chaſte, refin'd delight,
Is treated ſtill with mark'd neglect, or ſlight.
As ſickly palates loath moſt wholeſome fare,
While the diſeaſe new appetites prepare;
So corrupt paſſions ſpurn each pure delight,
'Tis tainted draughts provoke their appetite.
In ſparkling goblets, and the flowing bowls,
A deadly, tho' alluring, potion rolls.
There ſerpents lurk, which ſure in time will ſting,
To death's abode the very ſtouteſt bring.
The faireſt colours of the viper-race,
Cannot allure, with dread we flee their face:
Unhallow'd ſweets the bitt'reſt woes ſtill bring;
Learn then to ſhun whate'er has power to ſting.
When guilty pleaſures lure to their dread ſnare,
Th' infection flee, of ſirens ſongs beware.
Ah! what the joys which modiſh vice ſtill boaſts,
When her each pleaſure haunted is with ghoſts!
Nought ſure can her moſt fav'rite vot'ries ſhare,
But what the good diſdain, and ſhun with care.
Do Aaron's ſons come in here for a ſhare?
Or are theſe temperate, with pious care?
If fame lies not, too many of this race,
To this baſe vice not ſeldom, ah! give place *.

Good

* God charges the miniſters of religion more than once with this crime, which he threatens ſeverely to puniſh in them; and is there not

Good natur'd vices meet their tacit love,
What monkiſh ſouls would ſocial glee reprove!
May not a Preacher be a good Divine,
Yet take his glaſs, yea, ſit late at the wine?
Be a good, jovial fellow, full of glee,
Yet, need requiring, a ſtrict devotee?

May

not reaſon to fear the ground of ſuch a charge is not yet ceaſed? "They alſo have erred thro' wine, and thro' ſtrong drink are out "of the way: the prieſt and the prophet have erred thro' ſtrong "drink, they are ſwallowed up of wine, they are out of the way "thro' ſtrong drink; they err in viſion, they ſtumble in judgment." It is immediately added, "For all tables are full of vomit and filthi-"neſs, ſo that there is no place clean;" no, not the ſanctuary itſelf. Iſa. xxviii. 7, 8. Shocking as it may be to reflect on, there have not been wanting inſtances in more modern times wherein this vice hath made her unhallowed approaches to the ſacred altar; ſo that the tranſition from the Lord's table to that of devils hath been both ſhort and ſudden!

Moſt Commentators are of opinion, that Nadab and Abihu, the ſons of Aaron, were intoxicated with wine, when they preſumed to offer ſtrange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not, and were ſo ſignally puniſhed for their preſumption; becauſe immediately on the back of that awful diſaſter, he gave a ſtrict charge to Aaron and his ſons to abſtain from the uſe of wine and ſtrong drink, when they officiated in his ſanctuary. "And the Lord ſpake unto Aaron, ſaying, Do not drink wine nor ſtrong drink, thou, nor thy ſons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation; leſt ye die: it ſhall be a ſtatute for ever throughout your generations: and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean: and that ye may teach the children of Iſrael all the ſtatutes which the Lord hath ſpoken unto them by the hands of Moſes." Levit. x. 8,—11. Tho' that ritual is aboliſhed, the reaſons of this prohibition ſtill ſubſiſt.

The Apoſtle, deſcribing the neceſſary qualifications of a biſhop, or overſeer in the Church of God, tells us, among other things, that "he muſt be ſober, not given to wine;" and our Lord gives it as a part of the character of the unfaithful ſervant, on whom he pronounces an awful doom, that he indulges to this vice and its concomitants: "But if that ſervant ſay in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming; and ſhall begin to beat the men-ſervants, and the

May he not ſing a merry catch, and tell
His tale with humour, and the laugh compel
Set all the table in a *wild uproar*,
Yet at the altar, all devout, adore.
In ſocial mirth the life of friendſhip lies,
The pious drudge ſuch polite pleaſure flies.
A taſte refin'd ſecures the Great's applauſe,
Who hate the rigid to their Maker's laws;
In whoſe dull preſence they can't ſwear, or jeſt,
By the grave Clerk ſuch freedoms are repreſt.
With ſuch, a Parſon ne'er can brighter ſhine,
Than when moſt merry o'er a pot of wine;
When his own office is kept out of ſight,
While he aſſociates with the Great by night.
To feel, to think, and act alike, commends,
And knits the hearts of ſenſual pleaſure's friends.
Would not a Chriſtian's heart recoil to hear,
A *Prieſt*, thrice bound his Maker to revere,
Profane his Name, and each while curſe and ſwear*.

Yet

maidens, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken: the lord of that ſervant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in ſunder, or *cut him off*, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers." 1 Tim. iii. 2, 3. Luke xii. 45, 46. O that all inveſted with the ſacred office would lay theſe things to heart; that they may keep at the utmoſt diſtance from every temptation to this ruinous ſin!

* Shocking as it may be to a ſerious, pious mind, there have not been, nor are ſtill, wanting inſtances of perſons in the *Clerical* line, who can ſwear in common converſation, with as little ceremony as any ſoldier who ſerves his Majeſty!—"Tell it not in Gath; publiſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon, leſt the daughter of the uncircumciſed triumph." Theſe miniſters of Satan;—theſe ravening

wolves

Yet wretches of this ſort have oft been found,
T' intrude to Zion, and pollute her ground!
May Heav'n avert their dread impending fate,
Give to repent, ere, ah! it prove too late.
If odious is this vice in the male race,
In woman-kind—indelible diſgrace!
If her baſe ſway doth even man defile,
It makes a woman beyond meaſure vile.
Yet are there found, in this enlighten'd land,
Of both, who yield to her tyrannic hand;
Her wretched victims we not ſeldom trace,
Among the fair, who boaſt ſuperior grace.
Compaſſion's tear o'er theſe, O Britain, ſhed,
Exert each nerve to rear their ſinking head;
To guard your ſons, and daughters from this vice,
By ev'ry wiſe, eligible device;
Prevent their preſent, and their future doom,
While for ſuch offices there is yet room.

WHAT crowds of ſinners of ſtill baſer ſort,
Make our great towns the place of their reſort;
Invade their neighbour's right, act worſe than foes,
Who *ſteal* and *ſwindle*, by what arts, who knows;
Who *rob*, and *forge*, and vi'lently aſſail,
By force, or cunning, as may moſt avail!
How baſe the wretch, who is to *theft* inclin'd,
And ſchemes revolves ſtill in his ſordid mind;

wolves give not themſelves the trouble to appear in ſheeps cloathing, in order to paſs with others for what they really are not; for they bear their mark on their fore-head, ſignifying whoſe they are, and whom they ſerve; ſo that he who runs may know and read it: ſuch indeed is none of the ſpots of God's children.

Sets all his pow'rs on work to gain his end,
Nor ſpares to rob his neighbour, or his friend?
A work of darkneſs is this daring crime,
A work preſumptous, and the fruit of time,
Delib'rate cunning, and the ſlyeſt art;
All the productions of a naughty heart.
Each check the harden'd thief muſt quite repel,
Ere he can take ſuch pains to merit hell;
Be loſt to virtue, and all ſenſe of ſhame,
To all the lovely charms of honeſt fame!
Deprav'd, and wicked muſt become the heart,
Ere it can yield to act ſo vile a part.
Theſe beaſts of prey, when night inveſts the pole,
Our ſtreets and lanes, like trained bands patrol;
Aſſault and rob whom they ſecure can find,
Their feelings callous to their fellow-kind.
The houſe mark'd out, by night they baſe aſſail,
In ſuch attempts too often they prevail.
Such wretches human juſtice dare defy,
Yea more, the juſt Omniſcient Pow'r on high.
Tho' ev'ry day of ſuch examples make,
To their old trade of thieving they betake;
Not once inſtructed by a brother's fate,
What peſts, what nuiſance are they in the ſtate!
Such, ah! forget their Judge them ſtill eſpies,
When moſt conceal'd their crimes from human eyes;
That he will theſe reveal before the ſun,
When once their wicked odious race is run;
Expoſe to ſhame before the ſons of men,
Without repentance, to eternal pain,

How

How much theſe vermin in our land abound,
And by their deeds infeſt Britannia's ground,
Our goals, and gibbets can too well atteſt,
What numbers violate God's juſt beheſt *!

Oh!

* "*Thou ſhalt not ſteal.*" Exod. xx. 15. "Men do not deſpiſe a thief," ſaid the wiſe king of Iſrael, "if he ſteal to ſatisfy his ſoul when he is hungry." But if this vice be the reſult of an averſion to application and honeſt induſtry, or to a covetous diſpoſition, the two common parents of it, the caſe materially differs. It then compriſes every thing that conſtitutes a ſin preſumptuous, for which the Moſaic ritual provided no ſacrifice. Altho' not puniſhable with death by the law of God, yet if the thief had not wherewithal to reſtore to the injured party four-fold, he forfeited his liberty, was appointed to be ſold, with all that he had, and reſtitution to be made. This mode of puniſhing theft is doubtleſs more beneficial to ſociety, and much better calculated to deter from the commiſſion of it than that of putting the criminal to death, which our laws authoriſe. Such ſinners are in general hardy enough to deſpiſe death; and the impreſſions produced on them by examples of this nature, are both tranſient and ineffectual; whereas the terror of confinement to hard labour for life, would operate as a powerful reſtraint.

That this is one of thoſe ſins which excludeth from the kingdom of heaven, without a gracious change of heart and life, and, ſo far as practicable, ſome proper reparation, appears evident from ſcripture: "Be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor *thieves*, nor covetous, ſhall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. The increaſe of theſe odious and pernicious creatures, notwithſtanding that many are daily made examples of, both by death and tranſportation, is a ſad proof of our growing profligacy of manners, and, taken in connection with other things, no promiſing ſymptom of our continued proſperity.

Saith a certain Author, "*Theft* muſt in every caſe be a preſumptuous ſin: it is a work of time, which requires much thought and cunning to adjuſt the plan of operation, and no leſs addreſs and conduct in carrying it into execution. Beſides, the thief has many reſtraints to break through, not only the inward conviction of the wrong done to his neighbour, but the fears of a diſcovery likewiſe, and of that diſgrace and puniſhment with which it will certainly be attended." *Let ſuch*, without a moment's delay, humble themſelves in the preſence of that God whom they have ſo grievouſly offended, imploring his pardoning mercy for what is paſt, and his powerful grace to reſtrain them for the future.

Oh! that the guilty would not ſtill forget,
What ſhall ſoon prove their future, endleſs ſtate;
That as they now habitually behave,
So ſhall their portion prove beyond the grave.
One path to bleſs for all, both low and high,
Each ſoul that cleaves to ſin muſt ever die.
All, all tranſgreſſors of the human kind,
A Judge impartial in their God ſhall find.
Nought can avail that ſuch once bore his name,
And ſtill profeſs'd to venerate the ſame;
Taught in his houſe, and claim'd him for their Sire,
For hypocrites muſt dwell with quenchleſs fire.
There ſinners, unreclaim'd, of every kind
His juſtice ſhall collect,—in bundles bind.
There all who take God's dreadful name in vain,
Shall wail, and gnaſh their teeth thro' deathleſs pain.

In his right hand there is a flaming dart,
Offending worms muſt feel its keeneſt ſmart.
When thunder ſpeaks his mighty wrath aloud,
His ſignal vengeance threatens all the proud;
Who dare that vengeance in their pride defy,
And ſhoot their hoſtile darts againſt the ſky.
All Nature ſtill her Author's will performs,
Enjoin'd to bleſs, or puniſh ſinful worms;
And will atteſt his juſtice in their doom,
When all his terrors ſhall his foes conſume.
Their crimes lie open to omniſcient eyes,
Both heav'n and earth againſt theſe crimes ſhall riſe.

O! the diſtracting terrors of that hour,
When death, like whirlwind, ſhall o'erwhelm their pow'r

When

When their hopes vaniſh, like a cloud of rain,
Which failing diſappoints the parched plain.
Their wounded heart in anguiſh melts away,
Left void of ſupport in the fatal day;
Ah! Heav'n proves deaf to their pathetic cry,
The ſoul reluctant is thence forc'd to fly.
By mighty vengeance rous'd, the furious ſtorm,
Commiſſion'd Heav'n's ſtern purpoſe to perform,
The mortal part quick levels with the duſt,
The conſcious one tranſmits to hell accurſt;
Where deep deſpair, and agonies of mind,
Shall neither end, nor intermiſſion find.
Now deprecate the dread impending doom,
Implore a peaceful exit to the tomb;
A ſafe releaſe from future, endleſs wo,
Which ſhall in ireful, burning torrents flow.
Still aſk forgiveneſs for the Saviour's ſake,
And to his mercy ere too late betake;
Ere grace and mercy ſealed ſprings ſhall prove,
And tears and pray'rs for ever ceaſe to move.
Be timely wiſe, without delay repent,
Improve each ſeaſon now in kindneſs lent,
For ſoon the period of reſpite is ſpent.
To-day God calls, to-morrow may your doom
For ever fix, and lodge you in the tomb.

PART

PART FOURTH.

A wicked and adulterous generation: O perverſe generation, how long ſhall I ſuffer you? Mat. xvi. 4. Luke ix. 41.

Rejoice not, for thou haſt gone a whoring from thy God. Hoſ. ix. 1.

For the land is full of adulterers; How ſhall I pardon thee for this? when I had fed them to the full, they then committed adultery, and aſſembled themſelves by troops in the harlots houſes. They were as fed horſes: every one neighed after his neighbour's wife. Shall I not viſit for theſe things? ſaith the Lord: and ſhall not my ſoul be avenged on ſuch a nation as this? I have ſeen thine adulteries, and thy neighings, the lewdneſs of thy whoredom, and thine abominations. Jer. xxiii. 10.—v. 7. 8, 9.—xiii. 27.

Their inward part is very wickedneſs; their throat is an open ſepulchre. Pſal. v. 9.

This ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean perſon, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Chriſt, and of God, Eph. v. 5.

Whoremongers ſhall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone: which is the ſecond death. Rev. xxi. 8.

Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge. I will come near to you to judgment, and I will be a ſwift witneſs againſt the adulterers, ſaith the Lord of hoſts. Heb. xiii. 4. Mal. iii. 5.

It ſhall not be well with the wicked, neither ſhall he prolong his days, which are as a ſhadow; becauſe he feareth not before God. Though hand join in hand, he ſhall not be unpuniſhed. Eccl. viii. 13. Prov. xvi. 5*.

ON earth a ſtranger is poor pilgrim man,
His life contracted to a very ſpan.
Thou ſojourner of days, be timely wiſe,
Nor ſpurn ſubjection to the ruling ſkies.

Does

* In theſe ſolemn and expreſs declarations of the God of truth let all concerned read their character and doom; for he is not like man, that he ſhould lie, or the ſon of man, that he ſhould repent or change his purpoſe. Hath he ſaid it, and ſhall he not do it? hath he ſpoken it, and ſhall he not bring it to paſs? "The word which I have ſpoken ſhall be done, ſaith the Lord God." Ezek. xii. 28.

Does God give being, and thy earthly all,
Wilt thou prove deaf to his paternal call?
Reform in time each error of thy ways,
A fleeting ſhadow is thy number'd days;
That ſhadow ſoon is loſt in endleſs night,
Or quite abſorb'd in never-fading light.

What fools are they who ſtill this ſpan abuſe
And Heav'n's beſt counſels to amend refuſe?
Who waſte their days in vanity and ſin,
And to be wiſe, ah! when too late begin.
'Mong ſlaves of vice, ſome hold the very van,
And quite transform into the beaſt the man;
Their nature ſink by deeds which deep defile;
Too many ſuch pollute Britannia's iſle.

What ſcenes impure, O Britons, taint your clime,
The theatre of almoſt ev'ry crime,
Wrought both in ſecret and before the ſun,
What pains do many take to be undone!
Laſcivious deeds each where our coaſts defile,
Expoſe to vengeance our obnoxious iſle *.

* That the pernicious ſin of uncleanneſs, in its various forms, abounds in theſe lands of Britain and Ireland, among all ranks and deſcriptions of men, innumerable, melancholy circumſtances but too openly manifeſt. The fatal influence, and deplorable ravages of this odious vice are not confined to thoſe who are in the ſingle ſtate, or to ſuch as are deemed vulgar and low-bred; but contaminate the ſtreams of lawful wedlock, and over-run the more polite ranks of ſociety. So very faſhionable is it accounted, that a reputation for the oppoſite virtue, is ſcarce allowed by the polite of either ſex, to be compatible with the character of a gentleman. A noted Hiſtorian † of our own times remarks to this effect, if not in theſe words, "Among

† Principal Robiſon, in his Hiſtory of Scotland.

Among all ranks, chief 'mong the rich and great,
This vice prevails, with num'rous woes replete.
The dire contagion is ſtill gaining ground,
Our youths of faſhion are infected found.

The

"Among the higher claſſes in life *conjugal fidelity* is very little "minded:" And is it not to be devoutly wiſhed, that there were not too much truth in this remark? We alſo find a judicious, celebrated Author †, who gave laws to the circles of faſhion about the beginning of this century, paſſing the following cenſure on the times wherein he lived: "No body denies that we live in a Chriſtian "country; and yet he who ſhould decline, upon reſpective opportunies, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought very "little of a gentleman." Does this cenſure now ceaſe to be juſt, our nation having, in this reſpect, quite reformed ſince that period? It is to be feared the very reverſe will, on inquiry, be found to be the caſe.

Are there wanting inſtances of modern gentlemen, whoſe criminal connexions with low, worthleſs females, give birth to ſuch an illegitimate brood, as might ſuffice to people a whole country; and that, perhaps, while they have amiable wives of their own, and promiſing families by them! What can be expected from ſuch a ſpurious, neglected breed? May it not give occaſion to inceſt and various other evils? It is an overture, not perhaps unworthy of the attention of Government, to adopt a proper plan for collecting, and educating children of this deſcription, in order, when arrived at mature age, to be ſent to people ſome of our colonies. This plan might prevent many miſchiefs at home, and perſons ſo trained to habits of induſtry and virtue, might be a mean of reforming our convicts, who are from time to time at vaſt expence tranſported thither. By this means the crime of Child murder would ceaſe to be perpetrated—that horrid crime which at preſent ſo much prevails, and that with impunity, to the great reproach, and accumulating guilt of our nation. The mother-country could well ſpare them, where they ſerve only to taint the race of Britons, to prove an eyeſore to their parents, and an occaſion of continued ſtrife and contention in their families. The numerous tribe of the men of pleaſure would cordially ſubmit to a tax to defray the expence attending ſuch a plan, becauſe it would eaſe them of a very diſagreeable burden, and prevent many of the ordinary unhappy conſequences of their criminal and promiſcuous amours; while the public at large would

† The Guardian, No 38.

The nuptial ſtate, if we belie not fame,
Not rare is ſtain'd with an adult'rous flame;
Whence wedlock proves a ſtate of endleſs ſtrife,
And hence divorces too in higher life.

The

would not repine to contribute their ſhare to ſo humane an inſtitution.

But the dealers in this infamous commerce manage, in general, matters ſo dexterouſly, that they make a ſhift to cater for the gratification of their corrupt propenſions at a leſs expenſive rate, and by means more cautious and covert. Is it not truly ſtrange, that the ſons of pride ſhould ſo debaſe themſelves; that a principle ſo very delicate in other reſpects ſhould not diſdain to ſtoop ſo low for ſo mean a prize? Yet are there to be found, who, with all their pride and affected dignity, ſcruple not to degrade themſelves beneath the pooreſt peaſant, or the meaneſt mechanic, provided they can but gratify their baſer appetites! Tho' they ſeem to ſoar aloft, like the eagle, yet the lure of carnal pleaſure can bring them down to wallow like the ſow, in the mire. They are ſuch obſcene birds as ſhun cleanly proviſion, yet fly with eager avidity at every carrion.

Have not crimes like theſe overthrown the once flouriſhing cities of the plain; yea, occaſioned the total deſtruction of many once famous ſtates and individuals? Were theſe ſo puniſhed, and can we expect to eſcape with impunity, if found treading in the ſame paths? "This was the iniquity of Sodom, Pride, fulneſs of bread, and abun-"dance of idleneſs was in her, and in her daughters." What was the conſequence? Why, "they were haughty and committed abo-"mination before the Lord: therefore he took them away as he "ſaw good." Ezek. xvi. 49, 50.

Or, as an Apoſtle expreſſes it, "Sodom and Gomorrha, and the "cities about them, in like manner giving themſelves over to *for-"nication*, and going after ſtrange fleſh, are ſet forth for an exam-"ple, ſuffering the vengeance of eternal fire." Jude verſe 7. O ſin, flattering as thou art in the commiſſion, in the iſſue thou wilt ſting like an adder, and bite as a ſerpent? Dearly bought are all thy tranſient pleaſures; for miſery keen and perpetual is thy reverſion. Thy fruit is death, in all its wide extent; and they who love thee are fools enough to hate life!

How far we reſemble thoſe above alluded to in their crimes, which in us muſt be ſeven-fold aggravated, let the Reader judge; how far we may ſhare in their plagues here, or in their fate in the world to come, belongs to God to determine, and time will declare.

The wand'ring paſſions of a faithleſs mind,
What laws can to a ſingle object bind?
For luſt inſatiate will unceaſing crave,
And prove a monſter cruel as the grave.
Who ſhun, or ſcorn the nuptial hallow'd tie,
But thoſe who to the harlot's boſom hie?
Yet think to wed, when vice their prime hath gain'd,
By ſuch, grown hoar in guilt, that ſtate is ſtain'd.
Can jointures gild ſo nauſeous a pill,
And female wiſhes to the ſum fulfil?
In paths forbidden, ah! we love to tread,
Tho' theſe, at length, ſhould lodge among the dead.
Where God leaves free, we oft ourſelves confine,
Where he reſtricts, to treſpaſs we incline;
As if his laws bore hard on human kind,
Reſtrain'd from bliſs, with a ſtill envious mind.
The joys of virtue are both calm and chaſte,
Vice is imperious, a tyrannic peſt.
To virtuous ſouls remorſe thoſe never bring,
While guilty pleaſures ſtill create a ſting.
A future ſtate, tho' kept quite out of view,
The triumphs of this vice will be but few;
Shame, want and odium, diſeaſe and pain,
Do all aſſemble in her gloomy train.
Her ſlaves are often martyrs in her cauſe,
Who can unpuniſh'd ſlight their Maker's laws?
Did Heav'n neglect to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
Would not that Heav'n be partial and unjuſt?
What foes to wedded joy, and to their ſeed,
Who prove, if ſpar'd, a weak, diſeaſed breed!

Oft,

Oft, ah! they murder in the very womb,
Or bring their ſons to an untimely tomb;
Entailing plagues, the ſource of baneful wo,
Which from the parents beaſtly manners flow.
This crime's effects from race to race deſcend,
What monſters then are thoſe who won't amend!
Unhappy ſouls o'er whom lewd paſſions reign,
The fruits of which ſhall be remorſe and pain!
They ſhame derive from courtezans embrace,
Whence ſtill proceeds indelible diſgrace.
This vice our fleets and armies doth enſlave,
Brings crowds of both to an untimely grave.
Theſe martial bands this leprous peſt annoys,
Whoſe reign extenſive, more than war, deſtroys.
There this baſe vice in loweſt form bears ſway,
Diſplays her triumphs by the light of day *.
If their vile manners ſhock a virtuous mind,
Abhor them muſt the Parent of mankind.
If ſons of Mars to Venus ſacrifice,
Will not leſs coſtly victims her ſuffice?
Muſt health and life be offer'd at her ſhrine,
Yea, ev'ry boon, both common and divine?
Muſt ſoul and body be the ſacrifice?
The forfeiture of bliſs beyond the ſkies?
How long ſhall ſuch for filthy ſtews purvey,
And yield themſelves to harlots as a prey?
More baſe defeat than ſtains the hoſtile plain,
In vain they conquer, while worſt paſſions reign!

Not

* See in note page 77, too glaring a proof of this.

Not near ſo ſavage the moſt barb'rous foes,
Nor ſo tyrannic, by the half, as thoſe.
The ſlaves to paſſions vileſt deſpots ſerve,
From their degrading ſway, Good Lord, preſerve.
Impure productions gain too oft applauſe,
Which ſcarce can fail to wound fair virtue's cauſe;
To cheriſh vice in her moſt odious form,
And place her votaries beyond reform.
Theſe works obſcene, alas! each where abound,
In thee, O Britain, and pollute thy ground.
Thy race impure imbibe the luſcious bane,
Whoſe dire infection heart and conſcience ſtain.
Are theſe polite, whoſe words and deeds impure,
Shew them infected nigh beyond a cure;
Who glory in the brothel's vileſt phraſe,
And, like the ſnail, beſmear with filth their ways?
An ulc'rous peſt their lips and tongue depraves,
Their throat reſembles unripe, open'd graves.
Tho' wealth and honour as their ſons them hail,
In honour's portrait they compoſe the tail *.

The

* A well known Author †, ſpeaking of ſuch, ſaith, "Their ſpeech "is the language of darkneſs: is horror to the ſoul, and torture to "the ear. Their tongues are dipt in the venom of aſps: their "throat is an open ſepulchre." Sometimes, their licentious and ungovern-

† Harvey, in his *Winter-Piece*, who alludes to certain flagitious liberties of ſpeech taken on ſome occaſion in his own preſence. If neither the ſacredneſs of his office, nor the examplary ſanctity of his manners, could reſtrain ſuch daring and unhallowed freedoms, and ſecure an eminent meſſenger of Heaven from ſuch groſs inſult; what may we ſuppoſe ſuch profane creatures, and ſimilar brethren in iniquity, capable of, when aſſociated with perſons only of their own genious and complexion, where none would be a check upon another? Juſtly ſaith

The pow'rs of ſpeech adorn the human frame,
Ah! that they ſhould entail diſgrace and ſhame;
Bewray vile paſſions bearing rule within,
And ſerve to ſpread the leproſy of ſin!
Whence flows the mirth which charms this jovial crowd,
The jeſt that makes their table laugh ſo loud?
Perhaps from topics which ſhould cauſe regret,
Which wound the feelings of a virtuous heart;
From "a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to a ſober ear."

If

"ungovernable diſcourſe ſhoots arrows of *profaneneſs* againſt Heaven "itſelf; and, in proud defiance, challenges the reſentment of Omni-"potence. Sometimes, as if it was the glory of human nature, to "ſhare and cheriſh ſome of the *groſſeſt* appetites of the brute; and "the mark of a Gentleman, to have ſerved an apprenticeſhip in a "Brothel; the filthieſt jeſts of the ſtews (if low *obſcenity* can be a "jeſt) are nauſeouſly obtruded on the company, till all the modeſt "part of it is expelled: while the other beſotted creatures laugh a-"loud, tho' the leproſy of uncleanneſs appears on their lips. Are "not theſe perſons *priſoners* of *darkneſs*; tho' blazing ſconces pour ar-"tificial day thro' their rooms? Are not their ſouls immured in the "moſt baleful ſhades; tho' the noon-tide ſun is brightened, by fla-"ming on their gilded chariots? They are groping for the prize of "happineſs, but will certainly feel the thorn of anxiety. They are "wantonly ſporting on the brink of that precipice; from whence, "in a moment, they may fall headlong into *irretrievable* ruin, "and *endleſs* deſpair."

ſaith the proverb of the ancients, "Wickedneſs proceedeth from "the wicked," 1 Sam. xxiv. 13.; for all theſe profane, or obſcene freedoms of ſpeech are the native ebulitions of a corrupt, naughty heart, ſurcharged with its own pregnant iniquity—"the ſuperflui-"ty of naughtineſs." "Out of the abundance of the heart the "mouth ſpeaketh," ſaith one who beſt knew its deſperate wicked-neſs, and foul contents. "Wo unto them, *when* their day is come, "the time of their viſitation." Jer. l. 27.

If it gives pain with ſuch on earth to dwell,
What, dread confinement in the jail of hell,
Where ſinners ſhall become exceeding vile,
And ſtill retain thoſe habits which defile!
This tainted claſs will God in faggots bind,
In flaming Tophet their abode they'll find,
Where lawleſs paſſions ſhall unceaſing rage,
Ungratify'd torment thro' endleſs age *.

Can the impure in heart and life God ſee,
That God who is eſſential purity?
Nay, hath he not prepar'd eternal woes,
As the deſerv'd, the juſt reward of thoſe,
Who now indulge in looſe, unchaſte deſires,
Which ſhall be ſlak'd with ever-quenchleſs fires.
Forget not, Britons, the thrice awful doom
Of thoſe, whom God in wrath did once conſume,
The fair, but wicked cities of the plain,
Whom he ſet forth enduring endleſs pain.
Will feeble mortals daringly preſume,
Yet fondly hope they ſhall eſcape this doom?
The Judge of ſuch in ſpecial form is God,
Who will exclude them from his bleſt abode;
For the unchaſte, theſe deep defiled ſouls,
Shall be ſhut up 'mid fiercely burning coals †.

Such

* The Reader will find ſome thoughts illuſtrative of this in a note, p. 110, 111.; for, in this reſpect, what holds of one vice may be aſſerted of every other.

† Bleſſed are the pure in heart: for they ſhall ſee God: But whoremongers and adulterers God will judge. Mat. v. 8. Heb. xiii. 4. The works of the fleſh are theſe, adultery, fornication, unclean-

All who can now to haunts of vice reſort,
Shall never tread his bleſs'd his hallow'd court,
Nor once its pure, celeſtial pleaſures ſhare;
For dire the torments which their deeds prepare.
Each guilty paſſion, harbour'd in the breaſt,
Shall rage with fury, nor allow them reſt;
Yea, gall the wretch, who cheriſh'd them before,
Their woes reſult from pleaſures now no more.
Let them now court the gloom—the midnight-hour,
Theſe carnal, guilty pleaſures to ſecure;
Yet all their ſecret crimes will God diſplay,
Before the world, and the bright eye of day.
The pure, refining beams of heav'nly truth,
Add lovely charms to all the bloom of youth.
Theſe guard from ſin, the ſoul ſecure from ſmart,
And ſtill promote fair purity of heart.
In hearts renew'd, theſe conſecrated cells,
Th' Eternal Spirit, with complacence, dwells.
What motive this to be ſtill pure and chaſte,
Leſt aught impure ſhould lay theſe temples waſte?
To check each riſing thought of looſe deſire,
Leſt they extinguiſh ſhould the heav'nly fire?
How bright this virtue in that Hebrew youth,
Who gain'd ſuch honour to his humble birth *!

uncleanneſs, laſciviouſneſs, of the which I tell you, that they which do ſuch things ſhall not inherit the kingdom of God." Gal. v. 19, 21. "The abominable, and whoremongers ſhall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone: which is the ſecond death." Rev. xxi. 8.

* The beautiful and inſtructive hiſtory of the temptation, the victory, the ſufferings, and ſubſequent advancement and glory of Joſeph, that ancient worthy, we have recorded, Gen. xxxix. xl. and xli.

Tho' vice aſſailed him in all her charms,
Firm as a rock he braved her alarms.
He ſuffer'd much in virtue's noble cauſe,
Yet clave undaunted to his Maker's laws.
O'er-ruling Heav'n had early try'd this youth,
His faith, and patience, fortitude and truth;
He from the trial ſhone as ore refin'd,
Left a bright pattern to the human-kind.
His God beheld, and did approve his worth,
Him rais'd to rank with men of nobleſt birth.
By his example lur'd, and his reward,
Let youth for virtue bear a due regard.
What the ſhort pleaſures which create a ſting,
Compar'd to thoſe which peace and honour bring!
The word of life the choiceſt rules imparts,
To guard from ſin, and purify our hearts.
The ſacred pages of eternal truth,
Are an unerring guide to ductile youth;
Like yonder ſun, that bright celeſtial light,
Which ſhews our danger, and allays our night.
O that our Britiſh youth inſtructed were,
In Wiſdom's ſchool, with unremitting care;
That thoſe to whom pertains that ſacred truſt,
Would not their talent bury in the duſt*!

Vice

* A pious, virtuous education is, in general, productive of ſuch happy effects as authorize that ancient proverb, "Train up a child "in the way he ſhould go; and when he is old, he will not depart "from it." Prov. xxii. 6. To Abraham, the father of the faithful, God himſelf bears honourable teſtimony on this head; and at the ſame time aſcertains the ſucceſs of his pious endeavours: "I "know him; that he will command his children, and his houſhold "after him, and they ſhall keep the way of the Lord." Gen. xviii. 19.

Vice tempts in vain the pious, well-taught youth,
Endow'd with wiſdom, grace, and ſacred truth.
Within their breaſt no lewd, no lawleſs flame,
Has pow'r to tempt from the fair paths of fame.
Who tread falſe pleaſure's ſtill inchanted ground,
Shall ſoon or late in ſorrows deep abound.
Such pleaſures tranſient, but not ſo the pain,
They wound the heart, both life and conſcience ſtain.
Their fruits prove laſting as the deathleſs mind,
For God their witneſs, will as Judge them find.
Thoſe who contract polluting, guilty ſtains,
Themſelves expoſe to never-ceaſing pains;
Who one become with proſtitutes in vice,
Muſt dwell where ſin is ſtript of each diſguiſe;
Unleſs made pure by ſacred, ſov'reign grace,
Ere her day cloſe, and mercy find no place.
Such as defile their noble, curious frame,
Their God will puniſh, and deteſt their name.
How will they feel, and curſe their wanton eyes,
When ruthleſs death ſhall ſeize them with ſurprize!
How will they curſe the partners of their ſhame,
When doom'd to dwell with ever-raging flame!
Be timely wiſe, and check your wand'ring eyes,
Since ſhame and ruin are the mighty prize,
You take ſuch care, ſuch fatal pains to win;
O be not lur'd once to this vileſt ſin!

9. Such ſuperiors as neglect this important duty, approve not themſelves the children of that venerable Patriarch, who acquired the honourable title of the *Friend of God;* and yet neglected it is by myriads, who profeſs to hope that they ſhall be hereafter bleſſed with him.

This loathſome vice makes reaſon ſadly blind,
Corrupts the fleſh, yea more, pollutes the mind.
Few, few, alas! from her dread ſhades return,
Their joys are ſhort, thro' endleſs years they'll mourn.
In vain they chuſe, and ſeek the darkeſt time,
In vain attempt to hide their odious crime;
God ſtill beholds, for with him it is light,
No guilty deeds conceal can ſhades of night.
Such ſhades his eyes pervade, like beams of noon,
The ſtars too witneſs, and the ſilent moon;
Amidſt the gloom he ſpies you—marks your name,
And all ſuch deeds records to future ſhame *.

Indulge no more to hidden ſcenes of ſin,
For ſoon will vice rouſe keen remorſe within.

Can

* The late pious and worthy Mr Harvey hath ſome ſtriking thoughts to the ſame purpoſe, which I beg leave to tranſcribe—
" The *adulterer* waiteth for the twilight; and, baſer than the vil-
" lain on the highway, betrays the honour of his boſom-friend.
" Now, the *vermin* of the *ſtews* crawl from their lurking holes, to
" wallow in ſin, and feed on the venom of the night. Each ſooth-
" ing himſelf with the *fond notion*, That all is ſafe; that *no eye*
" *ſees*.—And are they then concealed? Prepoſterous madmen! To
" draw the curtain between their infamous practices, and a *little*
" *ſet* of mortals; but lay them open to all the chaſte and *wakeful*
" *eyes* of Heaven. Are they then concealed? No, truly: An eye
" *keener* than the lightning's flaſh, *brighter* than ten thouſand ſuns
" beholds their every motion. The thickeſt ſhades are beaming
" day, to the jealous Inſpector, and ſupreme Judge, of human ac-
" tions. Deluded creatures! have ye not heard, have ye not read
" That clouds and darkneſs are His Majeſtic Reſidence? In the
" very gloom, to which you fly for covert, he erects his Throne.
" What you reckon your *ſcreen* is the *bar* of his *tribunal*. O! re-
" member this: ſtand in awe, and ſin not. Remember that the
" great and terrible God *is about your path*, when you take your
" midnight range; is *about your bed*, when you indulge the loos
" deſire; *and ſpies out all your ways*, be they ever ſo ſecretly con
" ducted, or artfully diſguiſed."

Can you endure, when God to theſe inquires,
When flames of wrath ſhall quench your guilty fires?
When death ſhall once the conſcious part remove,
Deny'd a place among the bleſt above;
What horrid dread to ſpy the pit of pain,
When grace is gone, and juſtice ſtern ſhall reign;
Soul-killing thought—there ever to remain!

As you would not with fiends and furies dwell,
With flames and tortures in the lake of hell;
Come not once nigh to the adult'rous bed,
Which leads direct to chambers of the dead.
O lend no ear to pleaſure's ſiren-ſong,
For there her gueſts are lodg'd, a num'rous throng!
The harlot's paths lead down to caves of death,
And premature her ſons oft yield their breath.
Her commerce kills the body and the mind,
And ſhe the ſtouteſt of the human kind
Can wound, and, by that nauſeous commerce, ſlay—
In ruin deep her darts ſtill myriads lay.
Both death and hell are found within her arms;
For once enamour'd of her fatal charms,
Diſgrace, and wo perpetual are at hand,
She wreaths for fools a baleful, laſting band.

Thrice hapleſs ſouls, who yield their vital breath,
Ere once acquainted with a ſecond birth;
O'er whom this vice hath gain'd unbounded ſway,
In ſuch ſhe ceaſeleſs tortures ſhall diſplay!
For what can purify beyond the grave,
If Jeſus' blood do not from guilt now ſave?
May grace their nature ere too late refine,
And cauſe each lovely virtue there to ſhine;

That

That they hereafter may aſcend to God,
And bliſsful dwell in his ſublime abode!
May Heav'n's pure fount now purge their ev'ry ſtain,
Mature their virtue—from each ſin reſtrain;
Make them in Jeſus ev'ry way complete,
And fit to worſhip humbly at his feet!
May God forbid, this vice ſhould ſtill defile,
Britannia's ſons, with wo menace her iſle;
Spread dire contagion o'er her guilty race,
Till fountains ſeal'd ſhall prove each mean of grace.

O'ER pleaſure's ſmooth, but dang'rous ſtream appear,
The ſpoils of virtue, which demand a tear,
The floating wrecks of ruin'd innocence;
So many trophies to o'erpow'ring ſenſe.
Ye monſt'rous wretches of the human race,
Who hunt for females of ſuperior grace,
With helliſh view, their deareſt pride to ſtain,
Yet leave, when humbled, to remorſe and pain;
Who can, by arts of feigned love, enſnare,
Till once allur'd the unſuſpecting fair,
To gratify your worſe than brutal luſt;—
Ah! mark your victims levell'd to the duſt.
Ye murd'rous throng, who ſport with human pain,
Can wound the heart, whoſe love your arts did gain;
Make thoſe thrice wretched in their early bloom,
Yea more, expoſe them to an endleſs doom,
Whom you are bound by ev'ry tie to ſpare,
Nay, treat as objects of your deareſt care!

Can

Can you the fruits of your baſe crimes ſurvey,
Yet to redreſs the injur'd fair delay *?
Your broken vows recorded are on high,
And for due vengeance to your Judge ſtill cry;

Who

* A well-known author †, introduces a letter, wrote by a mother to a certain Nobleman, who had ſeduced her daughter, by the following remarks: "There are a ſort of knights-errant in the world, "who, quite contrary to thoſe in romance, are perpetually ſeeking "adventures to bring virgins into diſtreſs, and to ruin innocence. "When men of rank and figure paſs away their lives in theſe cri- "minal purſuits and practices, they ought to conſider, that they "render themſelves more vile and deſpicable than any innocent man "can be, whatever low ſtation his fortune or birth have placed him "in. Title and anceſtry render a good man more illuſtrious, but "an ill one more contemptible.

"I have often wondered, that theſe deflowerers of inno- "cence, tho' dead to all the ſentiments of virtue and honour, "are not reſtrained by compaſſion and humanity. To bring ſor- "row, confuſion, and infamy into a family; to wound the heart of "a tender parent, and ſtain the life of a poor deluded young wo- "man with a diſhonour that can never be wiped off, are circum- "ſtances, one would think, ſufficient to check the moſt violent paſ- "ſion in a heart which has the leaſt tincture of pity and good na- "ture. Would any one purchaſe the gratification of a moment at dear a rate? and entail a laſting miſery on others, for ſuch a "tranſient ſatisfaction to himſelf; nay, for a ſatisfaction that is ſure, "at ſome time or other, to be followed with remorſe."

A late judicious writer, deſcribing the nature of preſumptuous ſins; has ſome remarks which too juſtly apply to daring ſinners of this vileſt ſort, theſe beaſts of prey in human form:—"The ſame "may be ſaid of *whoremongers and adulterers, whom God will* "*judge*;" namely, that their crimes muſt in every caſe be preſump- tuous. "For tho' ſuch tranſgreſſors commonly plead the violence "of temptation; yet, this of itſelf cannot excuſe from preſumption, "unleſs the temptation be ſo ſudden and ſurpriſing, that it gives the "perſon no leiſure to exerciſe his reaſon; which I am perſuaded is "ſeldom or never the caſe. Theſe works of darkneſs are uſually gone "about with greater caution and ſecrecy than are conſiſtent with "mere paſſion, ſo that reaſon hath been employed, tho' in a wrong "way: and this is one of thoſe ingredients that render ſin pre- "ſumptuous."

† The Guardian, No 123.

Who ſhall ere long ſtrike the deſerved blow,
Unleſs true penitence does timeous flow.
Beware, ye Fair, of this perfidious race,
Leſt, when too late, you mourn your deep diſgrace;
Your fall from honour's height to ruthleſs ſhame,
Which brings a laſting odium on your name.
Beware, they roam, ſtill ſeeking to devour,
Whom they can lure, like fiends, into their pow'r;
For all their vows are meant but to decoy
Their prey, which caught, like tygers they deſtroy,
" At plays *they* ogle, at the ring *they* bow,
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;"
They lure their prey by tender ſtrokes of art,
To bribe your reaſon, and miſlead the heart.
Prize, and improve, with care, in early youth,
Each modeſt charm of virtue, faith, and truth,
Of wiſdom, purity, their worth untold,
By far excels the fine Peruvian gold:
For beauty's faireſt bloſſom quickly dies,
Tho' this may pleaſe us, 'tis the fruit we prize.
Forbid, the boaſt of your dear Parents race,
Should on their houſe reflect ſuch deep diſgrace;
Let not th' alluring charms of lawleſs love,
Tempt to forget the Pow'r who reigns above.
Shame and remorſe the guilty breaſt annoy,
And ſtill ſucceed the blaze of ſtained joy.
The ſcenes of pleaſure paſt, theſe ſtill remain,
Yea, haunt, like ghoſts, and ſhall inflict freſh pain.
Be warn'd, ye Fair, and ſhun ſo dread a fate,
What countleſs woes illicit love await!

Its luſcious draughts the human mind enthral,
Their ſweeteſt potions ſoon are turn'd to gall.
Chaſte pleaſures fly from guilt on rapid wing,
Amid her choiceſt flow'rs fell vipers ſting.
Tho' youth entice, ſtill dread what virtue ſtains,
No joys indulge producing laſting pains.
Tho' man enſnare, in vain to him you turn,
The gem he ſtole, unmov'd he'll hear you mourn;
Nay, brutal paſſions into hate will riſe,
When once ſecur'd the long-purſued prize *.
A female's honour ſoil'd, what can repair?
The ſtains contracted, cleave ſtill to the fair;
For man, tho' partial to his baſer kind,
To theſe in woman he is ſeldom blind.
Beware of what would you to vice allure,
And ſtill be cautious, if you would be pure.
Who once can bide to view her hideous face,
Are well nigh won, and will ere long embrace.
While the inſidious mirror lures the eye,
As from a peſt, from the dear image fly;

* In what a ſtriking manner hath this been verified in the infamous conduct of wicked Amnon towards his ſiſter Tamar! The ſacred hiſtorian tells us, that "Amnon hated her exceedingly; "ſo that the hatred, wherewith he hated her, was greater than "the love wherewith he had loved her." 2 Samuel xiii. 15. Baſe, ungrateful, and worſe than brutal, as this tranſition and its fruits are, yet how many copy his example, abandoning thoſe they have once ſeduced to all the dire extremes of indigence and miſery! Divine juſtice will infallibly purſue them; for tho' they eſcape puniſhment from men, yet a ſin-avenging God will not ſuffer them to eſcape his righteous judgment; the viſitation of which often marks their iniquity in ſuch legible characters, as if written with a ſun-beam.

Leſt pride ſhould captivate, and rule the mind,
And all her kindred train free acceſs find.
The pride of virtue, or of beauty's ſway,
Portends a fall, and for it paves the way;
While humble, modeſt worth abides the ſtorm,
And grace the fair to angels ſhall transform.
What God hath made you, cannot ſure degrade.
To nature's charms add thoſe which never fade;
For by the lovely beauties of the mind,
All the external features are refin'd;
While pride, and kindred paſſions mar the face,
Yea, ſadly tarniſh it's each faireſt grace.
Not few whom pleaſure's ſons hail all divine,
Tho' bright as jewels, are in heart like ſwine;
Their beauty ſtain'd, by ſins of odious dye,
Deceitful arts to pleaſe, and lure they try.
With your own charms, ye Fair, be ſtill content,
Nor once eſſay to add to theſe by *paint* *.

Would

* The learned Judge on the bench, in his charge to the Jury o
a late trial for the ſeduction of a married woman, or what the la
terms *Crim. Con.* hath told us, That the uſe of *paint* has now becom
univerſal, and quite common among the female ſex! The action w
brought by a Richard Moreſom the younger, a gentleman of for
tune and character in Yorkſhire, againſt one Clarke, the defendan
a perſon of property, and a magiſtrate, reſiding in the ſame plac
to recover damages, for having ſeduced and taken away the wi
of the plaintiff. Such conduct was the more criminal in the fed
cer, he being 50 years of age, and having an amiable wife of h
own, and four children by her. This atrocious crime received
farther aggravation from the public character he ſuſtained as a m
giſtrate, alſo as being committed under that very roof where h
was often entertained as a friend, and had viſited in habits of th
ſtricteſt friendſhip. When this ſhameful and perfidious practice,
a practice which ſtrikes at the root of private happineſs, religio
morali

Would you preſerve your name and honour pure,
Avoid whatever would to vice allure.
Fair virtue's charms ſtill decorate the face,
Make beauty's ſelf appear with brighter grace.
We call in foreign aid, theſe not poſſeſs'd,
But, ah! their worth cannot be ſo replac'd.
We never lacker the refined gold,
But toys, that hence they may to fools be ſold.
The wiſe cannot with tinſel-glare be caught,
What's fair to view, not ſeldom is found naught.
Can real beauty need illuſive aid?
'Tis but defects we throw into the ſhade.
All thoſe, who paint, their want of charms bewray,
We borrow not till our own funds decay.

morality, and the well-being of ſociety, comes to prevail, as of late; does it not afford a melancholy proof of our ſad degeneracy? In the above caſe, the Jury gave verdict for the plaintiff, 3500*l.* damages. This ſum, tho' conſiderable, is, however, to a man of fortune, no real puniſhment. Atrocious as theft is, and deſerving of juſt chaſtiſement; yet there is no compariſon betwixt ſtealing a little of a man's property, and ſeducing the wife of his boſom, by artifice, addreſs, and every expedient enflamed paſſions can inſpire; and, notwithſtanding, we ſee the former puniſhed with death, perhaps when there is no repetition of the crime, or obſtinate perſeverance in it, while the latter is ſuffered to paſs with a pecuniary mulct. It was not ſo under the Moſaic inſtitution; nor was it ſo even among Heathen nations, who had ſuch a ſenſe of the enormous guilt, and pernicious conſequences of *adultery*, as to make it puniſhable by death. It would be uncandid to conſtrue the lenity wherewith the perpetrators of this heinous crime are treated into a ſenſe of ſimilar guilt in the breaſt of Judge and Juries, or a ſecret predelection for ſuch practices; yet is it evident the cauſe and blame muſt lie ſomewhere. It is much to be wiſhed, that the puniſhment of crimes were, as far as poſſible, proportioned to their nature, magnitude, and effects; of all which God muſt be allowed to be the beſt Judge, and his word the beſt rule.

Such efforts muſt proceed from ſome deſign,
What this may be, not hard is to divine*.
In ſocial life, what ills each where abound!
Defects in duty, or offences found;
Neglect

* In the courſe of the trial referred to in the preceding note, the Counſel for the defendant urged, in extenuation of his crime, That the lady in queſtion *painted*, with too apparant view to allure him into the ſnare. No doubt, he might too juſtly infer, that, when married women gave into this practice, ſome ſuch thing muſt be the motive. Bad as the men are, there would not, in all probability, be ſo many ſeductions, did not the *levity* of the other ſex encourage them. If there be too few of Joſeph's character, whether among the married or ſingle of the male ſex; it is to be feared, the number of our *Lucretias* is not, perhaps, exceeding great.

We read in ſcripture of ſome that uſed paint, no doubt with deſign to be admired for their charms; yet was it with expreſs marks of the divine diſapprobation. Jezebel, ſo much noted for her wickedneſs and idolatry, is ſaid to have practiſed this illuſive art—"Jezebel," ſaith the ſacred hiſtorian, "painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window;" and in this ſituation did the juſtice of God overtake her, and bring to an ignominious end. 2 Kings ix. 30. This very practice God ſpecifies in particular, by his prophet, as aiding to fill up the meaſure of his people's iniquity, and mature them for deſerved ruin. He, at the ſame time, connects it with adultery—as leading to the commiſſion of that crime; and with idolatry, which is ſpiritual whoredom. "Thou paintedſt thy eyes, and deckeſt thyſelf with ornaments." Ezek. xxiii. 40. We alſo find another prophet thus concluding a ſolemn deſcription of the awful effects of the divine diſpleaſure againſt ancient Iſrael—"When thou art ſpoiled, what wilt thou do? tho' thou clotheſt thyſelf with crimſon, tho' thou deckeſt thee with ornaments of gold, tho' thou *renteſt thy face with painting*, in vain ſhalt thou make thyſelf fair; thy lovers will deſpiſe thee, they will ſeek thy life." Jer. iv. 30.

If there be nothing *particularly criminal* in this practice, as the Judge alluded to above was pleaſed to affirm, from theſe paſſages, however, it does not appear to be either very innocent in itſelf, or harmleſs in its conſequences. In Paris, (we have been told,) a lady is excluded from their patriotic ſocieties, if it is diſcovered that ſhe uſes paint. Can our fair country-women then chuſe any longer to

ape

Neglect of parents, children's perverſe port,
Unfaithful menials, who their maſter hurt;
Corrupt ſuperiors, void of pious care,
Who ſet a pattern fitted to enſnare!

What

ape a practice, which thoſe from whom they borrow it now conſider as a diſgrace? Would our Britiſh ladies, who have *univerſally* adopted the uſe of paint, (if we may credit the above information,) and are ſo apt to pique themſelves on dreſs and finery, but peruſe with care what the Lord ſaith of the character and puniſhment of the Jewiſh ladies of faſhion, could they ſo value themſelves on ſuch tinſel ornaments? "Moreover, the Lord ſaith, Becauſe the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with ſtretched-forth necks, and wanton eyes, walking, and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: Therefore the Lord will ſmite with a ſcab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will diſcover their ſecret parts. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round-tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings, and noſe-jewels, the changeable ſuits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the criſping-pins, the glaſſes, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails. And it ſhall come to paſs, that inſtead of ſweet ſmell there ſhall be ſtink; and inſtead of a girdle, a rent; and inſtead of well-ſet hair, baldneſs; and inſtead of a ſtomacher, a girding of ſackcloth; and burning, inſtead of beauty." Iſa. iii. 16,—24. Theſe things would, no doubt, ſeem very harſh to thoſe to whom they were at firſt addreſſed, and will ſtill be thought very rude and uncourtly by the gay and modiſh; yet were they awfully verified in the courſe of divine providence; and, conſidering the ſpeaker, need any apology be made for recommending them to the ſerious attention of our fair country-women? No perſonal charms, no external finery, no not even the apparent innocence of virgins, can ſcreen from the divine vengeance, if they are ſtill found to poſſeſs, in the ſenſe and language of ſcripture, the character of *fooliſh virgins;* for ſuch will the great Lord and Judge of all at laſt addreſs, when the door of mercy is for ever ſhut, "Verily I ſay unto you, I know you not." Mat. xxv. 12. Theſe ancient dames of faſhion were not under greater obligations to Heaven than our highly favoured Britiſh females down to the meaneſt of them; and ſhould theſe be found to equal, or exceed thoſe in levity and

vice,

What parents cruel as the beaſts of prey,
Or teach, or leave their children ſtill to ſtray!
Hence theſe in wicked courſes heedleſs run,
By their example, or neglect undone.

No

vice, how can they hope to eſcape their fate, or a more ſevere doom in the world to come?

Would it not too much extend this note, I find myſelf inclined to tranſcribe ſome judicious thoughts on this ſubject, from Socrates, that eminent ſage of antiquity. He introduces his friend reaſoning with his wife, about the impropriety of uſing certain paints, in order to make herſelf appear more fair and ruddy than nature had made her; tho' all with a view to pleaſe her huſband. After ſeveral pleaſant remarks on both ſides, he concludes by telling her, "Believe me much leſs delighted with the colours of Cerus and "Vermilion, than with the taint nature herſelf has given you. The "pure and unpainted body of a woman is ever moſt acceptable to "a man, who muſt chiefly delight in her own natural complexion. "Theſe deceits may, perhaps, impoſe upon ſtrangers, ſo that they "may not percieve them; but, to hoſe who are always with them, "a number of things may daily occur to betray the counterfeit "complexion *." His reaſoning is perfectly juſt, for paint is thrown away on a good complexion, and the uſe of it, indeed, betrays a diffidence of their own native charms. But is it to pleaſe a parent, or a huſband, that our modiſh dames paint, tho' for either to be pleaſed with ſuch an acquiſition would not argue much in favour of their good ſenſe? or is it from motives leſs laudable?

An inſpired writer will teach them a more honourable and effectual mean of ſecuring univerſal eſteem; however repugnant it may appear to the connoiſſeurs of faſhion—"I will, that women adorn themſelves in modeſt apparel, with ſhame-facedneſs and ſobriety: not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or coſtly array, but, (which becometh women profeſſing godlineſs,) with *good works*." "Whoſe adorning, let it not be that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel: but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a *meek and quiet ſpirit*, which is in the ſight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time, the holy women alſo who truſted in God adorned themſelves, being

in

* Socrates' Memorable Things.

No wonder then youth fail in filial love,
And diſobey th' Eternal Pow'r above.
That this too much prevails within our land,
Facts, mournful facts, atteſt on ev'ry hand.

Unfaith-

in ſubjection unto their own huſbands." 1 Tim. ii. 8, 9. 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4, 5.

The remarks contained in this and the preceding note, were occaſioned by a paragraph in the papers, and might have been introduced, perhaps with greater propriety, connected with the ſtrictures on the female ſex, had not that part of the Addreſs been thrown off before it appeared. They are not, however, diſconnected from the vice of impurity; for the arts here reprobated are leſs apt to conciliate honourable love, than to feed the infectious flames of looſe deſire.

☞ I ſhall be excuſed for tranſcribing here ſome judicious counſels, reſpecting ſeveral branches of luxury, which one who well knew the world, and moved in a high ſphere in life, gave to his own ſon, when about to enter on that active ſcene. 'You muſt fly, (ſays 'he,) the exceſſes of that enchantreſs *pleaſure*. Pleaſure, when it 'becomes our buſineſs, makes buſineſs a torment; and it is as im-'poſſible to purſue both, as to ſerve God and Mammon. You may 'perhaps think this leſſon hard to learn; but it is, nevertheleſs, the 'reverſe of the prophhet's roll; and if bitter in the mouth, is ſweet 'in the belly.

'*Exceſs* is a pleaſurable evil, that ſmiles and ſeduces, enchants 'and deſtroys. Fly her very firſt appearance then: it is not ſafe 'to be within the glance of her eye, or ſound of her voice; and, 'if you once become familiar with her, you are undone. Let 'me further add, that ſhe wears a variety of ſhapes, and all plea-'ſing, all accommodated to flatter our appetite, and inflame our 'deſires.

'To the epicure ſhe preſents delicious banquets; to the baccha-'nal, ſtore of exquiſite wines; to the ſenſualiſt, his ſeraglio of miſ-'treſſes; to each, the allurement he is moſt prone to; and to all, a 'pleaſing poiſon that not only impairs the body, but ſtupifies the 'mind, and makes us bankrupts of our lives, as well as our credits 'and eſtates.

'Above all things then, be temperate. And, firſt, in *eating*. 'One expenſive mouth will wear out ſix pair of hands: and a ſhil-'ling will appeaſe the wants of nature more effectually, as well as 'more innocently, than a pound. This caution deſerves your at-

'tention

Unfaithful huſbands, prodigal, unkind,
Wives laviſh, vain, to their own int'reſt blind;
Unmeet for other in the preſent ſtate,
They forward, and enhance their future fate.

Theſe

'tention ſo much the more, as you are ſtationed in a city †, where 'one of the reigning vices is the riot of a prodigal table; a riot 'that has been ſeverely inveighed againſt by our more abſtemious 'neighbours, and which even an effeminate Aſiaſtic would bluſh to 'be reproached with.

'But, however injurious this kind of exceſs may be to the body, 'or the purſe, it is not ſo criminal in many reſpects, as that of li-'ving only to be a thoroughfare for *wine* and *ſtrong drink*. For he 'that places his ſupreme delight in a tavern, and is uneaſy till he 'has drank away his ſenſes, renders himſelf ſoon unfit for every thing 'elſe: frolic at night is followed with pains and ſickneſs in the 'morning; and then, what was before the poiſon, is adminiſtered as 'the cure: ſo that a whole life is often waſted in this expenſive 'phrenzy; poverty itſelf only cutting off the means, not the incli-'nation; and a merry night being ſtill eſteemed worth living for; 'tho' fortune, friends, and even health itſelf, have deſerted us; 'nay, tho' we are never mentioned, but with contempt and diſgrace, 'and to warn others from the vices that have been our undoing. 'When you are moſt inclined to ſtay another bottle, be ſure to go. 'That is the moſt certain indication which can be given, that you 'have drank enough. The moment after, your reaſon, like a falſe 'friend, will deſert you, when you moſt need its aſſiſtance: you 'will be ripe for every miſchief, and more apt to reſent, than fol-'low any good counſel that might preſerve you from it.

'There is, likewiſe, an intemperance in *dreſs*; which, tho' not 'ſo blameable or dangerous as either of the others, is nevertheleſs 'worth your care to avoid. Tho' this folly is not of Engliſh growth, 'it agrees ſo well with the ſoil, that it flouriſhes rather more here, 'than where it firſt ſprung up. Pretenders at court, frequenters 'of public places of reſort, and thoſe who dazzle the ladies, firſt a-'dopted the faſhion; and from them, tho' with ten-fold abſurdi-'ty, it has ſpread to the inns of court, and *Royal Exchange*. Dreſs 'is, at beſt, but a female privilege; and, in men, argues both levi-'ty of mind, and effeminacy of manners. But, in a citizen, an af-'fectation of this kind is never to be pardoned: in him it is a vice 'as well as a folly, as opening a door to extravagance, which never

'fails

† London.

Theſe adverſe draw in the connubial yoke,
Till each endearing tie is, ah! quite broke.
Too many menials are there, who injure
Their maſter's name, and goods, yet won't endure
Reproof

'fails to be attended with ruin: and the prudent never care to deal 'with a man who muſt injure either them or himſelf. Wherever 'there is a woman in a family, there is a natural iſſue for all the 'expence that can be ſpared on that article: and that poor wretch 'muſt have a miſerable head, who would inflame his wife's follies 'by his own. In ſhort, Son, to lay out money in fine clothes, may 'be juſtified in fortune-hunters, becauſe it is their ſtock in trade; 'but in no body elſe: the wall in the ſtreet, or ſome little defer-'ence, where you are *not known*, being all the advantages attend-'ing it; and, where you *are*, abſurd finery is no more regarded, 'than a poor player on the ſtage in the robes of a prince. The fop, 'who came into the preſence of Henry VIII. with an hundred te-'nements upon his back, would have had twice as many hats off, 'if he had annually put the rents into his pocket. It is, therefore, 'wiſdom to wear ſuch apparel as ſuits your condition, not ſordid 'and beggarly, or foppiſh and conceited; agreeable to what the 'poet puts in the father's mouth, ſpeaking to his ſon of his habit, 'which he adviſes to be *rich, not gaudy, or expreſſed in fancy.*'

To the above may be juſtly added, That the rage for finery in dreſs hath pervaded the very loweſt claſſes of the people. The ſervant-maid, in this reſpect, muſt, forſooth, ape her miſtreſs; and ſo affect things above her ſtation, that one is tempted to think ſuch extravagance cannot be ſupported by their own honeſt labour. Thoſe who begin ſo early to wear, like the ſnail, all they have in the world on their own back, give little reaſon to hope they will become in future frugal houſe-keepers, and helps meet for honeſt tradeſmen, or poor day-labourers: and hence, if the other ſex act from prudential motives in the choice of companions for life, no wonder many of them ſhould be left to die old maids.

The Apoſtle exhorts, "Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand:" and adds, "Every man that ſtriveth for the maſtery is temporate in all things." Phil. iv. 5. 1 Cor. ix. 25. In what pathetic ſtrains does he lament the neglect of this exhortation?—"For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the croſs of Chriſt; whoſe end is deſtruction, *whoſe God is their belly*, and whoſe glory is in their ſhame, who *mind earthly things*." Phil. iii. 18, 19. To this ſource may be traced the many bankruptcies which daily take place, and the impriſonment of ſuch vaſt numbers

Reproof, or counſel, thro' vain pride of heart,
Too oft they act the ſlothful ſervant's part.
Neglect of maſters, and their impious ways,
While vice and folly ſtill engroſs their days,
Make ſervants faithleſs, and of haughty port,
Unaw'd of God, of paſſions vile the ſport.

Vice, by theſe means, does ſtill her triumphs ſwell,
Yea, ſends her vanquiſh'd ſlaves in ſhoals to hell;

While

for debt, whoſe life becomes uſeleſs to themſelves, to the public, and their connections. The Attorney General lately told us, in a debate of the Houſe of Commons, That there were upwards of *thirty thouſand* priſoners confined throughout the different jails of the kingdom for debt; a greater number than has ſometimes formed flouriſhing ſtates. This being the caſe, no wonder the number of thoſe who yearly fail in their circumſtances, or become bankrupt, ſhould ſwell to ſome hundreds, and that they ſhould be ſtill on the increaſe†. What a ſad proof and picture of the extravagance and profligacy of our manners! Is there not hence, too much truth and juſtice in the following deſcription of *modern politeneſs*, which appeared ſome time ago in a news-paper?

'The modern meaning of the word *politeneſs* is a ſmart equi-
'page—a ſingularity in dreſs—a taſte for Italian operas and con-
'certs—a good ſtock of impudence—a knowledge of cards, and a
'large quantity of paint: And, without theſe, neither man nor wo-
'man is accounted a proper perſon to be admitted into the circle
'of faſhion. As to good ſenſe, learning, honour, hoſpitality, and
'ſuch old-faſhioned lumber, they are not even bearable. Hence
'it is that our men of quality, at their firſt ſtep into life, commence
'ſpendthrifts, and at their exit generally die beggars; and thus the
'ſins of the fathers are viſited upon the children.

'To be polite, as the world now goes, introduces extravagance—
'extravagance begets indolence—indolence is the parent of debts,
'and debts unpaid produce ruin. We have innumerable inſtances
'at this moment, of gentlemen figuring away in the firſt companies,
'who owe tens of thouſands, and poſſeſs not ſo much as would pay
'their creditors one half-penny in the world. They firſt get into
'debt, and then into Parliament to keep them out of goal.' When
things come to ſuch a paſs, what can we expect but inevitable ruin,
unleſs prevented by a ſpeedy reformation?

† In the year 1790 the number of bankruptcies in Britain, as ſtated in the papers, was 657, being 72 more than the preceding year; and these from the merchant down to the meaneſt mechanic.

While crimes abound of a deep, crimſon hue,
Which each revolving day does but renew.
Hence, numbers make a fatal, ſhameful end,
And impious tenets all their aid ſtill lend.
Domeſtic ſcenes a nurſery muſt prove,
To plant the ſhades below, or climes above.
When theſe the cauſe of irreligion ſerve,
May Heav'n benign from their effects preſerve!

WHAT various forms does vice each where aſſume,
What myriads of our race does ſhe conſume,
By means ſtill flatt'ring to the human eye,
Yet diſapproved of the Pow'r on high!
To trace their ſum, their ev'ry trait recount,
Would all the pow'rs of utterance ſurmount.
Enough is ſeen, if we are taught to hate
What would accelerate Britannia's fate;
If taught in time theſe fatal paths to ſhun,
In which, alas! too many thoughtleſs run.
Ah! does not *Luxury* our land aſſail,
Yea, o'er all ranks with boundleſs ſway prevail?
Its baleful effects ſuch, what tongue can tell,
They in their guilt and number daily ſwell?
Tho' patient Heav'n ſhould ſtill protect our iſle,
Increaſe our wealth by his protracted ſmile;
Yet ſuch this vice, how can webe but poor!
Her thouſand mouths would all that wealth devour.
Whence haughty heirs, whoſe vaſt and ample ſtore
A line of frugal ſires improv'd before,
Not ſeldom ſee all dwindle to an end,
Can aught ſupply what luxury would ſpend?

Tho' God be lib'ral, and ſtill load their board,
Give, one would think, nigh an exhauſtleſs hoard;
They ſhare his bounty void of pious care,
How can their table then but prove a ſnare *?
From grateful hearts no votive praiſes riſe,
Within their domes to the propitious ſkies.
Fed at his board, protected by his care,
They yet preſent him not the tithe of pray'r.
Of divine favours, they are but the tomb,
Which ſtill cries give, in order to conſume,
While to their Author's praiſe theſe never bloom.
Ah! tho' they ſhare earth's goods in ample ſtore,
Too rarely feel they for the ſick and poor,
Whoſe wants and pains in vain may urge and call,
For they can prove both deaf and blind to all;
While folly's claims obtain a quick return,
Tho' high and laviſh, theſe they never ſpurn.
When this devourer hath conſum'd the prey,
She prompts her thralls to each unhallow'd way.

What

* "The proſperity of fools ſhall deſtroy them." David ſaith, "Let their table be made a ſnare, and a trap, and a ſtumbling-block, and a recompence unto them." Prov. i. 32. Rom. xi. 9. This, in the original text, from which the Apoſtle quotes it, like many other ſeeming imprecations in ſcripture, is not ſo much a prayer, as a prediction, or threat, and might be ſo rendered. Do not many ſit down to partake of the bounties of Providence, with as little ceremony as the ox to his fodder, not once acknowledging their bountiful Benefactor. Or if they ſeem to do it, yet is it only in ſuch a manner as implies an inſult both to him, and to the company, muttering over a word or two in the moſt irreverent manner. They ſeem to forget the exhortation which ſaith, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatſoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. x. 31. To have no higher ends in theſe and the like natural actions, than merely to gratify animal appetites, is to degrade our nature to a level with the inferior creatures, which are capable of the ſame ends.

What baſe expedients will not theſe oft try,
If by their means they can gain freſh ſupply.
Hence, *gaming* reigns, and many a knaviſh art,
The laſt reſource of a corrupted heart.
Hence ſome, once rich and great, mere beggars die,
Thrice wretched here, nor having hope on high *.

Suppoſe

* The Public were lately told, That an Engliſh Baronet, one of the oldeſt by creation, having reduced himſelf to extreme indigence, by the too faſhionable vices of gaming and diſſipation, his remains were kept above ground till money could be got to defray the charge of his funeral. How juſt that ancient axiom, *Virtue is the trueſt nobility*, while vice entails diſgrace, poverty, and wo!

At a time when the prevalence of luxury, the love of falſe pleaſure, and the pride of life, unite but too ſucceſsfully their fatal influence, in ſeducing ſo many of all conditions to live above the rank Providence aſſigns them in ſociety; every caution and admonition againſt theſe, and diſſuaſive from them, muſt be ſeaſonable, and merit our attentive regard. The young and unexperienced, who are moſt apt to be caught with the glare of exterior ſhew, moſt liable to fall into the diſſipations of pleaſure, and moſt apt to be infected with the contagion of evil example, ſtand more peculiarly in need of friendly advice, in regard to prudential management. Example is, however, more efficacious than precept; for tho' the aged and more experienced ſhould inſtruct and admoniſh them on this head, what will their inſtructions and admonitions avail, ſhould their own practice habitually take a quite oppoſite direction? More than bare advice is neceſſary to ſtem the prevailing torrent, and prevent unwary youth from being carried away with it. O that the many bitter conſequences of a diſſolute courſe would lead all ranks, ages, and conditions, firmly to oppoſe it, and cautiouſly to avoid every inlet to it!

With great propriety therefore does one † thus remonſtrate againſt it, and ſuch as indulge to it—'What are the fruits of *luxury*, *ſenſuality*, and *intemperance?* Diſeaſe preying upon your vitals; at the ſame 'time that your morals are vitiated, your whole frame is enervated,' "the whole head is ſick, the whole heart is faint." 'What are 'the fruits of waſte, profuſion, and extravagance? Want and po-'verty, and a train of conſequences, no leſs fatal to your fortune,

'than

† Dr Watkinſon, in his Eſſay upon Oeconomy, a ſmall tract which contains many excellent prudential maxims.

Suppoſe not once, the rich are bleſt alone,
What labour take they to enjoy their own!
To feel their ſtore, they foreign aid requeſt,
Yea, numbers call to aid them to be bleſt!
Ah! poor ſolace, to hear their glory told!
They ſtill are indigent 'mid all their gold.

Yet

'than the other to your health. Can we count that perſon happy 'who hath *waſted his ſubſtance with riotous living?* No. In the 'nature of things it is incompatible. His mind cannot be at eaſe; 'without are aſperſions and reproaches; within are fear and confu-'ſion! View him in all his connexions, and you will find him e-'qually miſerable, looking in vain for that reſpect which he hath for-'feited by his conduct. Which of the two can be properly ſaid to *en-'joy* life, the prudent, *temperate* perſon, who lives *within* his income? 'or the voluptuary and the ſenſualiſt, who run *beyond* it? For *each* 'counts the life of the *other* madneſs. The voice of reaſon will 'decide; and experience has ſet to its ſeal, that this teſtimony is 'true. We ſee every day the pernicious effects of *profuſeneſs*, and 'whereto it will ultimately tend. Frugality is the ſtrongeſt ſafe-'guard to fidelity: extravagance, on the other hand, is often ob-'ſerved to be antecedent to breach of truſt. Had not the ſteward 'in the goſpel *waſted* the ſubſtance of his Lord, it is very probable, 'having no inducement to the contrary, he would have maintained 'his integrity. Several inſtances concur to point out this truth, 'which is in itſelf obvious. *Want* is the certain conſequence of '*waſte*; and the *ſhame* which ariſes from a ſenſe of poverty, is 'an impulſe to *ſupply* by low ſchemes the deficiencies occaſioned 'by *extravagance*, and to cover their *indigence* at the expence of 'their *probity*. They fancy they preſerve an influence, which, 'when exerted, they find themſelves miſtaken; and under the di-'lemma, in order as they vainly imagine, to retrieve their former 'importance, are tempted to a breach of *truſt*—to violate the rules 'of *juſtice*, and to purſue mean artifices. I need but produce *one* 'inſtance, (and that a ſtriking one,) the celebrated Lord *Verulam*. 'He, therefore, that gives into *profuſeneſs*, muſt not he be deſtitute 'of thought? void of all reflexion? Certainly: The expreſſion of 'the Evangeliſt confirms it—"When he *came to himſelf*;" 'implying, that his former conduct was heady, raſh, and precipitate, 'when all the powers of reaſon lay dormant.

Modera-

Yet, while with wealth the worſt of men abound,
Are not admiring, fawning crowds ſtill found,
Who, to their ſeats, can ſervile viſits make,
If but their ſmiles and pelf they may partake?
At will, for them, their tongue may proudly talk,
And thro' the earth in lies and ſlander walk;

Yea,

'*Moderation* is neceſſary at all ſeaſons, but never *more* required 'than when the mind is elated *with ſucceſs*. Then is the *cri-* 'tical time, and then it is highly requiſite to keep a ſtrict guard o- 'ver the paſſions, leſt they get the aſcendancy over the reaſon. 'The example of the *Iſraelites* is a ſufficient admonition to you 'in the ſacred hiſtory, as that of the *Romans* is in the profane. 'With regard to the *former*, it was not without reaſon that the 'Great Lawgiver admoniſhed them to *take heed and beware*, Deut. 'viii. when they were in the Zenith of their glory: He knew *then* 'was the proper ſeaſon to inculcate the great duty of ſerious thought, 'conſideration, and reflexion. As to the *latter*, it is very evident 'the *Romans* loſt ground by every victory they gained after the '*Carthaginian* war. The reaſon is obvious: With the Provinces 'they added to their Empire, they brought in *new ſpecies of luxu-* 'ry; *diſſoluteneſs* of manners, and a *mad emulation* of all kinds of '*profuſion and expence* run thro' the Empire, and there was no check 'on the *ambition* of the people.

'Take a view of ancient hiſtory. There you will find that the '*glory* of a nation was never founded on the *luxury* of the people; 'but, on the contrary, that it always conſiſted in *diſcipline*, *temper-* 'ance, and the ſalutary maxims of *virtue* and *moderation*. *Luxury* 'always relaxes the ſinews of government. The reaſon is obvious. 'A depravity of taſte, and degeneracy of morals, are the natural 'effects of *luxury and diſſipation*; and when the internal principles 'of action are vitiated, the arts, ſciences, and every rational purſuit, 'muſt of conſequence decline.

'It is a reflexion, which, tho' with reluctancy, Truth obliges 'me to make. A *prevalence* of luxury, the *love* of falſe pleaſure, 'and the *pride* of life tempts, (I had almoſt ſaid,) all perſons to *live* 'above the rank which they hold in ſociety, impelled in a great 'meaſure by that *prevailing* vice †, which ſo eaſily beſets the un- 'guarded, is deſtructive of all *morals*, *induſtry*, and *order*, and a ſti- 'mulus to every other *vicious purſuit*.

In

† Gaming.

Yea, ſhoot their poiſon'd darts againſt the ſky,
And Heav'n itſelf in blaſphemies defy.
With theſe, they ever ſeem to hate and love,
Applaud their taſte, and all their ways approve.
In our great towns, this vice in ſtate appears,
And ev'ry where her gaudy trappings wears.

Our

' In this particular, ſurely' " the *former* times *were* better than " theſe :" ' If we view the general propenſity to *gaiety*, *diſſipation*, ' and *extravagance*, which *at preſent* reigns in all conditions of life. ' *Luxury* hath fatally ſpread its *influence* among thoſe *middling* parts ' of the community, which heretofore were untainted. Dazzled ' with the *falſe glitter* of pomp and grandeur—eager to *outvie* each ' other; their ſenſes are *captivated* with the diſſolute maxims of ' luxury and pleaſure; and no wonder, when they ſee thro' the *me-* ' *dium* of ambition and envy, that they reflect not on the *impropri-* ' *ty* of conduct, the *inequality* of ſtation, or the *diſproportion* of re- ' venue. Certain it is, the manners of the people are *influenced* by ' the *conduct* of thoſe who move in a higher ſphere. The pattern ' they ſet, whether virtuous or vicious, is a model implicitely imi- ' tated by thoſe that are in an inferior ſtation. What are the opi- ' nions and practices of the Rulers, John vii.? Was the queſtion of ' the *ancient* Phariſees, and the *modern* times are actuated by the ' *ſame* motives. Cuſtom and education *lead* the way, and a natural ' diſpoſition *prompts* to it. Of this we have a ſtriking proof in the ' *Lacedæmonian* Republic; which, as a learned Heathen † informs ' us, ſoon partook of the common fate of Empires, when *its leaders* ' fell into a ſtate of degeneracy. Since theſe things are ſo, Luxu- ' ry and profuſion, waſte, intemperance, and its concomitant train, ' muſt therefore *firſt* be baniſhed from the tables of the *great*, and ' *then* we may hope to ſee frugality and ſobriety, induſtry and dili- ' gence, reign among the inferior *orders* of men, and the happy ' fruits of ſuch conduct diffuſed thro' every member of ſociety.

' Were the enjoyments of the voluptuary the foundation of true ' and ſolid *happineſs*; (for *this* is the object in view, tho' they miſs ' their *aim*,) there might be ſome *pretence* at leaſt for ſuch an eager ' purſuit of them. But in truth, the caſe is much otherwiſe: Feli- ' city doth not make her abode with the *ſenſualiſt*, neither does ſhe ' dwell

† Xenophon.

Our men of trade affect at once to riſe,
And, like the great, to figure in our eyes.
Theſe ſtart their courſe where prudent traders end,
And madly run, while confidence can lend;
While art or credit can reſource procure—
Still leſs averſe to guilt than to ſeem poor.

At

'dwell in the *houſe of feaſting*. The voluptuary is *not* the moſt *hap-*
'*py* perſon in the world. For *happineſs* is a *ſecret* thing;—it de-
'pends upon hidden cauſes;—it cannot be *acquired*, nor is ſo valu-
'able a *purchaſe to be made*, but by thought, reflexion, and the com-
'mand of their paſſions. Yet this is that generation, who (notwith-
'ſtanding all our remonſtrances) are wiſer in their own eyes than
'ſeven men that can render a reaſon. They are born for pleaſure.
'They conſider it as the *chief end* of man; and look upon them-
'ſelves as ſent into this world, like the Leviathan, for paſtime and
'recreation. The mind is loſt in a total *diſſipation of thought*; and,
'when they come to themſelves, find nothing to ſupport or reſt up-
'on. So *eager* in their purſuits, that their driving is like the dri-
'ving of *Jehu* the ſon of *Nimſhi*. They *with-hold* their heart from
'*no* joy. But mark well, O ye ſons of pleaſure! the denunciation
'of God, by the mouth of his Prophet: *This ſhall ye have of mine*
'*hand; ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.*

'In this vaſt and beautiful ſyſtem of the univerſe, where not a
'ſingle atom *ſtands ſtill*, where every part of the creation is *employ-*
'*ed*, can it be ſuppoſed with any colour of reaſon, that *man*, endu-
'ed with ſuperior faculties is formed only to ſit down to *eat*, and
'*drink*, and riſe up to *play?* Exod. xxxii. Man was *not* made to
'be *idle*, but was intended from his original ſtate of innocence for
'an *active* life; and therefore, as ſoon as he was formed, he was
'ſent into the garden of Eden, to *till*, to *dreſs*, and to *keep* it.

'To the neglect of a regular method of education, and being
'trained up in a proper inſtitution and diſcipline, may, in a great
'meaſure, be imputed the *diſſipation* and *extravagance* of the *modern*
'times. The ſalutary principles of *Oeconomy* are, for the moſt part,
'either lightly regarded, or thro' a miſtaken notion become, by the
'generality of the world, an object of contempt; and if conſidered
'in this light, it is not to be wondered, that this important branch,
'ſo indiſpenſibly neceſſary to render all perſons happy in them-
'ſelves, and uſeful members of ſociety, makes no part in the edu-

At home, abroad, ſhould we their port ſurvey,
Would you ſuſpect them princes of a day?
Gay-decked inſects flutt'ring in the ſun,
Whoſe route of glory is next moment run?
In dreſs, in equipage, in board, and port,
In modiſh follies, and each gay reſort,
The great they mimic, with each other vie,
Can honeſt gains this ſhameful waſte ſupply?
When theſe ſerve not, in debt they heedleſs run,
Till the jail end the career ſo begun;
Or they compound, and ſo commence anew,
Take root, and ſpring like muſhrooms to our view.

Thus

'cation of their offspring, while the mind is pliant, and flexible, 'and ſuſceptible of the beſt impreſſions.

'Fancy, taſte, and caprice, have invented an infinite number of 'ſuperfluities, unknown to our anceſtors, and introduced many ex- 'penſive *follies*, under the notion of modern *refinements*. To *con- 'tract the deſires* is the grand principle of human *happineſs*.' "Seek- "eſt thou *great* things for thyſelf?" 'The voice of enlightned *rea- 'ſon*, as well as *ſcripture* replies,' "Seek them *not*." Jer. xlv. 5. 'Daily experience confirms *this* truth, that he who *waſtes* his ſub- 'ſtance, when poſſeſſed of a *moderate* fortune, his finances would 'be equally *exhauſted*, if he had a more ample revenue; ſo that, as 'Job obſerves, *In the fulneſs of his ſufficiency he ſhall be in ſtraits*.'

Such is the force and propriety of the above remarks, and the *preſent* need there is of *line upon line*, and *precept upon precept* on this head, that I have rather exceeded in the extracts, but to do juſtice to the excellent little tract whence they are taken, would be to tranſcribe the whole. It is earneſtly wiſhed theſe detached hints may prove a word in ſeaſon to ſome, to diſſuade them from countenancing, or indulging a growing evil, which has already proved fatal to myriads, and muſt be prejudicial to all who give way to it.

The Reader is referred to the valuable *piece* ſubjoined to this Addreſs, where he will find ſome very juſt and ſpirited ſtrictures on *Britiſh luxury*, which, tho' written above fifty years ago, are too applicable to the preſent faſhionable modes of living, that prove ſo ruinous to many; indeed, perhaps more ſo than to thoſe which prevailed at that diſſipated period.

Thus for a time in borrow'd plumes they ſhine,
Till once their ſun to gloomy night decline.
Such are the trophies luxury can boaſt,
Yet theſe appear each where around our coaſt.
A fatal ſyrt *, theſe ſons of guile prepare,
Which ſwallows thoſe entangl'd in their ſnare;
Devours the fruits of their well-earned gain,
And leaves themſelves in mis'ry to complain.
This bird of prey her baneful wings o'erſpread,
From wealth's proud ſummit to the vulgar herd.
Ev'n poor mechanics crouch into her train,
And to her maw preſent their weekly gain.
Too oft do ſuch the Sabbath, ah! ſo ſpend,
That ere it cloſe, they all their funds expend;
The produce waſte ſtill of the week before,
Ere they apply to earn a penny more.
When ſuch to inns, to plays, and ſtews reſort,
And time conſume in frolics and in ſport;
Is it once ſtrange, they ſhould to theft betake,
Tho' juſtice ſtill of ſuch examples make?
When theſe, for pleaſure, wallow like the ſwine,
Does it ſurpriſe, that they to riot incline;
Indulge to exceſs, at their neighbour's coſt,
While they of *King* and *Conſtitution* boaſt †?
When things arrive at ſuch a mournful paſs,
When Britons can their fellows ſo harraſs,

* Syrtis, a quickſand.

† This was ſhamefully verified in the late deſtructive riots at Birmingham; for the *King*, the *Church*, and the *Conſtitution* were made the oſtenſible pretext for committing the moſt unheard of outrages, as if thoſe were in the moſt imminent danger

Indulge to vices of the baſer kind,
Which quench each noble feeling of the mind,
Forgetful of the ſtrong and num'rous ties,
Which bind to other, and bind to the ſkies;
Should we not fear that ruin may be nigh—
Such recompence from him who is Moſt High,
As our united efforts can't defy?

But as to equipage, to dreſs and board,
And all theſe follies riches can afford,
The great and wealthy ſome excuſe may plead,
Tho' in theſe laviſh courſes they ſhould lead,
If they do not their revenues exceed.
But what are all the charms of the above,
Compar'd to acts of charity and love?
What coſtly viands, and the richeſt wine,
To theſe ſweet virtues which unfading ſhine?
What all the pomp of etiquette and dreſs,
With all the reſt to *Truth* and *Righteouſneſs?*
For thoſe on whom the Lord of all confers
Rich gifts, he conſtitutes his almoners.
Theſe talents occupy till once he come,
For he'll require each at the final doom.

Ye Britons, mark, as due, your crowned Head,
Who holds in temp'rance, as in rank the lead,
Taught by his pattern ev'ry courſe decline,
Which againſt health and morals ſtill combine.
The *Royal Pair* the beſt example ſet,
Will this your emulation not beget *?

O would

* 'Oeconomy, (ſays one,) is equally required in the Cabinet and 'in the Field; in *public*, in *private life*; in the ſupport of *govern-*
men

O would their *Race*, beholding this, improve,
And riſe in virtue, as in birth, above!
Then might we joy in their enliv'ning ray,
While growing brighter to the perfect day.
O that each liege would thence a leſſon draw,
Be ſober, temp'rate, to themſelves a law;
Still emulous to copy from the throne,
Such virtues as humanity adorn!

Tho' ſpendthrift debauchees abound each where,
And taint, Britannia, with their crimes thy air:
Yet ſons of av'rice too infeſt thy ſoil,
Earth-worms, who labour with inceſſant toil,
T' amaſs what thankleſs heirs profuſely waſte,
The fruits of ſordid gains cannot long laſt.
Poor miſers brooding o'er the growing heap,
Half-ſtarve their kin, perpetual vigils keep;
Deny'd the pow'r t' enjoy their preſent ſtore,
They ceaſeleſs ſigh, and breath for ſomething more.
What fools, to graſp at ſhadows, quit a prize,
Which not all India's richeſt treaſure buys—
A prize ſecur'd for ever in the ſkies!
Hath wealth, or treaſure, once poſſeſs'd the pow'r,
To purchaſe bliſs? or can theſe Heav'n ſecure?

Protract

'*ment* itſelf. Here a great example preſents itſelf to you, of *One* 'of the moſt *illuſtrious* perſonages in the kingdom. In his way of 'living, *temperate* and *regular;* inviolably preſerving that *proprie-* 'ty of character, which in Kings, who lead the taſte of the world, 'is a diſtinguiſhed virtue; and ſo *methodical* in every branch of '*Oeconomy*, that his attention deſcends to every object. In ſuch 'an age of *diſſipation* and *extravagance*, what may not we hope from 'the happy influence of ſuch an example? From the pattern of *One*, 'who, conſcious of being the Firſt in *Power*, is emulous of being 'the Firſt in *Virtue*.'

Protract of mortal life the ſcanty date,
Their owners tend beyond the preſent ſtate?
Theſe gifts divine were ne'er procur'd with gold,
From earth it ſprings, whate'er is bought or ſold.
Let not the heart to traſh then be confin'd,
Thy deſtin'd end, O man! ſtill bear in mind;
Nor laviſh all its noble pow'rs on earth,
But cry inceſſant for a ſecond birth;
A heav'nly portion which ſhall ne'er decay,
But ſhine exhauſtleſs thro' eternal day.
If love of gold engroſs the human breaſt,
Is it once poſſible it can be bleſt?
Wiſdom and Grace, nought elſe can bleſs the mind,
Impart a happineſs they do not find.
While gracious ſouls poſſeſs a flame divine,
Enhance ev'n gold, and teach it how to ſhine;
Repute a hoarded treaſure but a load,
Nor count their wealth their own till well beſtow'd:
The ſordid churl, who madly doats on gold,
Tho' he acquire ſhould more than can be told,
Amidſt the whole thrice wretched he appears,
Is ſtill in want, and ſtill haraſs'd with fears.

Amid the waſtes of time, the ſpoils of fate,
The cares, the joys, and ſorrows of this ſtate,
While mortals frame ſo many airy ſchemes,
Death may at once deſtroy their golden dreams.
Earth's treaſures ne'er could paſs beyond his bourn,
Whence none of human race can once return.
Ye ſons of av'rice, bear this truth in mind,
Your earthly-all muſt be at death reſign'd,
Thus far they go—muſt then be left behind.

Your

Your heirs, perhaps, will view with joy your hearſe,
The wealth you leave with laviſh hand diſperſe.
The laſt deciſive blow will not delay,
For not far diſtant is your dying day.
To boaſt of years to come, how vain, O man!
For who can once protract life's ſcanty ſpan?
Be wiſe in time, purſue a nobler aim,
Nor paſs your days in a deceitful dream.
Theſe days improve, eternity in view,
Them daily number, and believe them few;
For ſoon to you ſhall time and days be o'er,
Theſe gracious ſeaſons ceaſe, and be no more.
If rich in faith, and grace for heav'n prepare,
You bliſs with God, and angels, ſhall aye ſhare;
While years revolve beyond the reach of thought,
To which ten thouſand, thouſand ages are as nought.
But ſhould we now our paſſing days miſpend,
Which Heav'n, all kind, for nobleſt ends doth lend;
Then juſtice ſtern her triumphs ſhall maintain,
Yea, ſmite, and wound us, with unceaſing pain.

THO' Britain's debt be, ah! immenſely grown,
Grown to a load which ſons unborn ſhall moan;
Yet let us not be tempted to eſſay,
By means unfair, this burden to allay;
Means which true policy muſt ſtill diſprove,
Yea, are offenſive to the Pow'r above *.
Should men be wicked and inclin'd to game,
Why tempt, by public proffers, to the ſame;

Hold

* When the *State Lottery* came to be debated in Parliament, a member† remarked, "That, for his own part, there was no tax which

† Mr Huſſey.

Hold up to view the ſpecious lure of gain,
Which oft decoys to loſs, remorſe and pain?
This gilded ſnare with moral ills is fraught,
Whence thoſe, who by th'illuſive bait are caught,
May to their coſt find it with wo replete,
Yea, be thereby brought to a ſhameful fate.

The

which he would not rather ſubmit to, than acquieſce in a meaſure which, in his opinion, was ſo hurtful and degrading to the community." Correſponding to his opinion is the following obſervation, which appeared in a late Retroſpect of Politics. "The Lottery indeed is always with us a topic for objection; it deſtroys the morals of the people, and, in ſome reſpects impoveriſhes the country. The Lottery is for the ſum of 500,000*l.*; the Miniſter gets 300,000*l.* profit, and before the drawing the Lottery may be ſaid to coſt the Public nearly *three millions*. The people are diſpoſed to game, and may be wicked, but there ſhould be no *legal* temptation."

Beſides the diſagreeable ſtate of anxious ſuſpence, in which the minds of the ſubſcribers muſt be till, to uſe their own language, *fortune determines for or againſt them;* how many are the unhappy conſequences of this ſpecies of gambling both to ſociety and individuals! For one fortunate adventurer, whoſe ſucceſs is placaded thro' the nation, hundreds lament their diſappointment in ſecret, or are driven to criminal ſhifts, in order, if poſſible, to repair their loſs. With regard to the ſucceſsful few, ſeldom do they die the richer for ſuch acquiſitions; which verify the common proverb, *What comes with the wind, goes with the rain.* This with its kindred ſeducements, brought the late unhappy Mr Fonton, the Bank Clerk, to an untimely and ignominious end. Other expedients failing, this was his laſt reſource, in order to recover his embarraſſed circumſtances; and for him an unhappy one indeed. "He proceeded, (ſays one,) *to try his fortune* at the *Lottery*, that fatal bait, now twice a year held out to the unwary, fraught with every evil, public and private, to the fortunes, the lives and the morals of the community." By the introduction of Lotteries a ſpirit of gambling diffuſeth itſelf among all deſcriptions of men. The influence of this ſpirit, however, is chiefly pernicious to the commonality. This branch of finance not only corrupts the morals of the people, by legalizing gaming, and diverting their attention from the regular purſuits of buſineſs; but meantime ſwindles them out of their money

The *Lot* is God's—his province to diſpoſe,
What men call chance, from his direction flows.
The Die, when caſt, his interpoſal claims,
Tho' this arrang'd be in the claſs of games.
Do we in this his ruling hand revere,
Look up to Heav'n with due religious fear?

Beg

ney more effectually than theſe other ſpecies of gaming, which Government interdicts as *deſtructive of morals*. May not many of our failures and bankruptcies be traced to this ſource, and perhaps more ſerious evils? To argue that Government gains by it, and that the public are not forced into it, is not to the purpoſe; for on this principle any thing may be juſtified. If the guardians of the people, inſtead of alluring to, ſhould check, by every eligible mean, each tendency in them to public diſſipation; will any one ſay, that they may conſiſtently barter their morals for a few thouſand pounds? Royal Edicts may indeed pompouſly ſtalk abroad at ſtated times to *ſuppreſs vice and immorality*; but what reformation can they be ſuppoſed to produce, while ſuch dangerous and culpable expedients are ſanctioned by legal authority?—It is like attempting to purify the ſtreams, while the fountain is allowed to remain tainted.

But if this mode of levying money may be reprobated on political principles, much more from religious conſiderations. It appears from the authors of antiquity, whoſe works are come down to us, with what veneration the very Heathens viewed the *caſting of lots*. They juſtly conſidered it as an immediate appeal to Heaven for a juſt deciſion, and to be uſed only on occaſions of the greateſt emergency, where the interpoſal of Deity was deemed neceſſary. They were therefore wont to accompany this rite with prayers and ſacrifices, as appears from many paſſages in their writings. Agreeably to this was the conduct of the Heathen mariners in the ſhip with Jonah; for they appealed to God by lot to diſcover the guilty perſon on whoſe account the tempeſt was raiſed. When the lot fell on Jonah, and there was no alternative, but either he or they muſt periſh; they declare, "Thou, O Lord, haſt done as it pleaſed thee," which reſpects not only the ſtorm, but alſo the detection of the prophet by the lot, which they viewed as the effect of the immediate interpoſition of Deity. Jonah i. 14.

But this matter is put beyond all doubt in ſacred writ, where it is expreſsly ſaid, "The lot is caſt into the lap; but the whole diſpoſing thereof is of the Lord." Prov. xvi. 33. On this text an e-

Beg God would turn the fate-deciding wheel,
As ſeems him good, for this man's loſs or weal?
Or would the object all this juſtify?
Acquit our thus appealing to the ſky?

We

minent Expoſitor† thus comments, 'The Divine Providence or-
'ders and directs thoſe things which are to us caſual and fortuitous.
'Nothing comes to paſs by chance, nor is any event determined by
'a blind fortune, but every thing by the will and counſel of God.
'What man has neither eye nor hand in, God has both.

'When ſolemn appeals are made to Providence by the caſting of
'lots, for the deciding of that matter of moment, which could not
'otherwiſe be at all, or not ſo well decided, God muſt be eyed in
'it by prayer, that it may be diſpoſed aright,' "Give a perfect lot." 1 Sam. xiv. 41. Acts i. 24. 'and by acquieſcing in it when
'it is diſpoſed: being ſatisfied that the hand of God is in it,
'and that hand directed by infinite wiſdom." Whenever a lot is caſt, by which the event, with reſpect to us, is rendered caſual and uncertain, the entire determination of it is from God himſelf; and he claims it as his ſole prerogative. In caſes of neceſſity and moment, (and in ſuch caſes only it is juſtifiable,) he is graciouſly pleaſed to allow us, in order to avoid hurtful contentions, to refer the deciſion of the affair in queſtion to himſelf by lot, provided we do it with a proper regard to him, as the Supreme Arbiter and Diſpoſer of all events; eſpecially of thoſe, the deciſion of which we deſignedly put out of our own power; *The lot cauſeth contentions to ceaſe, and parteth between the mighty.* Prov. xviii. 18.

It is alſo evident, from the uſe made of it both in the Old and New Teſtament, that it was viewed as a direct appeal to God, whoſe interference was ſolicited by prayer; for ſuch appeal is ever expreſſed or underſtood. Hence, ſome have juſtly remarked, that it ſhould never be uſed, but when ſolemn prayer may with propriety be joined to it. Is this obſerved at the drawing of our public lotteries? or, would the occaſion warrant ſuch an addreſs to the God of heaven? Is he not jealous of his honour? and will he not reſent theſe wanton appeals to him, on ſuch trivial occaſions? What ſhall we then think of the conduct of our Legiſlature in this particular, who with Bibles within their reach, can allow themſelves to be guilty of lending their ſanction to the groſs proſtitution of a ſacred rite and of appealing ſo often to the Deity, urging his interpoſal without neceſſity! Will he not, one time or other, viſit for theſe things? Will not the very Heathen riſe up in judgment againſt us, and condemn us for ſuch unhallowed freedoms?

† Mr Henry.

We urge his verdict, while we caſt the lot,
And 'tis profane herein to own him not;
Yet more ſo ſtill, without juſt cauſe to uſe
This rite deciſive, and his claim abuſe.
Should we thus treat the Power who rules on high,
Say, can we ſtill his vengeful ire defy?
Is it the way to eaſe a nation's load,
By off'ring inſults to Almighty God?
By uſing means which render many poor,
And yet at beſt but partial good ſecure?
If this be cant, let God himſelf decide,
Whoſe right to judge ſure cannot be deny'd *.
Ye Britons, then, of this ſnare ſtill beware,
Leſt all your hopes ſhould iſſue in deſpair.
For one who gains, what numbers are undone,
Who in ſuch gambling courſes eager run!
Tho' ſucceſs ſhould your ventures here attend,
Yet bear in mind where all the gain may end.
Not rare the *lucky gambler* is ſeen poor,
Gains diſapprov'd of Heav'n cannot endure.
What comes with wind, not ſeldom goes with rain,
Forget not then the fate of lawleſs gain.

IN what unhallow'd, divers paths men tread,
With view to raiſe, as Mammon's ſons, their head!
To what illicit arts do ſome betake,
If they a little, paltry pelf can make!
No laws, Divine or human, can reſtrain,
Their graſp at riches, tho' forbidden gain.

* Prov. xvi. 33.

Before this idol's ſhrine they ceaſeleſs bow,
And in oblation their beſt treaſure vow.
When ſeized once with this inſatiate rage,
They life and conſcience, ſoul and body pledge;
Their country injure, and defraud their Prince,
Whence, ah! they give both God and man offence.
With ſcorn they treat that mandate ever new,
To Cæſar render what is Cæſar's due *.

Not

* This precept of our Divine Lord is three times repeated in the goſpels, "Render unto Cæſar the things which are Cæſar's;" our compliance wherewith he has been pleaſed to make a part of that obedience which we owe to himſelf. It is therefore difficult to conceive, how thoſe that call themſelves his followers, and profeſs to receive his word as the unalterable rule of their faith and practice, can overlook or evade ſuch expreſs declarations of his ſacred will. Thoſe who abet, or practiſe this clandeſtine and prohibited traffic not only offend God, but likewiſe ſink their own character before men; whence the late Dr Johnſon defines a *ſmuggler* '*A wretch* who imports, or exports goods without payment of the cuſtoms.'

All dealing in uncuſtomed, or *ſmuggled* goods is not only defrauding the public revenue, but materially hurting the fair trader. Not merely thoſe who vend, but alſo thoſe who buy ſuch goods, in whatever quaintity, knowing them to be ſo, are chargeable with this. Theſe practices often involve a complication of the very worſt crimes; ſo that the habitual *ſmuggler* may be juſtly viewed as an enemy to ſociety, and as ſuch deprived of the protection of the laws. Such as carry on this nefarious commerce are, in general, a kind of deſperadoes, who have no proper value for their own life, or that of others; and thoſe who, for the ſake of gain, encourage or aſſiſt them in this illicit traffic, either by purchaſſing or ſelling their goods, or otherwiſe, are ſo far reſponſible for the unhappy conſequences. Tho' many may ſo far go in to theſe courſes, and theſe, perhaps, who have a reputable character before the world, as to procure without ſcruple for their own uſe, or vend to others for profit, articles ſo acquired; yet are we not to follow a multitude to do evil. What is ſaved, or obtained at the expence of probity and a good conſcience, is not likely to increaſe and prolong our earthly poſſeſſions, at leaſt, the real enjoyment of the owner. There is much truth

Not once content to ſeek for honeſt gain,
In their career they heart and conſcience ſtain.
A work of darkneſs this nefarious trade,
Too dear the gain to thoſe who may have ſped.
A worm in ſecret may ſo gnaw the root,
As ſoon to blaſt the ſo acquired fruit;
Which is accurs'd, for 'tis the price of blood,
And ſwells the ſinner's and the nation's load.
Should practices like theſe each where prevail,
Muſt not fair commerce in proportion fail?
Our petty virtue more and more decreaſe,
Our crimes abound, and our fair proſpects ceaſe?
Can thoſe who favour ſuch illicit art,
Be true to God, and loyal in their heart?
Obſerve the precepts by Meſſiah giv'n,
Still making progreſs in the way to Heaven?
Ye ſons of Albion, who ſuch arts purſue,
As are the ſource of miſeries not few,

Would

truth in the common proverb; *Honeſty is the beſt policy;* for experience, in general, proves it to be ſo; even putting religious conſiderations out of the queſtion.

If the extenſion of the Exciſe-laws, and the ſtrict execution of them, be deemed a grievance to the ſubject; we have ourſelves perhaps to blame; for a prevailing diſpoſition to defraud the revenue makes all this but too neceſſary. Theſe things may indeed in certain caſes become burdenſome, and perhaps ſomewhat oppreſſive in the mode of exaction; yet a conſcientious mind will make a point of rendering unto all their dues, *tribute* to whom tribute, *cuſtom* to whom cuſtom. In this, as in other things, the WISDOM from above will be juſtified of her children; for true religion, embraced in its life and power, is the beſt teſt of *loyalty*, and the beſt ſecurity of univerſal obedience; whence Kings and Rulers are in every view concerned to encourage it in their ſubjects.

Would you ſtill proſper as a favour'd race,
And hold among the nations round your place;
Break off each courſe that would to wrath expoſe,
Leſt in theſe ſons ſhe find her greateſt foes;
Practiſe each virtue that deſerves your love,
And ſtill regard that God who reigns above.
Vice in each form will coſt her authors dear,
And ſoon or late impreſs the heart with fear.
Vice taints the heart, and makes our reaſon blind,
Degrades the man, and ſtupifies his mind.
This courtezan, however ſoft her air,
Devours her lovers, once caught in her ſnare,
Whom ſhe to death abandons, and deſpair.
Tho' man was form'd reſembling bright his God,
Form'd for his ſervice, and his bleſt abode;
Yet vice degrades his noble, divine form,
To a foul demon, to a fiend and worm.
No art can draw her linaments ſo baſe,
As from a ſnake, flee from her foul embrace.
So deep her ſtains, her ev'ry touch defile,
She makes her lovers beyond meaſure vile.
Of this beware, when ſhe in ſmiles appears,
Ne'er more a foe than when ſhe friendſhip wears.
" Tho' ſhe's a monſter, of ſo frightful mein,
" Which, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen:
" Yet often ſeen, her too familiar face,
" We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace."
Did we perceive her in her native form,
Perceive her pow'r our nature to deform;
Her pow'r to mar our peace, immerſe in wo,
Which unremitted ſhall perpetual flow,

Deteſt

Deteſt we would her vile thrice odious face,
Nor more delay to aſk celeſtial grace.
Thrice hapleſs ſouls, who ſtill their guilt increaſe,
How can ſuch ſhare proſperity and peace!
Will not due vengeance ſue, and overtake,
Yea, ſuch examples of her juſtice make?
Since time his unremitted courſe began,
Defin'd by days and years the life of man,
Who does not know vice' triumphs are but ſhort,
Who God forſake, their bliſs a moment's ſport?
Tho' ſuch ſhould now with dread profaneneſs cry,
"How can that God who dwells ſecure on high,
"Our thoughts, our words, and deeds minutely view?"
Yet he beholds, and ſhall the whole review.
Tho' in vain honours they ſhould daily riſe,
Till once they ſeem to reach the diſtant ſkies;
Yet ſoon they ſink, like their own ordure toſt *,
To Lethe's clime, where all their hopes are loſt.
In this dark land they lie forgot and low,
This land which titles nor diſtinctions know.
Once in their domes were joys and pleaſures found,
The joys of earth, and muſic's ſoothing ſound.
How ſoon the voice of mirth to ſorrow turns,
Each ſlave of pleaſure in reverſion mourns!

Earth's

* This ſimile may perhaps be thought rather indelicate, nor would the Author venture to uſe it, did not a ſacred writer ſet the example, from whom ſeveral images are here borrowed, and whoſe figures, tho' bold, are ever juſt and ſtriking. Job xx. 7. A ſtronger image of the odious nature of vice, and of the contempt and infamy it brings on the perſon and character of thoſe who indulge to it, can ſcarce be found. The chief beauty of all compariſons is exact reſemblance, and where that fails, be the images in themſelves ever ſo grand and beautiful, they muſt be defective.

Earth's each fair proſpect is with clouds o'erſpread,
The wicked's hopes and corſe in the ſame tomb are laid.
Such as might envy their aſpiring height,
With wonder aſk, O whither is their flight?
They vaniſh as a dream, are chas'd away,
Like a night-viſion, at the break of day.
No mortal eye ſhall more their form ſurvey,
Their ſtately domes exchang'd for huts of clay;
Where rich and great, the feeble and robuſt,
In blended, mould'ring ruins rot to duſt.
What fun'ral pomp t' embalm their worthleſs name!
Can they ſurvive in monumental fame?
The poor remains of rich and great now trace,
Their ſtate and wealth evaniſh in this place.
Tho' they on earth in ſculptur'd marble live,
Unconſcious of the fleeting fame they give,
Can theſe vain efforts to the great give fame?
Can theſe immortalize a mortal's name?
Amid the loathſome manſions of the dead,
Alike o'er rich and poor, for cov'ring ſpread,
The ſiſter-worm, and the cold clayey bed.
While here their corſe remain in loweſt ſtate,
And the dread ſolemn ſummons proſtrate wait;
The conſcious part is either bleſs'd with God,
Or doom'd to wo in mis'ry's dire abode.
Since ſuch the future ſtate of our whole race,
Be wiſe, O man, improve your day of grace;
Which quickly flies, and will ere long be o'er,
When ſlighted mercy ſhall invite no more.

PART.

PART FIFTH.

The iniquity of the houſe of Iſrael and Judah is exceeding great, and the land is full of blood, and the city full of perverſeneſs: for they ſay, The Lord hath forſaken the earth, and, The Lord ſeeth not, And as for me alſo, mine eye ſhall not ſpare, neither will I have pity, but I will recompence their way upon their head. Ezek. ix. 9, 10.

Surely, at the hand of man, at the hand of every man's brother, will I require the life of man. Whoſo ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed: for in the image of God made he man. Gen. ix. 5, 6.

Knowing this, that the law is made for murderers. 1 Tim. i. 9.

The murderer ſhall ſurely be put to death. Whoſo killeth any perſon, the murderer ſhall be put to death by the mouth of witneſſes. Moreover, ye ſhall take no ſatisfaction for the life of a murderer, which is guilty of death: but he ſhall be ſurely put to death. So ye ſhall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land: and the land cannot be cleanſed of the blood that is ſhed therein, but by the blood of him that ſhed it. Numb. xxxv. 18, 30,—33.

Jehoſhaphat ſet judges in the land, and ſaid to the judges, Take heed what ye do: for ye judge not for man, but for the Lord, who is with you in the judgment. Wherefore now let the fear of the Lord be upon you, take heed and do it: for there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor reſpect of perſons, nor taking of gifts. 2 Chron. xix. 4,—7.

He that juſtifieth (or acquitteth) *the wicked, and he that condemneth the juſt, even they both are abomination to the Lord:—For all theſe things God will bring into judgment.* Prov. xvii. 15. Eccl. xi. 9.

Hear this, ye old men, and give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land. Alas, for the day: for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a deſtruction from the Almighty ſhall it come. And the Lord ſhall utter his voice before his army: for his camp is very great: for he is ſtrong that executeth his word; for the day of the Lord is great

and very terrible, and who can abide it? Therefore alſo now, ſaith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with faſting, and with weeping, and with mourning. And rent your heart, and not your garments; for he is gracious and merciful, ſlow to anger, and of great kindneſs, and repenteth him of the evil. Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a bleſſing behind him. Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and pity his people. And it ſhall come to paſs, that whoſoever ſhall call on the name of the Lord ſhall be delivered. Joel i. 2.

Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. Prov. i. 23.

WITH joy, my fellow-ſubjects, you I greet,
For theſe choice bleſſings in your lot that meet;
The precious gifts of kind, indulgent Heav'n,
Long ſince beſtow'd, and ſtill to Britons giv'n.
Theſe are deny'd to nations rich and great,
Where gloom and tyranny have ſtill their ſeat;
Altho' the offspring of the Pow'r on high,
With equal claim to favour from the ſky.
For theſe our Fathers bravely ſtrove and fought,
Our darling *freedom* with their blood was bought.
May it tranſmitted be from ſire to ſon,
While years and ages in ſucceſſion run!
Heav'n deign'd to own their ſtruggles in her cauſe,
Redreſs'd their wrongs, procur'd them equal laws.
Theſe, handed down to their poſterity,
Claim grateful praiſe, while Britons are ſtill free.
While ſtrangers envy, can they but admire,
The bright reſult of freedom's gen'rous fire?
But tho' our *civil conſtitution* claim
Our ardent praiſe, as an endeared theme;
Can we ſurvey our ſtate, and not bewail,
That laws ſo wiſe ſhould not us more avail?

Theſe

Theſe ſome elude, ſome daringly tranſgreſs,
At times the injur'd find not due redreſs.
'Tis only then, that laws and ſtatutes juſt,
Subſerve their end, when ſuch are put in truſt,
With pow'r executive, as faithful prove,
Judge by the laws, and for the Pow'r above.
That 'tis not ſo in ev'ry caſe, all know,
Whence too juſt cauſe to dread impending wo.
Do not ſome crimes impunity ſtill plead,
Tho' God himſelf hath the reverſe decreed;
While juſtice in extreme ſome others find,
To theſe quick-ſighted; but to thoſe purblind?
What He decrees, can human Pow'rs annul,
Or modify his ſtatutes at their will?
His law is fix'd and perfect, where made known,
Fix'd to the *People*, *Senate*, and the *Throne*.
To ſlight this *Rule*, ſhould either prove ſo bold,
Th' Eternal God them guiltleſs will not hold.
Does not fell *ſervitude* within our coaſt,
Find thoſe her *patrons* who of freedom boaſt?
Find partiſans in the commercial line,
Who her unhallow'd gain do not decline?
Can ſuch *unchriſtian* deeds diſgrace our iſle,
While *George*, while *Science*, and dear *Freedom* ſmile?
If God once viſit, ah! what can withſtand,
The vengeful ſtroke of his up-lifted hand?
Will he not find much blood upon our land,
Of myriads ſhed, at home both and abroad,
Which cries aloud for vengeance to their God?
Abroad, what numbers of the human race,
Dragg'd from their friends, and from their native place,

To be expos'd, like herds, on diſtant ſhores,
To ſwell inſatiate av'rice' baſeſt ſtores *!
Of theſe, what num'rous victims fall each year,
By hands of Britons!—Let ſuch learn to fear
The powerful Guardian of the oppreſt,
By whom theſe very Britons are ſtill bleſt.
Shall thoſe who *freedom* make their haughty boaſts,
Their pow'r exert to thrall on diſtant coaſts?
Who ſhare ſuch bleſſings from the Pow'r on high,
Maltreat their fellows, offspring of the ſky?
Hath not one God created our whole race?
Shall we his favour ſhare, theſe find no grace?
Not outward hue attracts his gracious eye,
But mental worth, derived from the ſky.
The haughty lord is oft the baſeſt ſlave,
While grace may own his abject thrall, and ſave.
Ye Britons, give humanity a place,
Break off th' inhuman traffic of your race.
Graſp not at gold, the price of tears and cries,
Which have a voice, prevailing with the ſkies.
All ye, who trade thus with your fellow-kind,
Are to each noble, gen'rous motive blind;
Muſt ſure poſſeſs an avaricious ſoul,
Quite callous, which the baſer luſts control.
Like the horſe-leech, you drink their blood, yea, more,
Devour their fleſh, to ſwell your curſed ſtore;
Your cups are mix'd with negroes tears and gore.
No ſordid paſſions gen'rous boſoms know,
Nor are their feelings proof to others wo.

The

* The Reader will find a few thoughts on the *Slave Trade* ſub
joined in the Appendix.

The virtuous few are to compaſſion prone,
Their tears diſtill for ſorrows not their own.
Can ſuch be generous, and brave, and good,
Who fill their coffers with the price of blood;
Whoſe gain, illicit, proves a ſource of wo
To myriads, whence ten thouſand ſorrows flow?
Ye, who direct the mighty veſſel's helm,
A pattern ſet to ev'ry ſtate and realm;
Nor let baſe lucre here your judgment ſway,
Conſult the heart, its dictates but obey.
Your pow'r employ to bleſs an injur'd race,
O let ſuch God-like equity find place!
By acting here the feeling Patriot's part,
You highly gratify each feeling heart;
While but the avaricious deplore,
Who all poſtpone to lucre's ſordid ſtore;
Yet rather ſhould the price of blood reſtore.
—To Britain's Senate, next to the Moſt High,
They now direct their longing, wiſhful eye,
In hope that thence *dear freedom*'s day will dawn,
To chaſe the gloom of their now ſervile land:
In hope baſe av'rice will henceforth no more,
Enſlave their injur'd kin, to reach her ſtore;
That deareſt relatives no more ſhall mourn,
Their friends kidnapp'd, or ſold ne'er to return,
To ſhare the pleaſures of their native coaſt;
Ah! to their country, and their kindred loſt.
Should God, all juſt and wiſe, but turn the ſcale,
Permit their foes o'er Britons to prevail;
To lead them captive from their native ſoil,
To be compell'd for life to meaneſt toil;

Becauſe,

Becauſe, too oft, they to a foreign land,
Have myriads dragg'd, ſold as a ſervile band,
Like beaſts of burden, to be there employ'd,
While ſcarce aught eſtimable is enjoy'd,
If they are not by meaſures harſh deſtroy'd:
Tho' he ſhould thus requite us in our turn,
Make us, like them, loſt comforts ſadly mourn;
Could we but own his dread procedure juſt,
Tho' by it levell'd to the very duſt?
Few, few, alas! that ſacred rule regard,
Which binds all men, and ſhould by all be heard;
" Whate'er ye would have others be to you,
" Be ye to them—be merciful and true;
" Nor once do aught againſt your fellow-men,
" Which you incline not to receive again *."
Be warn'd, ye Britons, nor your guilt increaſe,
Leſt ſparing mercy ſhould to ſpare ſoon ceaſe;
For injur'd innocence her cauſe ſhall ſue,
At God's dread bar, who will that cauſe review;
Yea, make it triumph over all its foes,
Whom he defends, 'tis madneſs to oppoſe.
Such wrongs, believe, th' avenging ſword demand,
Which nature's Ruler wields with equal hand.
One day, you'll know, their ev'ry plaint and ſigh,
Hath audience found with their great Judge on high.
The cry of blood finds acceſs to his ear,
Let all who ſhed it, ſtand aghaſt and fear;
And ev'ry judge who pleads their hateful cauſe,
Nor ſentence gives according to *his* laws.
Is not the blood of *helpleſs innocence*,
Of ſuch as could give God, nor man offence,

Shed

* Mat. vii. 12.

Shed ev'n by cruel *mothers* wicked hands,
A heavy load upon theſe guilty lands *?
Tho' theſe inhuman monſters, urg'd by hell,
Should nature's ſtrongeſt inſtinct quite repel;
Their bowels ſhut againſt their infant-race,
And all the mother in their breaſt ſuppreſs;
Yet find they friends who plead their odious cauſe,
Tho' at th' expence of ſlighting Heaven's laws;
Who them acquit of this atrocious deed,
And from confinement raiſe their guilty head!
Should human juſtice ſtill avert her ears,
Unmov'd by infants dying cries and tears;
Will not their God obſerve theſe things on high?
Shall not their voice aſcend to yonder ſky?
Does ſacred pity in his boſom glow,
And will he not regard their helpleſs wo?—
Regard he will, that wo in time redreſs,
When very foes his juſtice muſt confeſs.
The harm they bear, and all their moving cries,
Have ſure a language diſtinct to the ſkies.
Whatever God inſpires with life and breath,
Partakes his care divine in life and death.
He may keep ſilent long, yet does he hear
Their cry for vengeance, and inclines his ear.
That vengeance ſlow may ſeem in her dread pace,
Yet marks each daring ſinner's doom and place;

Which

* The reader is referred to the Appendix for ſome ſtrictures on *Child-murder*, and the prevailing neglect of puniſhing it *adequately*; or according to the laws of God and the realm. To a woman who hath loſt her character, *exile* is a favour, when it is to a better country than what ſhe left.

Which their united efforts can't evade,
If heav'nly mercy they ſtill diſregard.
If the poor thief deſerve with ſhame to die,
If juſtice muſt not liſten to his cry;
What death do mothers to that juſtice owe,
Who in their offspring's blood their hands imbrue?
If *this* be juſtly puniſh'd by *exile*,
As now prevails in our enlighten'd iſle;
May not the thief, whoſe life becomes a prey,
To law and juſtice in the preſent day,
Refer his cauſe where juſtice ſhall not fail,
To weigh all crimes in an impartial ſcale;
Where ev'ry cauſe ſhall be one day reheard,
And undue motives meet with no regard.

Be juſt, ye *judges*, *rulers* of the earth,
Leſt you incur your mighty Judge's wrath.
The crimes of men, theſe weigh in equal ſcale,
Let nought but truth and juſtice ſtill prevail.
O bear in mind, you judge for heav'n's great King,
Who will, ere long, you all to judgment bring;
Snatch from your hand the balance and the ſword,
Rejudge your juſtice, ſhew himſelf your Lord!
If he to death adjudge, with him concur,
Nor dare gainſay, elſe you his wrath incur.
His will obſerve, ſo far as 'tis made known,
Preſent your humble homage at his throne;
Would you once wiſh before your Judge to ſtand,
And find a welcome at his own right-hand.
From God all honour and promotion ſpring,
From loweſt rank, up to the very king;

For

For by him monarchs reign, and peers decree
Juſt laws, yea, all the pow'rs on earth that be;
Whence he, of right, demands the heart and knee;
Demands, they ſhould rule by his righteous laws,
Check vice in all, and cheriſh virtue's cauſe.

But if our Rulers ſtill his laws tranſgreſs,
Neglect his will, their own adopt in place;
If crimes of divers forms 'mong us appear,
Have we not cauſe his vengeance juſt to fear?
If we connive at deeds, which God offend,
And ſtill refuſe our conduct to amend,
How can we hope he will our bleſs ſecure?—
Hope he will guilty Britons ſtill endure?

Ye thoughtleſs tenants of this favour'd iſle,
Whoſe bliſs is great, tho' crimes each where defile,
Would you be happy now, hereafter bleſt,
Each ſin forſake, make God in Chriſt your reſt;
Yield a vain world, with all its gaudy things,
"To low ambition and the pride of kings."
Think not earth's joys to be man's good ſupreme,
Theſe all evaniſh, like a midnight dream:
But ſtill propoſe a higher, nobler aim,
Which ſhall ſecure true bliſs, and deathleſs fame.
Its hopes in vain, gild with their varying rays,
Theſe flatt'ring ſhadows which amuſe our days;
Pleas'd with this phantom, as with that before,
Till life's ſhort tale is told, and ſcenes are o'er.
Each *broken ciſtern* gives our hope the lie,
For nought can bleſs beneath the reigning ſky.
Hope at the future points, if this deceive,
Man is undone, has too juſt cauſe to grieve.

If *hope* have not Religion for its baſe,
It periſh muſt, with our fleet mortal days;
For ſenſual pleaſures prove, beyond the grave,
A ſealed ſpring, of theſe ſhall death bereave.
Ye who love pleaſure more than you love God,
How can ye hope to ſhare his bleſt abode?
Of ſuch, what ſwarms in all our coaſts abound,
Yet vainly hope they ſhall be guiltleſs found!
What ſcenes of pleaſure do they not deviſe,
Tho' in direct defiance of the ſkies!—
What ſcenes of pleaſure do they ſtill frequent,
What time, what wealth, is thus, alas! miſpent,
All fraught with wo, if they do not repent!
Where *levity* prevails, ah! guilt muſt ſwell,
The diſſipated tread the paths to hell.
If ſo, our guilty cup is filling faſt,
And vengeance, rous'd, muſt overtake at laſt.
That cup once full, our Judge will ſoon diſplay
His truth and juſtice, like the noon of day;
Our crimes quick viſit on theſe perjur'd lands,
Becauſe polluted daily by our hands.
But ſhould he ſpare, and ſo to ſmite forbear,
Yet ought we ſtill his juſtice dread revere;
For oft it ſpares, thoſe whom it ſtill reſerves,
For all that penal wrath their guilt deſerves.
The longer Heav'n ſuſpends the earned blow,
And makes our rich and num'rous bleſſings flow,
The heavier ſure will juſtice ſtrike at laſt,
When for redreſs all ſpace is ever paſt.
Each civil tie will ſoon ſubſiſt no more,
The ſons of vice their caſe ſhall deep deplore,

When

When retributive juſtice turns the ſcale,
And all their preſent hopes and comforts fail;
When vengeance, now denounc'd, ſhall overtake,
And ſtubborn ſinners dread examples make.
When war's dread tumults ſpread their dire alarms,
And Nature too her mighty forces arms;
When ſtorms, and fierceſt tempeſts ſpend their rage,
And earth in the dread conflict doth engage *;

* "The Lord is great in power, and will not at all acquit the "wicked: the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind, and in the ſtorm, "and the clouds are the duſt of his feet. He rebuketh the ſea, and "maketh it dry, and drieth up all the rivers. The mountains quake "at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burnt at his preſence, "yea, the world, and all that dwell therein. Who can ſtand before "his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceneſs of his anger? "his fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by "him. And darkneſs ſhall purſue his enemies." Nahum i.

As the outlines of this Addreſs, eſpecially toward the cloſe, were written during the *American war*, that diſaſtrous event, and ſome occurrences of Providences, which, in point of time, coincided with it, gave occaſion to a number of remarks. Here, and more fully in the following part, that memorable event is alluded to; as alſo ſome ſmart ſhocks of an earthquake that were felt at home in divers places over the kingdom; and violent hurricans, which did vaſt damage in ſeveral of our Weſt-India iſlands. There were alſo dreadful ſtorms of hail, by which the fruits of the earth were entirely deſtroyed in a number of Provinces in France; and at home we ſuſtained vaſt loſſes by ſea, both of men and treaſure; particularly the loſs of the *Ville de Paris*, and of the *Royal George*.

Alſo, what dreadful calamities were occaſioned, much about the ſame time, in Calabria, by Earthquakes, and of late, in the town of Oran, in the Province of Maſcara, in Africa, which belonged to the Spaniards. Of the town and fortifications, nothing was left ſtanding but the exterior walls, while upwards of 2000 perſons were computed to have been buried in the ruins and much property. Theſe are the doings of him who is wonderful in counſel, and often terrible in working; and they loudly declare, that verily there is a God who ruleth and judgeth in the earth. Have they not an audible

Who does not then regard that mighty Lord,
Who by all theſe fulfills his ſacred word,
Revere his righteous acts, and pow'r divine,
And to his love and ways their hearts incline,
Muſt ſure to future wrath themſelves expoſe;
For God will count them as his very foes,
Their pond'rous guilt quick viſit on their head,
And, tho' ſecure, ſoon fill their ſouls with dread.
This to prevent, let us devoutly hear
God's word and rod, and learn hence to revere
The ſolemn tokens of incenſed wrath,
Which he hath oft diſplay'd upon the earth;
Tokens whereof, we too have felt our ſhare,
Should they not then excite our pious care?
Hath not that God, who rules both earth and ſkies,
At whoſe command conſuming vengeance flies,
Of late our Nation plung'd in civil war,
Which ſpoke his wrath from us not diſtant far?

Our

audible voice to mankind, who ſhould be thence led to learn righteouſneſs?

When announced in the public papers, they indeed did produce impreſſions; but, alas! how temporary, and ineffectual, as to any valuable purpoſes! Of late alſo, what dreadful carnage and devaſtation have attended the war of Ruſſia with the Porte! The progreſs of the victorious hath been marked with ſlaughter and bloodſhed, while, to complete the calamity, the plague, that formdiable deſtroyer, brings up the rear. Tho' theſe deſtructive evils are yet kept at a diſtance, (which God grant may be long the caſe), and only announced to us thro' the channel of the public papers, yet are we ſurely concerned in the ſufferings of our fellow-creatures, as which humanity muſt feel; if not for their ſake, at leaſt for our own, for their caſe may ſoon be ours.

Theſe events, tho' paſt, ſhould not however be forgotten; for they ſtill have a diſtinct language in the ear of reaſon, which claims to be heard, and the man of wiſdom will lay it to heart. "Whoſo is wiſe, and will obſerve thoſe things, even they ſhall underſtand the loving-kindneſs of the Lord." Pſal. cvii. 43.

Our pow'r hath he abridg'd in foreign climes,
His juſtice to diſplay againſt our crimes.
While God cut off in theſe vaſt climes our pow'r,
Did he not contempt on our forces pour?
Our counſels diſconcert, to ſhew how vain
Our efforts all, unleſs to aid he deign?
To ſtrike the heavy blow he long ſeem'd loath,
Diſmember'd Britain ſaith, He yet was wroth.
Whatever blame her ſons might merit here,
While o'er her empire maim'd, we drop the tear,
Let us herein ſtill own that mighty hand,
Which wields a ſceptre o'er both ſea and land.
In neighbour nations, does he not alarm,
While at his mandate Nature's forces arm?
Hath he not made the ſtable earth to quake,
And ſtouteſt hearts, like aſpen leaves, to ſhake?
—Say not, Theſe awful events we but hear,
For ſigns of wrath hath our great God brought near,
Who not concern'd, when he ſuch tidings hears,
As prove to others cauſe of copious tears?
What numbers daily ſhipwreck'd on our coaſt,
Who are to friends, and to their country loſt!
Hath not our God, erewhile too, ſhook our iſle
Should we not fear whoſe num'rous ſins defile,
That this a prelude prove to future wo?
Who can be ſafe, and God moſt High their foe?
Hear then, ye Britons, each chaſtiſing rod,
In theſe revere th' Almighty hand of God,
Whether reveal'd at home, or far abroad.
He ſoon may ſhake our highly favour'd iſle,
Becauſe our ſins its ev'ry coaſt defile,
Of crimes, ah! Britain is the fertile ſoil,

When

When odious vice, in her each form prevails,
And ties moſt ſacred wantonly cancells;
Hides not her hideous phiz in ſhades of night,
But dares to range abroad in open light;
When of our youth, confin'd in crowds to jails,
To gibbets many juſtice daily hales,
And ſtill their number, ah! is but increaſt,
While daring crimes our borders all infeſt *;
Soon as the dictates choice of Wiſdom's ſchool,
Become the jeſt of ev'ry haughty fool;
And pure Religion's ev'ry ſacred rite
Are daily ſhunn'd, or treated with deſpite;
Reaſon itſelf may teach us then to fear,
The awful day of viſitation near;
The word of truth, yea, human records too,
To dread what God, in wrath incurr'd, may do.
Repent, ye Britons, then, and now be wiſe,
And learn to fear that God, who rules the ſkies;
Whoſe eye omniſcient, nations all beholds,
Whoſe mighty hand the ſcale of empire holds,
Diſpenſing peace, proſperity, and fame,
Or teaching, by reverſe, to fear his name.
O learn the practice of theſe righteous ways,
Which draw on men, and nations proſp'rous rays;
And ſo forſake of vice the fatal train,
Which terminate in ruin, ſhame, and pain.

The

* Scarce a news-paper but announces a number of *theſts*, of *robberies*, of *houſe-breakings*, and the like; which, inſtead of receiving any check from the execution of the law, are unhappily on the increaſe! The Great turn their back on the only mean that can effectually reform, *the inſtitutions of religion*, and the lower claſſes are prone to copy their example; and where it will end God only knows.

Then ſhall the God of nations ſtill us bleſs,
Our iſle defend, our trade and wealth increaſe;
Our peace maintain, and far extend our name,
And ſo impart to Britain laſting fame.
While *truth*, recorded, ſhall to ages tell
How kings bore ſway, and haughty tyrants fell;
How our Forefathers wiſely liv'd, and thought,
And gain'd renown, as they for freedom fought;
Rais'd to her fane Religion—heav'nly dame,
And cheriſh'd commerce, while they earned fame:
Let not our deeds a gloomy contraſt form,
Our deeds which claim without delay reform;
Be it not ſaid, thro' years from this remote,
That we their ſons have all their worth forgot,
Degraded Britain, and the Chriſtian name,
And loſt by vice our once acquired fame.
Let not our ways entail or ſhame, or wo,
And children's tears for theſe unceaſing flow;
While our example they ſucceſſive learn,
And live devoid of worth, and ſoul-concern.
May arts and ſcience ſtill our land adorn,
And *pure religion* there maintain her throne;
May Heav'n ſtill guard theſe ſtatutes we admire,
And with true virtue ev'ry breaſt inſpire;
Redreſs each wrong, ſupply our each defect,
Give peace at home, abroad ſecure reſpect!
Be Britain's ſails ſtill in each clime unfurl'd,
And peace ſilence war's thunders round the world;
Fair peace, with cheering proſpects, glad our eyes,
And o'er Britannia's head ſpread cloudleſs ſkies.
May ſons unborn hail her auſpicious ray,
Be bleſt of Heav'n, and ſtill the laws obey;

See the *King's pow'r*, and *People's weal* agree,
Each Briton ſhare his birth-right—to be *Free*.
What joyful tidings reach our raviſh'd ear?
Let ev'ry heart exult, with joy, to hear,
Of welcome Liberty's triumphant day *,
Where tyranny ſo long bore ample ſway;
Of a great nation joined all as one,
While King and People ſolemnly combine,
To vow obedience to impartial laws,
And mutual ſupport to bright freedom's cauſe.
Who would of late ſuſpect th' approaching change,
A change not leſs momentuous than ſtrange!
Muſt we not own herein a hand divine,
The ſacred will of Heav'n's great Lord benign;
Whoſe ways are ever full of truth and grace,
And always friendly to the human race?
Who can contempt on haughty princes pour,
Their glory ſtain, them level in an hour.
May that great Lord extend to ev'ry clime,
Bright freedom—this maintain to cloſe of time;
Remove each bar which her bleſt reign oppoſe,
And check the proud ambition of her foes;
That high and low may all their pow'r unite,
To chaſe each gloom, and cheriſh ſacred light:
Nor let the nations hence their pow'r employ,
In ſtrife and war—there ſeek a ſavage joy!
Ye various Pow'rs, that rule on earth, ſurvey
The ſudden exit of deſpotic ſway,

Where

* The grand Confederation in France, when all ranks ſolemnly bound themſelves to ſubmit to, and, in their reſpective ſtations, maintain the New Conſtitution.

Where ſhe had firmly fix'd her haughty throne,
For years, yea, ages back, almoſt unknown.
While you ſurvey, hence taught, be timely wiſe,
And deign to own dependance on the ſkies;
Your legal pow'r employ in virtue's cauſe,
And rule the nations by juſt, equal laws.
To human kind ſtill friends and guardians prove,
And let your deeds to theſe atteſt your love.
To the Eternal King due rev'rence pay,
Conſult his glory, and his laws obey.
He proudeſt potentates with eaſe can quell,
To earthly tyrants prove more terrible,
Than they appear to meaneſt of their thralls,
Who at their feet, in ſervile terror, falls.
All ye, who bear the Patriot's worthy name,
All ye, who feel a Patriot's noble flame,
Whoſe boſoms glow in Freedom's glorious cauſe,
Expreſs, with heart-felt joy, your loud applauſe.
Let all who live in Britain's happy iſle,
Where ſacred liberty as yet doth ſmile,
Rejoice to hear, that Gallia's ſpacious coaſt,
Can now, at leaſt, of equal freedom boaſt *;

* In the preſent conjuncture of national politics, the above will not be counted an unintereſting digreſſion, when we duly attend to the memorable event referred to, and the numerous happy conſequences which are likely to proceed from it to many millions of the human race, yea, to generations yet unborn. That important event cannot, therefore, but intereſt the feelings of every friend of human nature, and muſt give peculiar pleaſure to every benevolent Chriſtian. Many of the decrees of the Conſtituting National Aſſembly would do immortal honour to a Britiſh Parliament; wherein they ſet other ſtates a laudable example of perfecting what may be

That a vaſt race ſhould all at once be born,
To ſhare her joys, and her bright reign adorn;
That *bigotry* on rapid wing retires,
No more to kindle her dread, ruthleſs fires;

That

be defective, and rectifying what may be wrong, in their reſpective Conſtitutions. Indeed, ſeveral Powers have already, either from virtue or neceſſity, ſo far profited by their example, as to adopt many ſalutary regulations, by which the rigorous and oppreſſive yoke they had been ſo long wreathing about the neck of their ſubjects, is become more mild and tolerable.

The Civil Conſtitution which Britain has enjoyed ſince the happy Revolution, take it all in all, is certainly an admirable effect of human wiſdom, and cannot be too much prized by thoſe who reap the benefit of it. Yet, like every other human production, it muſt have its imperfections; ſome things capable of being improved, or needing to be redreſſed. To profit, in this reſpect, by the wiſdom and example of our neighbours, is not unbecoming the wiſeſt and the greateſt. Tho' the only revolution neceſſary among us, be a revolution in the morals of the people; yet our political ſyſtem has ſome excreſcences, which need to be pared off, and ſome vacuities that would be better to be filled up. If the Author, at any time, makes free to point out what appears ſuch, he would by no means be thence underſtood to undervalue his privileges as a Britiſh ſubject, which he holds as dear, and prizes as highly as any.

While we congratulate ſo many millions of our fellow profeſſing Chriſtians, on the recovery of the diſtinguiſhing privilege of chuſing their own paſtors, to officiate among them in ſacred things; we cannot but ſenſibly regret, that, in this Proteſtant Country, the ſubjects ſhould be treated, in this reſpect, like ſo many mere cyphers. Both reaſon and Chriſtianity aſcertain this right to a Chriſtian people,—a right, the due uſe of which nearly concerns their happineſs in time and thro' eternity: but with us, this right muſt be inveſted, perhaps, with thoſe who have no concern for their own ſouls, or the ſouls of others, becauſe, forſooth, they can call a portion of earth theirs; and that, after long experience, has pointed out the many unhappy conſequences of this Heatheniſh mode of ſettling Churches.

We cannot but admire and applaud that wiſe and liberal policy, which hath led the National Aſſembly to make all worthy citizens eligible to offices of civil power and truſt in the executive, as well as in the legiſlative part of government, without one invidi-

ous

That *ſuperſtition*, with her horrid gloom,
For light, by *toleration*, hath made room;
While Hell deplores, with her old daughter Rome:
Rejoice, that ghoſtly, o'ergrown wealth and pow'r,
So long abus'd, have periſh'd in an hour.

Rome's

ous exception: while the Britiſh Legiſlature continues ſtill in force, notwithſtanding repeated application for a repeal, a partial, and ſometimes oppreſſive act, which excludes many of the moſt worthy citizens, and moſt loyal ſubjects, from ſerving their king and country in offices they are otherwiſe found qualified to fill; yea, expoſes them to heavy fines, becauſe they cannot in conſcience join with, or conform to the rites of the Eſtabliſhed Church. Does their long approved loyalty merit no better return from the State? Are they to be treated as ſtep-children, merely for their religious opinions, while they are left to bear the burdens of the ſtate equally with thoſe who participate its favours?

Can we but juſtify and applaud the equity of that decree, which retrenched the overgrown wealth and power of an indolent, haughty, and corrupt Clergy; while it provided a competency for thoſe on whom the labours of the ſacred function devolved? We have indeed been told, that this piece of reformation in the Church is to be aſcribed to the *infidelity* of the Legiſlative body, *becauſe they had no idea of God*; but, even allowing that to be the caſe, it muſt be owned, that their infidelity, deteſtable as that principle is, has done more for the honour of human nature, and the happineſs of mankind, and bears a more friendly aſpect on their civil and religious rights than the flaming zeal and conſecrated bigotry of others. The tree is known, however, by its fruit, and juſtice, not to ſay charity, requires we ſhould ſo judge. We are not called to ſerve Mammon, nor is our God a reſpecter of perſons, elſe they might do him excellent ſervice, who load ſome of his profeſſed miniſters with wealth, while others are left to ſtarve.

We were of late told, that no leſs a ſum than 166,500*l.* goes annually to the maintenance of the Forty-eight Biſhops, who are on the Engliſh and Iriſh Eſtabliſhment; while, perhaps, you will find ſix or ſeven thouſand Curates under them, who have not ſo much allowed them taken altogether. Notwithſtanding their fat livings, is it not too apparent, that the character of *labourers* in the vineyard applies but poorly to moſt of them? Do they *watch for ſouls* as they, who *muſt give an account?* Or can they, and other dignitaries of the Church, as they are termed, once ſuppoſe, they will be ad-

Rome's lordly Zealot, in his papal chair,
May now announce his thunders to the air;
Thoſe kingdoms damn, which he no more can rule,
His reign confin'd to ſuperſtition's ſchool.
While *kingly pow'r*, on its old baſe, doth ſhake,
And ſubjects claim the priv'lege kings to make;
Can *prieſthood's reign* maintain its former ground,
Or long ſurvive the recent, bleeding wound?

Let Church and State, each where, be timely wiſe,
Conform their manners to the ruling ſkies;
For Heav'n can ſoon their pomp and pride allay,
If once o'ertaken by their judgment day.
No pow'r ſo great, but God can ſoon o'erturn,
Nor ſo ſecure, but may ere long ſad mourn;
For he ſtill holds the balance and the ſword,
And is, of kings, th' Almighty King and Lord.

Would the grand, potent monarchs of the earth
Derive true fame from their exalted birth,
Let them the King of kings ſerve and adore,
While they on grandeur's gilded pinions ſoar;
While, like the ſun, amid the ſtarry hoſts,
They ſhine, let them ſhed bliſs thro' all their coaſts;
To all their ſubjects *nurſing Fathers* prove,
Like the Supreme Almighty Power above;

Still

mitted to give in that account by *proxy*; as they ſeem to think they can diſcharge the duties of their function? It is to be hoped, for the honour of Chriſtianity, and the benefit of thoſe who profeſs it, that ſuch defects and blemiſhes will in due time be corrected; and of this the National Aſſembly of France have ſet us the laudable example, whereby they have, doubtleſs, greatly benefited the ſubject. All ranks ſhould be unanimous in whatever is for the good of the whole, tho' a few individuals ſhould hereby ſuffer.

Still ſparing of their treaſure and their blood,
And acting as the delegates of God.
That fav'rite maxim of deſpotic pride,
Is now exploded, and by all deny'd,
That kings are ſubject to the Lord alone;
Do not the People ſtill ſupport the Throne?
Were kings ordain'd their people ſtill to bleſs,
Can millions, then, than one crown'd head be leſs?
A nobler honour is to ben'fit all,
Than act the haughty deſpot in their thrall.
Who but the baſe could e'er a pleaſure find,
In proving ſcourges to their fellow-kind?
The dread and terror of the human race,
As void of gen'rous feelings as of grace?
How will a nation bleſs the happy day,
That crowns a prince of mild auſpicious ſway;
In whom they view their venerable Sire,
With boſoms fraught with loyalty's ſweet fire?
When kings are wiſe, averſe to vice and pride,
Juſt in their ſway, let ſov'reign pow'r preſide.
Let worth a ſeat in royal breaſts ſtill find,
So ſhall authority with love be join'd.
When this and wiſdom both our Senates grace,
And men of virtue are the men in place,
With joy may ſubjects then obſerve the laws,
And to the Throne intruſt their ev'ry cauſe—
The Throne regardful of the Nation's weal,
Glad at their bliſs, and ever prone to feel.
Ye happy Britons, ſtill revere the laws,
Still love your King, who merits your applauſe;

Whoſe

Whoſe ears are open to your ſuppliant cry,
Nor will your juſt petition long deny.
If aught aggrieve, the Throne in form addreſs,
The Throne and Senate will your wrongs redreſs;
Unite their wiſdom to promote your weal,
Enact juſt laws, and the reverſe repeal;
Nor long prove deaf to loyalty's juſt plea,
For *regal pow'r*, and *public-weal* agree,
What would disjoin theſe is no Liberty.

While ſav'd from woes which other ſtates depreſs,
The praiſe aſcribe ſtill to the God of grace.

While the dread peſt empoiſon'd arrows ſpeed,
And war, dire war, adds legions to the dead;
Amidſt this doleful, deſolating ſcene,
May Great Meſſiah, *Prince of life*, ſtill reign,
Educing good from this deſtructive bane,
And thence extending his benign domain.
While *Popiſh Babel* ſhakes, Lord, haſte its fall,
And from groſs darkneſs ſoon the nations call!
Let the glad tidings of thy Goſpel run,
Where'er are ſhed the beams of yonder ſun,
Till ſin and ſorrow's gloomy reign ſhall ceaſe,
And thou wilt bleſs with piety and peace,
Make earth's each realm a province of thine own,
Diffuſe thro' theſe thy fame and high renown,
While as their King the people all thee crown!

Endue with Wiſdom kings and princes all,
By grace diſpoſe on thy great Name to call,

The

That they may rule their ſubjects in thy fear,
And in their port the Judge and Sire appear *.
Rejoice, ye Britons, in Immanuel's reign,
A port befitting your high claims maintain;
Break off each courſe which his dread wrath defy,
And yield obedience to the Pow'r on high,
That while we pray His reign may crown each clime,
Ourſelves may ſhare its bleſſings in their prime.
May God, to Britain, ſtill inſure that aid,
Which guards her friends, and foes can ne'er invade;
Thro'

* One of the greateſt of princes, whoſe reign was diſtinguiſhed for honour, peace, and proſperity, being authoriſed of Heaven to aſk whatever he pleaſed, prudently preferred *wiſdom* and *knowledge*, to fit him for the arduous taſk of *governing well*. "In that night "did God appear unto Solomon, and ſaid unto him, Aſk what I "ſhall give thee. And Solomon ſaid unto God, O Lord God, thou "haſt made me king over a people, like the duſt of the earth in "multitude. Give me now wiſdom and knowledge, that I may go "out and come in before this people: for who can judge this thy "people, that is ſo great?"

Does not his example here, at once claim the regard, and merit the imitation of the rulers among the nations? And would it not be happy for their ſubjects did the acquiſition of wiſdom and ſcience, from ſimilar motives, ever lie neareſt their hearts? Our ears would not then be perpetually ſtunned with the rumours, and noiſe of war and hoſtile preparations. The heavenly reſponſe, vouchſafed to the above prayer, clearly ſhews, how acceptable ſuch a choice in princes would be to the Deity; and how much it would redound to their own honour and ſafety, and the happineſs of their ſubjects, were this the object of their unfeigned deſire, and frequent requeſt. "And "God ſaid to Solomon, Becauſe this was in thine heart, and thou "haſt not aſked riches, wealth, or honour, nor the life of thine e-"nemies, neither yet haſt aſked long life; but haſt aſked wiſdom "and knowledge for thyſelf, that thou mayeſt judge my people, o-"ver whom I have made thee king: Wiſdom and knowledge is "granted unto thee, and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and "honour, ſuch as none of the kings have had that have been be-"fore thee, neither ſhall any after thee have the like." 2 Chron. i.

Thro' ages fix on our thrice happy isle,
The Throne's mild pow'r, and Heav'n's approving
smile;
Cause virtue, plenty, and the fruits of peace,
Abound each where, while crimes are made to
cease!
While foes to Piety spread like a flood,
O'erwhelm, vast numbers, and distress the good,
O may God's Spirit check the daring foe,
His standard rear, and cause his grace o'erflow;
Put hell's grim sons to an immediate flight,
And chase the gloomy shades of moral night *,
That Truth and sanctity may bless our isle,
And Zion make, like Eden, fair to smile!
May *trees of Righteousness* the vineyard grace,
And cumb'ring ones in number still decrease!
May green, and fruitful olives there abound,
To beautify this consecrated ground,
That it may prove a nurs'ry for the skies,
Whose produce shall yet grace ev'n Paradise!

* Isa. lix. 19.

PART

PART SIXTH.

HEAR this, ye old men, and give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land. Joel i. 2.

Hear ye now what the Lord ſaith; for the Lord hath a controverſy with his people; and he will plead with them. *O my people, what have I done unto thee, and wherein have I wearied thee? teſtify againſt me.* Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.

I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a ſwift witneſs againſt thoſe that fear not me, ſaith the Lord of hoſts. Will a man rob God? yet ye have robbed me. Ye are curſed with a curſe: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Your words have been ſtout againſt me. Ye have ſaid, It is vain to ſerve God: and what profit is it, that we have kept his ordinance? and now ye *call the proud happy: yea, they that work wickedneſs are ſet up; yea, they that tempt God are even delivered.* Mal. iii.

All ſeek their own, not the things which are Jeſus Chriſt's. Phil. ii. 21.

According to their paſture, ſo were they filled: they were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me. As they were increaſed, ſo they ſinned againſt me: therefore will I change their glory into ſhame. Hoſ. xiii. 6.—iv. 7.

Shall I not viſit for theſe things? ſaith the Lord: and ſhall not my ſoul be avenged on ſuch a nation as this? He that chaſtiſeth the heathen, ſhall he not correct you? Jer. v. 9. Pſal. xciv. 10.

Know, that for all theſe things, God will bring into judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

Behold, the day cometh, that ſhall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly ſhall be ſtubble: and the day that cometh ſhall burn them up, ſaith the Lord of hoſts, that it ſhall leave them neither root nor branch. Mal. iv. 1.

Alas for the day: for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a deſtruction from the Almighty ſhall it come. He is ſtrong that executeth his word: for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible; and who can abide it? Joel i. 15.—ii. 11.

And he ſhall bring upon them their own iniquity, and ſhall cut them off in their own wickedneſs; yea, the Lord our God ſhall cut them off. Pſal. xciv. 23.

If my people, which are called by my name, ſhall humble themſelves, and pray, and ſeek my face, and turn from their wicked ways: then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their ſin, and will heal their land. Hear ye me, The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye ſeek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forſake him, he will forſake you. But when they in their trouble did turn unto the Lord, and ſought him, he was found of them. 2 Chron. vii. 14.—xv. 2, 4.

You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore will I puniſh you for all your iniquities. Amos iii. 2.

I will puniſh the men that are ſettled on their lees; that ſay in their heart, The Lord will not do good, neither will he do evil. Zeph. i. 12.

When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteouſneſs. Let favour be ſhewed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteouſneſs: in the land of uprightneſs will be deal unjuſtly, and will not behold the majeſty of the Lord. Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not ſee: but they ſhall ſee, *and be aſhamed; yea, the fire of thine enemies ſhall devour them.* Iſa. xxvi. 9, 10, 11.

My people are bent to backſliding from me: tho' they called them to the Moſt High, none at all would exalt him. How ſhall I give thee up, Britain? *how ſhall I deliver thee,* O iſle of the ſea? *how ſhall I make thee as Admah? how ſhall I ſet thee as Zeboim?* Hoſ. xi. 7, 8.

Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. Prov. i. 23.

Before the decree bring forth, before the day paſs as the chaff, before the fierce anger of the Lord come upon you, before the day of the Lord's anger come upon you. Seek ye the Lord, ſeek righteouſneſs, ſeek meekneſs; it may be ye ſhall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger. Zeph. ii. 2, 3.

Seek the Lord, and ye ſhall live, leſt he break out like fire, and devour, and there be none to quench it. Seek him that turneth the ſhadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: that calleth for the waters of the ſea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth, the Lord is his name. Amos v. 6, 8.

Theſe are the things that ye ſhall do, Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour: execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts againſt his neigh-

neighbour, and love no falſe oath: for all theſe are things that I hate, ſaith the Lord. Zech. viii. 16, 17.

Wherefore, let my counſel be acceptable unto you, *and break off* your *ſins by righteouſneſs, and* your *iniquities by ſhewing mercy to the poor if it may be a lengthening of* your *tranquillity.* Dan. iv. 27.

O Iſrael, O Britain, *thou haſt deſtroyed thyſelf, but in me is thy help. I will be thy king: where is any other that may ſave thee in all thy cities? O return unto the Lord thy God: for thou haſt fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: ſay unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciouſly: ſo will we render the calves of our lips. Aſſur ſhall not ſave us: we will not ride upon horſes: neither will we ſay any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods; for in thee the fatherleſs findeth mercy.* Hoſ. xiii. 9, 10.—xiv. 1, 2, 3.

Except the Lord of hoſts had left unto us a very ſmall remnant, we ſhould have been as Sodom, and we ſhould have been like unto Gomorrah. Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers *keep not ſilence; and give him no reſt, till he eſtabliſh, and till he make Jeruſalem a praiſe in the earth.* Iſa. i. 9.—lxii. 6, marg. 7.

Let the miniſters of the Lord weep, and let them ſay, Spare thy people, O Lord, give not thy heritage to reproach, that the heathen ſhould rule over them: wherefore ſhould they ſay among the people, Where is their God? Joel ii. 17.

And the Lord ſaid unto him, Go through the midſt of the city, through the midſt of Jeruſalem, and ſet a mark upon the foreheads of the men that ſigh, and that cry, for all the abominations that be done in the midſt thereof. And to others he ſaid, Go ye after him through the city, and ſmite: let not your eye ſpare, neither have ye pity: Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children, and women; but come not near to any man upon whom is the mark; and begin at my ſanctuary. Ezek. ix. 4, 5, 6.

Say ye to the righteous that it ſhall be well with him; for in the time of trouble the Lord *ſhall hide* him *in his pavilion: in the ſecret of his tabernacle ſhall he hide* him, *he ſhall ſet him upon a rock.* Iſa. xxvi. 10. Pſal. xxvii. 5.

☞ The Reader need ſcarce be told, that, in ſelecting the above paſſages of ſcripture, tho' originally addreſſed to the Jews, they are thought to be but too applicable to ourſelves as a nation. *No ſcripture is of private interpretation;* for God is an univerſal ſpeaker,

HOW terrible the works of Nature's God,
When o'er a guilty land, he ſhakes the rod
Of awful juſtice, by their crimes incens'd,
And breaks the barriers, which the nation fenc'd!
The arrows of his quiver manifold,
His mighty pow'r and juſtice theſe unfold.
Theſe arrows fly with ſpeed at his command,
And ſwift convey the vengeance of his hand.
What finite efforts can their force reſiſt?
Yet ſhall they ſtrike all who in ſin perſiſt.
By ſword, by famine, and the fatal peſt,
And earthquakes too, his juſtice ſtands confeſt.
Of all, the laſt moſt terrible appears,
The very ſound alarms each mortal's ears.
Who can but tremble, when earth is convuls'd,
Shook from the centre, and its ſurface toſs'd?

Thi

er, and what he ſaith to one nation, or invidual, he ſaith to all w
poſſeſs the ſame character, and tread in the ſame paths. The r
proofs directed againſt ſin and ſinners in the ſacred oracles, are i
tended to reach the like perſons and practices, in every age, to wh
theſe oracles may come; for the example of our Lord and his ap
tles, juſtify us in thus expounding and applying them. The d
nunciations of divine wrath levelled againſt others, whether la
communities or private perſons, belong to us, if we reſemble th
in their guilt. This we ſhould ever bear in mind, while we re
or hear the word of God, would we profit by it. It, therefore, a
peared proper to give a number of ſcripture texts a place here, a
elſewhere, in this Addreſs; and many others might eaſily be a
ed, equally, if not more ſuitable. Theſe will have their we
with ſuch as fear God, and regard the authority of his word.
the reception of this work, ſo far as the Author is concerned, w
it may, theſe demand attention, are enforced by the moſt ſole
ſanctions, and will be fulfilled in their ſeaſon: Wherefore, ſho
any ſhut their ears againſt the admonitions contained in them, *
alone ſhall bear it *.

* Prov. ix. 12.

This to effect, God needs but give a frown,
Look down in wrath from his imperial throne.
Earth's pillars then will ſhake and totter all,
And menace empires with a dread downfall;
Yea, threaten to intomb its guilty load,
And execute the vengeance of its God.
That God, ye Britons, hear and ſtill adore,
Who wards this ſcourge from our long-favour'd ſhore,
While diſtant regions feel its dire effects,
And peſtilence combin'd, two deaths connects.
Their ruin'd cities wealth and pomp could boaſt;
Yet deſolation now o'erſpreads their coaſt,
While few ſurvive to mourn their kindred loſt.
Our ears have heard of ſuch ſad tales of wo,
Enough to melt the heart ev'n of a foe *.

Why

* The dreadful cataſtrophe of Liſbon and Port-Royal is ſtill freſh in our memory; and who can read the account of it without horror? What, then, muſt they have felt who were ſpectators of the ſolemn ſcene, and immediately concerned in it? In theſe awful calamities, to uſe the language of the prophet, the Moſt High ſeemed to 'come out of his place, to puniſh the inhabitants of the earth, 'for their iniquity;' (Iſa. xxvi. 21.) and thoſe who would not previouſly ſee his hand, when lifted up in milder chaſtiſements, and take warning, were made to feel the terrors of his wrath, and humbly deprecate his conſuming vengeance. Amidſt ſuch deſolating ſcenes, the ſtouteſt heart fails, and none of the men of might find their hands. What will they do, then, at the ſolemn ſcene of final retribution, when the earth throughout ſhall reel like a drunkard?—do, when 'the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; 'in the which the heavens ſhall paſs away with a great (*a craſhing*) 'noiſe, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat, the earth alſo, 'and the works that are therein ſhall be burnt up;' when all the powers of nature ſhall be unhinged, and time and days give place to dread eternity?—'Seeing then, that all theſe things ſhall be diſ-'ſolved, what manner of perſons ought *we* to be in all holy conver-'ſation and godlineſs, looking for, and haſtening unto the coming

'of

Why made not yet to feel this dreadful rod,
This awful ſcourge of an avenging God?
Is it becauſe, more innocent than they,
He us beholds with a propitious ray?
Becauſe, with all due reverence, we ſerve
That Lord Supreme, who nations doth preſerve?
Alas! not ſo, our guilt appears confeſs'd,
Of deeper dye than theirs, tho' highly bleſs'd
Of gracious Heaven, with gifts which far excel
What any nation elſe can boaſt or tell,
Our crimes the greateſt light and love reſiſt,
More flagrant thence, yet in them we perſiſt.
Should we refuſe to hear God's voice abroad,
Reform our conduct at the diſtant rod;
Can we expect he ſhould us overlook,
Connive at guilt like ours, as if forſook,
He left the government of things below,
Not caring once if we him ſerve or know?

Such

' of the day of God, wherein the heavens being *thus* on fire ſhall ' be diſſolved, and the elements melt with fervent heat?' 2 Pet. iii. 10, 11, 12.

While writing this * the papers inform us, that ſome ſmart ſhocks of an earthquake have been felt in certain places in Scotland for ſeveral days ſucceſſively. Let us bleſs God, that while theſe warn of merited danger, they ſhould prove as yet ſo harmleſs in their effects. But who can ſay to what they may be the prelude? for God uſually warns before he ſtrike a deciſive blow; and ſuch warnings, not improved, enhance both its ſpeed and weight. So far, however, from improving them, the ſame paper announced a ſcene of modern diſſipation in the neighbourhood, where they only regretted, that the weather did not permit their carrying it to ſuch exceſs; ſo true is it of collective bodies, as well as of individuals;—' A prudent man forſeeth the evil, and hideth himſelf: but the ſim-' ple paſs on, and are puniſhed.' Prov. xxii. 3.—xxvii. 12.

* *October* 21. 1791.

Such the vain language of theſe daring fools,
Who own not God, but act as Satan's tools;
Diſſeminate their tenets ev'ry where,
Their vices propagate with helliſh care.
Such fools abound ev'n in this land of light,
Tho' great and learn'd, yet are they ſons of night,
Maturing faſt for inconceived wo;
For God ſhall meet them as their mighty foe.
Tho' now he bear, he'll make his voice be heard,
Thoſe ſoon to quake, who now him diſregard.
His ſword can reach the daring rebel's heart,
Make proudeſt ſinners yield to its dread ſmart.
He kindly warns before he ſtrike the blow,
Happy if we ſuch warnings learn to know.
Hath he not warned Britain to beware,
His juſtice not provoke, repel his care?
Have not the dire alarms of civil war,
Beſpoke his wrath from us not diſtant far?
Such waſte of blood and treaſure ſure declar'd,
That God who ſuffer'd long, no longer ſpar'd.
An empire to Great Britain ever loſt,
Which once we deem'd our glory and our boaſt;
Loſt by weak meaſures, and by dire neglect,
Which on our arms, and counſels, muſt reflect *;

Yet

* In a ſermon intitled *Britain's Fall*, preached on occaſion of a General Faſt in the year 1782, I find the following remarks, which allude to the event referred to above; and I appeal to the Reader, if it is not to be devoutly wiſhed, there were leſs truth in them.

Among other cauſes which the Author aſſigns for our *fall*, he takes particular notice of our *national pride and haughtineſs*, and of our

Yet Heav'n was juſt in puniſhing our crimes,
By loſs of blood, and treaſure, in theſe climes.
Whither, alas! is Britain's honour fled,
When her fam'd ſons, who oft victorious led
Her valiant troops triumphant from the field,
To peaſant-bands the palm diſgraceful yield!

Ah!

our *profligacy* and *corruption of manners*. 'The former of theſe, '(ſays he) has drawn upon Britain the indignation of Europe, and 'drawn from her the allegiance of America. It was deemed be-'neath the dignity of Britain, to liſten to her aggrieved Colonies; 'and when their Petition and Remonſtrance came over to the Ca-'pital, and was preſented in the humbleſt manner, by *diſtinguiſhed* 'and *worthy characters* *, they were inſulted both by the ſenate 'and the people.'

With regard to the latter of theſe evils, he adds, 'That the pre-'ſent age is ſunk in deep corruption, is a truth as manifeſt as it is 'melancholy. From this fatal fountain flow venality, perjury, 'faction, oppoſition to legal authority, drunkenneſs, lewdneſs, breach 'of matrimonial vows, and that venal and mercenary ſpirit that per-'vades the great Senate of the nation.—This is a main cauſe that Britons,

* Of theſe diſtinguiſhed and worthy characters, the late famous *Dr Franklin* was one. This great philoſopher, and able politician, was a warm and ſteady friend to Britain, and exerted himſelf to bring about an happy accommodation between her and the Colonies, till our own conduct gave a different turn to his views and exertions. The papers have told us, that being examined on that occaſion by the Privy Council, they, inſtead of regarding the ſalutary meaſures which he recommended, and which, if adopted, would have, in all human probability, ſaved America to this country, treated both him and his propoſals in a very haughty and cavalier manner. From that moment he was induced to alter his ſentiments and conduct; and all Europe knows what influence that alteration had on the event of that unhappy diſpute; for, under God, America owes, in a great meaſure, her preſent *independance* to the wiſdom of his counſels, and the zeal and activity of his good offices in her cauſe. Thus, when God means to mortify and chaſtiſe a people for their crimes, he infatuates their councils, and leaves them to proſecute ſuch meaſures as will infallibly defeat the very ends they mean to ſerve by them; which we find often exemplified in the ſcripture-hiſtory, particularly on the occaſion of the unhappy rupture betwixt Iſrael and Judah, in the days of Rehoboam, which afterwards gave birth to ſo many fatal conſequences to both kingdoms; and is, no doubt, often exemplified in the world. 2 Chron. x

Ah! ſhall the Vet'ran, rear'd mid hardy toils,
Permit rude valour to bear off the ſpoils;
To capture thoſe who often bravely fought,
Where they with martial ardor, laurels ſought!
It ill becomes thoſe who a nation guide,
Direct their councils, or in war preſide;

In

'Britons, once a race of hardy warriors, are now ſo enervated and 'effeminate, that either they are afraid to face the enemy, or loſe 'the golden ſeaſon, lolling on the lap of ſenſual pleaſure. It is well 'known, that in our camp, and when the camp was in an enemy's country, ſome of our generals and officers minded little elſe but 'their criminal intrigues and pleaſures. Who knows not that an 'iſland was lately taken from us, when its governor was in purſuit 'of his own amuſement? And who is ignorant, that another iſland 'was nearly taken, when its governor was aſleep? When our fleets 'are to ſail in queſt of the enemy, is it rare to find our captains 'ſo drenched in wine, as to be incapable to do their duty? For 'this criminal conduct ſome of them have been tried and broken.

He ſubjoins in a note what was partly anounced in the public papers during that unauſpicious period;—'Not to mention the C——r 'in ch—f, it is well known, that a field officer (tho' the *huſband* of 'an amiable woman,) became the *ſlave* of an American miſtreſs, 'who nearly brought him to a fatal end. For, either from the 'hopes of a high reward, or from a deſire to be revenged for ſome 'real or ſuppoſed injury, ſhe accuſed her effeminate gallant of hold-'ing a treaſonable correſpondence with General Waſhington, by 'her means. Upon this he was taken into cuſtody, and tried by a 'court-martial, who acquitted him for want of a fuller evidence.

'While this diſgraceful deed was tranſacting at Philadelphia, 'G——l H—w, and the officers of the army converted into *ball-'rooms* ſeveral elegant houſes, which had been abandoned by their 'owners, upon the arrival of the Britiſh army; and, that the ſcene 'of diſſipation might be laid complete, a *play-houſe* was fitted up, a 'ſet of *officers* commenced *players*, and ſeemed fonder of ſhining 'upon the *ſtage*, than on the *field of battle*. Always dangerous and 'often deadly are the paths of vice and folly, and this round of diſ-'ſipation had nearly terminated in the deſtruction of the Britiſh ar-'my. Upon a certain night, when the play-houſe was crowded 'with the officers of the fleet and army, ſome wicked incendiaries 'had nearly blown it up. They had found means to convey a large 'quantity of gun-powder into one of the cellars below the theatre,

In whom the public ſafety they repoſe,
To waſte their time in pleaſure 'midſt their foes.
If luſt for pleaſure, or for wealth bear ſway,
And thro' each patriot-virtue force its way;
If irreligion in each form prevail,
And Heav'n itſelf with hoſtile darts aſſail;
Is it once ſtrange our plans abortive prove?
Can they be ſanction'd by the Pow'r above?
When we rely on human ſkill, or might,
Deem martial proweſs equal to the fight;

'Tis

'and an old woman was juſt going to light the fatal match, when 'a centinel, obſerving her, prevented this dreadful tragedy, which, 'had it been acted, would have ſent to eternity, in a moment, the 'commanders in chief, and the principal officers of both the fleet 'and army, Meantime, (if I am well informed) General Waſh-'ington was to get the ſignal; and, amidſt the general conſterna-'tion and diſorder, to attack and cut in pieces the army.—I am 'not ſurpriſed, that this anecdote is ſcarcely known in Britain; 'ſuch a narrative would have cut but a ſorry figure in G——l-'H—w's *diſpatches!*'

If we admit the above as matter of fact, is it any way ſurpriſing America ſhould ceaſe to be ours; eſpecially when we conſider our aggravated guilt at home, as concurring to bring matters to ſuch a criſis?—So far from being ſuitably affected with the tokens of God's diſpleaſure manifeſted in that unhappy diſpute, and its diſaſtrous conſequences; by our conduct, we too much reſembled that wicked prince in Iſrael, upon whom a diſtinguiſhed brand of infamy is ſet in the ſacred hiſtory—'In the time of his diſtreſs did he treſpaſs 'yet more againſt the Lord;' to which it is ſubjoined, with a peculiar emphaſis, 'This is that king Ahaz,' that obſtinate, incorrigible tranſgreſſor, whom the Spirit of God exhibits in his word as an awful beacon, for the inſtruction and warning of all ſucceeding generations. 2 Chron. xxviii. 22. While God, by the diſpenſations of his providence, was hedging up our way as with thorns, like him, we would yet break through. That ancient proverb holds, of nations, as well as of individuals, and, alas! of our nation in par-'ticular—'Tho' thou ſhouldeſt bray a fool in a mortar among wheat 'with a peſtil, yet will not his fooliſhneſs depart from him.' Prov. xxvii. 22. God hath begun, let all ranks deprecate he may not proceed to make a full end, and to eaſe himſelf of us as his adverſaries.

'Tis juſt in God to blaſt our riſing hopes,
To level with the duſt our boaſted props.
From ſov'reign claims, we fall in our demand,
As if unable longer to withſtand;
Still loſing ground, we are conſtrain'd to yield,
And leave our Colonies to reap the field.
Each overture of peace reject they ſtill,
Till once attain'd the ſummit of their will.
No added trophies bear we on return,
While Britons ſtill the loſs ſuſtained mourn.
What anxious griefs oppreſs'd each patriot mind,
While num'rous woes in dreadful form combin'd;
While Albion's ſons wage war with *kindred* foes,
And *civil* carnage her dire havock ſhows!
The various ſchemes deviſed this to ſpare,
Fail of effect, and iſſue in deſpair.
Tho' vict'ry ſhould attend Britannia's arms,
O'er Brethren gain'd, evaniſh would its charms.
The pain we feel at former friends diſtreſs,
Muſt ſwell our wo, our happineſs decreaſe.
While glory prompted to the warrior's crown,
Dear bought, with *kindred blood*, the gain'd renown.
Our partial conqueſts but increaſe our wo,
From that campaign what num'rous burdens flow!
What taxes thence may ſire and ſon oppreſs!
What *blood*, what *treaſure*, pav'd the way to peace *!

* By the *American war* Britain hath loſt *thirteen* rich and extenſive *Provinces*, a *hundred* and *twenty millions* of treaſure; and about 100,000 men! a loſs immenſe and irreparable! We have been lately told, in the papers, that 'ſince the year 1760 our national 'debt

While, *independent*, Britain's forc'd to own
Her ſtates, for ever ſever'd from her Throne.
Offended Heav'n would thus our glory ſtain,
Our guilt the cauſe, of this alone complain.
'Tis ſin makes warriors bleed, while thouſands mourn,
And war's dire flames with waſting fury burn.
Sin whets the ſword, and points the fatal ſteel,
The ſource of all the ills which mankind feel.
In theſe events, does not our God proclaim
His ire at Britain, from our ways reclaim?
Few, few, alas! do yet incline their ear,
To hear his voice, in theſe dread ſcenes, and fear!
The ſame infatuated people ſtill,
Thus we the meaſure of our ſins fulfill!
Our cup, how nigh the brim, God only knows,
But that 'tis filling faſt our conduct ſhows.
An angry Heaven hath of late down pour'd
Dread ſigns of wrath, while pond'rous hail it ſhow'r'd,
On diſtricts not remote; ſhould we not fear,
Dread God's diſpleaſure, and his pow'r revere?
While the fierce ſurge our fellow-men o'erpow'rs,
In numbers on our coaſts, and them devours;
Should we not learn herein to own our God,
His foot-ſteps mark, and tremble at his rod?

Can

' debt has been increaſed more than 140 millions, and the empire ' diminiſhed more than one half!' a ſerious matter, even to poſterity. Should we unhappily involve ourſelves in war, who can ſay how much may be added to the load? Our national reſources, however great, have their bounds; but our national debt, increaſing at ſuch a rate, muſt exceed all bounds—a matter wherein every ſubject is not a little intereſted; for, if ever paid, it muſt be out of the public purſe, which muſt mean-while anſwer for the intereſt of ſuch an enormous ſum.

Can we forget that desolating pest,
Which once our Capital did sore infest;
While thousands, hurried thence, to meet their doom,
Became, in crowds, the tenants of the tomb?
Or that most awful, and devouring flame *,
Which had well nigh extinguished her name;

Dislodg'd

* The awful visitation of London, in the year 1665, by that dreadful executioner of incenced justice, the plague, was supposed to have cut off at least 100,000 of the inhabitants, besides those who died of it in the country. What an awful scene was here betwixt the dead and the dying; while the pestilence walked in darkness, and destruction wasted at noon-day! Trade and commerce at a stand—the scenes of pleasure and amusement deserted—terror painted on every countenance. Many families all dead corpses, while scarce enow could be found to inter them! Surviving infants were found by their deceased mothers, while none could be prevailed with to take charge of them. The streets presented nothing but spectacles of horror and wo. Crowds flocked to the churches, deeply penetrated with awful apprehensions of immediate death, and an opening eternity. Their shrieks of wo, and importunate cries for mercy, were sufficient to pierce and melt the most unfeeling heart. A time-serving clergy abandoned their people in their extreme need, to shift for their own safety; while their late worthy ejected ministers stepped forth, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of government, and at the imminent risk of their own lives, to administer to their distressed and dying brethren every aid in their power. Then the gospel-message, in their mouth, proved *glad tidings of great joy* to many, who had often despised and rejected it: for 'when he 'slew them, then they sought him; and they returned and enquired 'early after God.' Psal. lxxviii. 34.

Thus proud *Marseilles*, about eighty years ago, was reduced by a similar calamity, in less than fifteen days, to a theatre of complicated misery and wretchedness. And, of late, what ravages hath the plague committed in Turkey, whence it may be communicated various ways to us, should God permit.

The very next year, while this awful calamity was still fresh in their minds, God was pleased to visit London with another signal token of his displeasure, that memorable fire which was computed to have destroyed 13200 houses, besides much treasure. Thus the greatest and proudest city on earth was soon humbled to the dust, soon made a Magor-missabib, a terror to itself, and all around it,

Diſlodg'd vaſt numbers, and conſum'd their ſtore,
Both which events made many deep deplore;
While they declared Heaven to be juſt,
Who for their crimes thus brought them to the duſt.
Such events ſtill admoniſh reaſon's ear,
Whoſo is wiſe will not decline to hear;

For

it; while God appeared, by theſe tokens of his wrath, a terror to them all becauſe of their ſins. What language, what imagination can paint the horrors of ſuch tremenduous ſcenes? Did they not audibly announce the wrath of the Almighty againſt our land? yet many ſuch arrows are in his quiver, which he can empty at pleaſure againſt the impenitent workers of iniquity.

It is probable, God employs the miniſtry of angels in ſuch awful viſitations of his wrath; for we find one of theſe, being armed with a divine commiſſion, deſtroying, in the days of David, about 70,000 of the Jews by the peſtilence, in the ſpace of a few hours; another cutting off the vaſt hoſt of Sennacherib, and a third, the firſt-born, both of man and beaſt, in Egypt, in one night. If one of theſe ſpirits is equal to ſuch mighty feats, what is the whole aſſembly of the ungodly to the Almighty! He is a God of terrible majeſty, and who can ſtand if once he be angry? All his enemies are but as briers, thorns, and ſtubble, and who would ſet theſe in battle before him? he would go thro' them, and conſume them altogether. Good heavens! where and how ſhall the wicked and ungodly appear at the great day of final retribution? What a day of conſternation and deſpair ſhall this prove, when 'the lofty looks of man ſhall be humbled, and the haughtineſs of men ſhall be bowed down, and the 'Lord alone be exalted.' Iſa. ii. 11.

If others have been ſo viſited in Providence, what ſecurity can we have, that ſuch viſitations ſhall not overtake us? for does not the continued repetition of the ſame crimes frequently procure the repetition of the ſame or worſe judgments? Awful, however, as theſe diſpenſations are, for a people to have the goſpel continued with them, and that goſpel commiſſioned to preach them deaf, blind, and obdurate, all which is conſiſtent with external proſperity, is unſpeakably more to be dreaded: and yet this ſeems to be the judgement of the preſent day, tho' few have eyes to diſcern it, and hearts to feel and lament it, which but increaſes the calamity. 'My peo-
'ple would not hearken to my voice: ſo I gave them up unto their
'own hearts luſt: (or, as the margent reads it, *to the hardneſs of their*
'hearts)

For the ſame God can in a moment make
Our cities ruins, and our iſle to quake.
And hath he not of late our iſland ſhook,
Which many felt? let us adore, and look
To that kind hand, which ſtill the blow ſuſpends,
While juſtice ſome reſpite to mercy lends.
But ſhould we ſtill his juſtice ſtern provoke,
Abuſe his patience, will he not revoke
His ſlighted favours from a race ſo baſe,
Who ſadly miſimprove their day of grace?
Does God the nations govern by his pow'r,
And will he ſuffer them contempt to pour
Still on his righteous laws, his grace inſult,
And not the honour of his name conſult?
Does he, all Wiſe, the nations ſtill correct,
That on their ways they may, in time, reflect;
And ſhall he never chaſtiſe Britain's iſle,
Tho' ſins of deepeſt dye each where defile?
Chaſtiſe he will, believe it, and not fail;
O let not blind ſecurity prevail!
Abuſed lenity will juſtice rouſe,
The more incens'd, the more we grace refuſe.

'Tis

'*hearts*) and they walked in their own counſels.' 'Yea, wo alſo 'to them when I depart from them.' Pſal. lxxxi. 11, 12. Hoſ. viii. 12. That we hearken not to God's voice, but wander in our own counſels, our deeds proclaim over the whole nation. That this is an evidence that God hath departed from us, and given us up to our own heart's luſt; is there not too much cauſe to fear? While we follow, or rather far exceed the Jewiſh nation in their ſins, may God forbid we ſhould be made like them in their plagues; by turning us ſpeedily from our evil ways to the wiſdom and obedience of the juſt!

'Tis Heav'n's great rule, obſerved to mankind,
A rule approved to the human mind,
That thoſe who ſhare his gifts in greater ſtore,
Of them th' impartial Judge requires the more;
Or, if abus'd, their ſtripes ſtill deeper makes,
When he the juſt, correcting rod once takes.
In proof hereof, ſurvey the rolls of time,
In ev'ry age, and nation, and each clime;
For theſe do all joint atteſtation bring,
To vouch this conduct of Almighty King.
In various ways, O Britain, hath thy God,
Diſplay'd o'er thee his juſt, paternal rod.
Hath he not ſmote, expreſſive of his ire?
O dread his wrath as a conſuming fire!
Did not this King of kings upon us frown,
When his afflictive hand aſſail'd the Throne;
Brought down our Royal Sire to verge of fate,
Diveſted for a time of regal ſtate?
Who can forget? ſtill is it freſh in mind,
Yet Heav'n, propitious, was to Britain kind;
Diſpell'd in mercy the ill-boding gloom,
And made our joys and hopes a-freſh to bloom,
Our King reſtores, his tranquil days prolongs,
While his increaſing joys compoſe our ſongs.
Long, long may God his life and Conſort's ſpare,
Own them and ſeed as objects of his care;
Their ev'ry bliſs on earth for years prolong,
Till rais'd to join the happy, royal throng,
Who ſing his praiſe in never-ceaſing ſong*.

Our

* Our Sovereign's late affliction, alluded to above, tho' for the time grievous, gave occaſion to a diſcovery which muſt be ever grate-

Our Royal Sire, adore this great Supreme,
And let his praiſe ſtill form thy grateful theme;
To him each gift, and ev'ry pow'r of thought,
As doubly due, with cordial heart devote.
His will and glory, be theſe ſtill thy aim,
For he alone confers immortal fame,
Not as the claim of regal dignity:
But the free gift of him who is Moſt High,
To thoſe who own his ſway, obſerve his laws,
Their pow'r employ to guard and rear his cauſe.
In vain do kings above the people ſoar,
If they do not the King of kings adore,
Who ſoon can level each imperial throne,
Make death, terrific monarch, claim them as his own.
Of late, a gloom had our whole ſky o'erſpread *,
The gath'ring ſtorm, by various ſources fed,
Did menace Albion's ev'ry cliffy ſhore,
With horrid war's rekindling, martial roar;
Did threaten our long-favour'd, guilty coaſt,
With foes combin'd, a formidable hoſt.

grateful to his Royal mind; namely, the intereſt he hath in the hearts of his ſubjects. In his recovery their warmeſt wiſhes were gratified, and the prayers of many heard; while all deſcriptions of men teſtified, in their own way, their joy thereat. Happy were it for us, did our dutiful regards to Heaven manifeſt themſelves ſo viſibly, as on that memorable occaſion our attachment to his Royal perſon, and concern for the happineſs of his illuſtrious houſe. In that diſpenſation, that God, by whom kings reign, and princes rule and decree juſtice, was pleaſed to addreſs us in language at once threatening and expreſſive. Oh that we were diſpoſed to hear his voice, leſt a worſe thing befal us!

* The Author here alludes to the late diſagreeable diſpute with Spain, reſpecting Nootka Sound, which threatened to involve this country in very ſerious conſequences. See the following note.

Our land, exhauſted by a former war,
May pray this ſcourge be long kept from us far;
That us alarm may not the direful ſound,
While Britain bleeds ſtill by her recent wound.
But, would not God be juſt to deal the blow,
Becauſe averſe to learn his ways and know?
May he not juſtly all our glory ſtain,
Diveſt our land of empire o'er the main,
Becauſe our impious ways that land profane?
Lo! mid due wrath, he thinks on us in love,
The blow ſuſpends, doth all our fears remove;
Bids welcome peace extend her olive bough,
Our commerce ſwell, in recent channels flow.
Thus on our coaſts, he deigns once more to ſmile,
O that our ways might hence no more defile!
He ſtill averts the dread, avenging ſtroke,
O that, thence lur'd, we may his name invoke,
Nor more, by crimes, his juſtice ſtern provoke!

Aſcribe not, Britons, to your martial hoſt,
The ſtill protracted ſafety of your coaſt;
Nor to your ſkill and armaments for war,
That this deſtroyer, from his gloomy car,
Spreads not, as yet, his terrors all around,
While thouſands periſh by his deadly wound.
Beware, you rob not Heav'n of glory due *,
Leſt war his torch 'gainſt us inflame anew;

Nor

* It has been often juſt ground and matter of complaint, that in ſituations the moſt ſerious and critical, ſo far from exerciſing an humble dependance on ſuperintending Heaven, and imploring, or acknowledging the Divine interpoſition, our infidelity and practical atheiſm

Nor quench, but in the current of our blood,
'Tis dang'rous to provoke Almighty God.
For ſhould our preſent vices ſtill prevail,
Sure he will viſit, and our land aſſail.
The longer he ſuſpends the earned blow,
Will make wrath's torrents deeper, wider flow.

The

atheiſm manifeſt themſelves in the moſt open and avowed manner. Of this nature is that ſhamefully gaſconading language, which hath been ſo often circulated thro' the nation, by the channels of conveying public intelligence, to our great reproach as a profeſſedly Chriſtian people, and the grief of thoſe who cheriſh a due ſenſe of our conſtant and neceſſary dependance on God.

Lately, on occaſion of our apprehended *rupture with Spain*, which threatened to involve us in war with the half of Europe, the proud, vaunting language of vain ſelf-confidence was pompouſly announced thro' the land, while the matter hung in awful ſuſpence. Among the various reaſons that were commonly aſſigned for the amicable termination of that unhappy diſpute, the following, and the like obſervations, which appeared in our news-papers, ſhow, but too plainly, how much the friendly and ſeaſonable interpoſition of Heaven is overlooked, as if we were aſhamed, or afraid, to own the interference of ſuch an Ally, leſt this ſhould derogate too much from the wiſdom of our councils, and the proweſs of our martial leaders and troops.

'This happy termination of a diſpute that ſo recently wore an 'hoſtile aſpect, is to be aſcribed to the general confidence of the 'people in, and national fervour thus aiding the operations of Go-'vernment. With an army unanimous, and a navy in the fineſt 'ſtate of diſcipline and harmony, what advantages ought we to ex-'pect?' After enumerating the naval forces of theſe powers, whoſe intention to combine againſt us, did a rupture take place, we had good reaſon to ſuſpect, we find it added; 'Were our enemies dou-'ble their preſent number, there is no doubt but the *Tars of Old-'England* would give a good account of them. Nature has given 'us thoſe impregnable wooden walls, which all their united force 'can never ſurmount.' What high ſwelling words of vanity!—Are theſe Chriſtians who can expreſs themſelves after this manner on ſuch critical occaſions? or thoſe who can receive ſuch bluſtering, profane expreſſions without diſapprobation? Does it derogate from

The more abus'd his patience and his grace,
The weightier vengeance ſhall in time take place.
Forbid, ſecurity ſhould ſtill bear ſway,
And lead to miſimprove the ſhort delay!
When moſt ſecure, the fatal hour is near,
What woes take place not rarely in a year!

War

the military character of an eminent Commander, that he ſpeaks of himſelf, and his enemies, in a quite different language *?—'Truly 'in vain is ſalvation hoped for, from the hills, and from the multi-'tude of mountains;' from the number, ſtrength, and proweſs of our fleets and armies, and from our various national reſources: 'truly in the Lord our God is the ſalvation of Iſrael,' the deliverance of Britain, from every threatening danger, and our continued peace, ſafety, and proſperity. Jer. iii. 23.

When we are thus ſhy, or aſhamed, of owning the Lord of hoſts, in ſuch circumſtances, may he not juſtly diſown us, and leave the arm of fleſh, of which we are ſo apt to make our haughty boaſt, to decide the quarrel? Does he not rule in the armies of heaven, and do among the inhabitants of the earth according to his pleaſure? and yet, we would exclude his preſence and agency from his own dominions; while, to uſe a ſcripture ſimile, we ſacrifice to our own net, burn incenſe to our own drag, and ſay, in effect, to our fellow-men, Ye are our gods. Would not a ſober Heathen be aſhamed to uſe ſuch language, leſt he ſhould be deemed a contemner of the gods, and treated accordingly? and can it but grieve the hearts of thoſe who regard that Providence which ſuperintends the concerns of ſtates and individuals? We hear of the *wooden-walls* of Old-England; but allowing theſe floating bulwarks of our iſle were compoſed of the firmeſt oak, and manned by the braveſt men, does not our own paſt experience ſufficiently ſhow how eaſily God's ſword can pierce them, and the preſſure of his mighty arm cruſh them in pieces? Should he only blow with his winds, arming them meanwhile with his commiſſion, and they ſink as lead amidſt the mighty waters. That this is not more frequently the caſe, muſt be owned to be a miracle of long ſuffering on God's part; when we reflect that theſe boaſted wooden-walls contain ſo many nurſeries of vice, and ſchools of profaneneſs and blaſphemy. 'Tell it not in Gath, pub-'liſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon, leſt the daughter of the un-'circum-

* Lord Cornwallis, in his late diſpatches to the Directors of the Eaſt-India Company.

War rages ſtill in Britain's diſtant coaſt,
With a Barbarian throng—a num'rous hoſt,
Let not her ſons perſiſt in empty boaſt *.
What foe ſo mean but Heaven may employ,
To check our pride, our braveſt ſons deſtroy?

War,

'circumciſed triumph:' Let it not be heard in Pagan climes, that Britain's enlightened ſons regard the Almighty Guardian of their coaſt much leſs than their benighted race do theſe tutelar deities, which no where exiſt but in their own deluded minds.—Can we recollect the fate of the Royal George—the Ville de Paris—the Canon man of war, *&c.* and yet uſe a language highly inſulting to that God, who ſits as King on the floods, while our fleets are every moment, when out of port, at the mercy of his winds and waves, theſe ſervants of his which are ever ready to fulfill his pleaſure?

On ſuch an occaſion, how would a loyal ſon of ancient Greece or Rome behave? Would he exclude the gods of the ſtate from all ſhare in the glory of a ſucceſsful war, or an honourable peace? Let all the records of antiquity, handed down to us, whether by Hiſtorians, Poets, or Philoſophers atteſt; and let their conduct put the many baptized infidels of Britain to the bluſh, as they will, doubtleſs, riſe up in the future judgment againſt them, and condemn their more heatheniſh port. Homer, that famous ancient Poet, ſets out in his Iliad with obſerving, that the will of Jupiter, their ſupreme deity, was fulfilling in that ſeries of events which he was about to relate. This general principle is illuſtrated and confirmed throughout the whole poem, nor do his heroes once loſe ſight of it; for they are introduced on all occaſions as piouſly referring every event, whether proſperous or adverſe, to the interpoſition of the gods, whom they never fail to acknowledge. In this, as in other things, he adhered, no doubt, to the prevailing ſentiments and cuſtoms of the people and times whereof he wrote.

Of the ſame infidel ſpirit reprobated above, ſavours the following remark reſpecting our late diſpute with Ruſſia; 'Should the interference of the mediating powers be neceſſary for the reſtoration 'of peace, England is in a condition to *ſweep* the Ruſſian flag *from* 'the ocean, or that of any power that may enter into the ambitious 'ſchemes of this heroine.' Here that weighty axiom of ſacred writ, ſo often verified in the hiſtory of mankind, ſeems to be entirely overlooked—'The race is not to the ſwift, nor the battle to the 'ſtrong;' 'For the battle is not yours, but Gods.' Eccl. ix. 11. 2 Chron. xx. 15.

Similar

* How neceſſary and ſeaſonable ſuch a caution, the Reader may judge from the above note.

War, baleful war, oft flies on rapid wings,
From coaſts remote, a train of evils brings;
While myriads periſh in his bloody lake,
Who God provoke, nor guilt's vile courſe forſake.
Once more He claims allegiance to the ſkies,
Once more bids Britons ope their ſlumb'ring eyes,
Awake

Similar bravadoes were often thrown out during the late American war, and we all know what became of them. If our fleets and armies are more than match for all that can riſe up in arms againſt us, why, in the name of wonder, are we at ſuch trouble and expence to form continental connections? It may be queſtioned, whether we would not be better without theſe; for do they not often involve us in bloody and expenſive wars? Was there more dependance on God, there would be leſs on man, nor would we have occaſion to make ſuch ſacrifices in order to procure human alliances. What God ſaid of old to the Jews applies, perhaps, in this reſpect to ourſelves—'Wo to them that go down to Egypt for help, and ſtay on 'horſes, and truſt in chariots, becauſe they are many; and in horſe-'men, becauſe they are very ſtrong: but they look not unto the 'Holy One of Iſrael, neither ſeek the Lord. Yet he alſo is wiſe, 'and will bring evil, and will not call back his words: but will a-'riſe againſt the houſe of the evil-doers, and againſt the help of them 'that work iniquity. Now the Egyptians are men, and not God; 'and their horſes fleſh, and not Spirit: when the Lord ſhall ſtretch 'out his hand, both he that helpeth ſhall fall, and he that is holpen 'ſhall fall down, and they all ſhall fall together.' Iſa. xxxi. 1, 2, 3. If a peoples ways pleaſe the Lord, he can make their enemies be at peace with them; or, ſhould they invade them, 'give them as the 'duſt to their ſword, and as driven ſtubble to their bow.' Iſa. xli. 2. To ſuch he ſaith, 'They that ſtrive with thee ſhall periſh; they 'that war againſt thee ſhall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought. 'For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, ſaying unto 'thee, Fear not, I will help thee.' Verſes 11, 12, 13. If the advantages reſulting from continental alliances be problematical, the expediency of interfering with foreign diſputes, without apparent neceſſity, ſeems to be ſtill more equivocal; tho' the latter is, indeed, viewed as a juſt and neceſſary conſequence of the former.

With regard to our vain confidence in our internal reſources, can we forget that ſalutary admonition, ſo often repeated in ſcripture, 'He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.' Is it not ſurpriſing that any ſhould glory in man, and make the arm of fleſh his boaſt—

glory

Awake from fatal ſleep, and Heav'n implore,
Ere juſtice ſmite, and mercy ſhield no more *.
As for their prey fierce wolves and bears ſtill rage,
Or lions ſtern, ſo men with men engage;
Urg'd on by thoſe who o'er the world preſide,
Too oft ambition's ſlaves, the dupes of pride.

Death

glory thus in the wiſdom of human councils, and in the ſtrength and military proweſs of martial forces, who hath acceſs to read; 'Thus 'ſaith the Lord, Curſed be the man that truſteth in man, and ma-'keth fleſh his arm, and whoſe heart departeth from the Lord. For 'he ſhall be like the heath in the deſert, and ſhall not ſee when 'good cometh.' Jer. ix. 23.—xvii. 5, 6. The impolicy of ſuch conduct is no leſs obvious than its impiety; for none can ſo harden themſelves againſt God, and proſper.

The ſame Almighty Governor among the nations interrogates his profeſſing people on this head—'And what will ye do in the 'day of viſitation? to whom will ye flee for help? Without me 'they ſhall bow down under the priſoners, and they ſhall fall under 'the ſlain—As a bowing wall ſhall ye be, and as a tottering fence.' Iſa. x. 4. Pſal. lxii. 3. Were theſe things duly believed, or attended to, would our ears be ſtunned, or our hearts grieved with ſuch vain, empty boaſting? yet the words of God are facts, while thoſe of mortal man are but dying breath. Diſregard his words we now may, but, in his own time and way, he will make us to hear, to ſee, and to feel them: 'Heaven and earth (ſays he) ſhall paſs away, but 'my words ſhall not paſs away,' or fail of their accompliſhment; 'For verily I ſay unto you, Till heaven and earth paſs, one jot or 'one title ſhall in no wiſe paſs from the law, till all be fulfilled.' Mat. xxiv. 25.—v. 18.

When we conſider what we are, and have been, our preſent temper and diſpoſitions, with regard to God and religion, and our paſt conduct; have we not too much reaſon to expect he ſhould addreſs us, as he did the Jews of old, 'I have no pleaſure in you, neither 'will I accept an offering at your hand.' Mal. i. 10.

* Since the above lines were wrote, the Author is happy to have it in his power to congratulate his Country on the ſucceſs of our arms in the Eaſt; yet the prudent counſel of an ancient monarch merits our regard; 'Let not him that girdeth on his harneſs boaſt him-'ſelf, as he that putteth it off:' (1 Kings xx. 11.) for what can be

may,

Death ſpreads his vail o'er many a hero's eye,
Alike the vanquiſh'd, and victorious die;
Or the proud victors triumph o'er the ſlain,
While drench'd with blood is the whole hoſtile plain.
Than beaſts of prey, ah! man to man more fierce,
Who can their mutual cruelties rehearſe?
To furies human beings theſe transform,
Are oft committed under friendſhip's form.
Too oft the wolf lies hid in ſheeps attire,
Diſpos'd to joy in wounds, in blood, and fire!
Ah! what can war but ſow the ſeeds of war?
The peace it ſeeks too oft it ſets afar.
When this fair gem thro' hoſtile plains is ſought,
The tranſient beam, alas! is dearly bought;
Which love and reaſon might at once ſecure,
Nor war's dread horrors myriads more endure.
O would earth's monarchs all their frays compoſe,
By meaſures mild, nor force to force oppoſe,
No longer treat their ſubjects as their foes!
Be wiſe, ye Britons, ſtill averſe to wage
War with the nations, or their ire enrage;

For

more uncertain than the events of war? Theſe are among the things which God hath put in his own power, whence the battle is not always to the ſtrong.

But allowing an honourable peace ſhould once more preſent us with her olive bough, a thing much to be wiſhed even in the moſt proſperous war, how ſoon may a more formidable enemy ſtart up from ſome other quarter; for the brighteſt day may be ſoon overcaſt with clouds, and the fierceſt ſtorm ſucceed the greateſt calm! Let us, however, bear in mind, that our very worſt foes are thoſe internal ones of our own creating, which appear in multitudes every where; for abounding ſins are certain tokens of approaching judgements, and muſt, in various ways, militate againſt the honour and proſperity of any people among whom they prevail. 'Sin is a reproach to any people.' Prov. xiv. 34.

For conqueſt may not always crown your arms,
Nor ſtates be aw'd by all your loud alarms.
Peace, peace alone, can your bleſt ſtate reſtore,
Repair the loſſes you have borne before;
Maintain your commerce, and your *load* decreaſe,
Whence prize, and cheriſh all the means of peace.
Tho' conqueſt ſhould her laurels ſtill beſtow,
Make Britain triumph o'er her ev'ry foe;
Yet o'er the ſpoils humanity muſt wail,
While thouſands periſh, as her arms prevail.
Not war, but Science can a State adorn,
Impart true fame, add luſtre to a Throne.
To this Britannia greater glory owes,
Than to her num'rous triumphs o'er her foes.
Her Claſſic page her more renown will gain,
Than all her battles on the hoſtile plain
For deeds heroic with the brave would die,
Did Science not aid, and time's ſtern pow'r defy.
Conſider, Britons, ancient Greece and Rome,
The cauſe forget not, while you mark their doom.
Tho' fam'd for arts, for proweſs, and for wealth,
And conqueſts, wide extended over earth;
Yet vice, deteſted vice, ſoon brought them low,
Made them a prey to each invading foe.
Theſe, and proud Babel, once as queens did reign,
And fondly thought they ever ſhould remain;
Yet righteous God did all their pomp o'erthrow,
In deſtin'd hour, wrath's torrents them o'erflow.
So far'd it too, with ſtates of glorious fame,
And wealthy cities of renowned name,

Which but in annals faithful page we trace,
While quite unknown their former ſite, or place.
When moſt ſecure, the fate deſerv'd was near;
Boaſt not of what may quickly diſappear.
Conſider, likewiſe, Iſrael of old,
A people highly favour'd of the Lord,
Whoſe arm, outſtretch'd, did them oft ſhield and ſave:
Yet to their foes a prey, at length, them gave;
Becauſe, perverſe, they ſtill went on, and ſinn'd,
Tho' often warn'd, and from his ways declin'd.
For us, like them, he oft diſplay'd his pow'r,
Oft choiceſt bleſſings on our land did ſhow'r:
But if, like them, we ſtill him diſobey,
Like them, we too ſhall have our judgment-day.
Our deep ſecurity no proof can yield,
That mercy will perſiſt our iſle to ſhield:
The ſad reverſe, does not experience ſhow?
Who records paſt conſult, this truth muſt know.
When we leaſt dread, our ruin may be near,
What fatal events happen in a year*!
How weak is mortal pow'r, to Heav'n alone,
Are future events, fate of nations, known!

Like

* When our Lord ſaid to his diſciples, while admiring *the* magnificent *buildings of the temple*, 'Verily I ſay unto you, There ſhall 'not be left here one ſtone upon another, that ſhall not be thrown 'down,' (Mat. xxiv. 1, 2.) there was little ſign of the predicted event, no, not for years after; for the Jews were then under the protection of the Roman empire, and at peace with all the world. Yet ſin ſo abounded, that the cup of their iniquity was nigh full, and hence, within forty years, the prediction was accompliſhed to the conviction of thouſands. Wrath came upon them to the uttermoſt, and left them neither root nor branch in their own land. Do not their paſt calamities, and preſent ſtate, ſpeak aloud, this too needful admonition, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' 'Be ye there-'fore ready alſo: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye 'think not.'

Like day, all kingdoms have their dawn, or riſe,
Their bright noon-tide, and their duſk ev'ning ſkies,
Their clouds and ſtorms that terminate in night,
Which rarely iſſues in returning light.
Tho' Britain's ſun for a long ſpace did ſhine,
Yet ev'ning ſhades announce his near decline.
Offended Heav'n ſeems loath to ſtrike the blow,
The fated hour draws near we yet muſt know.
Abounding ſins the ſureſt tokens yield,
That juſtice ſoon will ſmite, nor mercy ſhield.
The fatal hour once come, no more reſpite,
The righteous Judge of all, will then requite
The inſults he long bore, and force to own
His conduct juſt, while foes are left to moan.
O that the thoughtleſs, diſſipated throng,
Would change their courſe, while grace her pleas prolong;
Would timely liſten to the voice of God,
Ere made to feel the preſſure of his rod!
The loſs ere long ſhall prove quite paſt redreſs,
Should man, intent on ſhow, on feaſts, and dreſs,
Still waſte his time and wealth in folly's train,
And ſo procure a doom to endleſs pain.
Their wealth, if theirs, if thus profuſely ſpent,
While ſcarce a mite to their great Lord is lent *,
Will, doubtleſs, ſoon a ſad reverſion yield,
When neither wealth, nor birth, nor pow'r can ſhield.

* 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.' Prov. xix. 17. Is not his ſecurity good? and will he not repay with advantage thoſe who thus truſt him; tho' alas! few of the rich and great incline to put their wealth on ſuch ſecurity?

Theſe God beſtows, as things he deemeth naught,
On thoſe who have not his rich favour ſought,
Whoſe life's a dream, and death with wo is fraught;
For, in his ſight, both birth and wealth a toy,
And of no worth, but as we them employ.
Since ſolid bliſs from empty paſtimes flies,
And only can be reaped from the ſkies;
Since ſhe reſides not with the rich and great *,
From folly's haunts, as from a peſt retreat;
For her each coſtly, varied ſcene but cloys,
What all her flatt'ring gain but tinſel toys?
Still bear in mind, the final audit's nigh,
When your each deed ſhall meet Jehovah's eye.
How will you look, when he'll to view preſent,
A ſwelled roll of days and years miſpent,
Of wealth, which your paſt follies only owe,
While for good ends you ſcarce would aught beſtow?
A dread review, enough ſure to appal
The firmeſt, haughtieſt heart among you all!
Tho' you poſſeſs ſhould treaſures richly ſtor'd,
Of this you are but ſtewards for your Lord.
One law to all hath the great Judge aſſign'd,
One way to bliſs both low and high muſt find;
Deſpis'd by either, nought awaits but wo,
In that dread lake, where ſulph'rous torrents flow.

L

* To this there are, and have been exceptions; for tho' *not ma*
yet ſome *mighty* and *noble are called*. Every ſtate hath its adv
tages and temptations; yet he who beſt knows both, and their u
influence, ſaw reaſon to ſay, 'How hardly ſhall they that have ric
'enter into the kingdom of God!' Mat. x. 23. He, indeed,
plains this in the next verſe, 'How hard is it for them that tru
'riches, to enter into *the* kingdom of God;' but to poſſeſs th
and not truſt in them, is, perhaps, no common attainment.

Let ſuch as fear the Lord cry day and night *,
That he would ſpare our land, maintain our light;
Our tranquil days prolong, and ſtill us bleſs,
With virtue, piety, and rich increaſe;
For who can tell, but he our voice may hear,
And, of his grace, remove each ground of fear?
'Tis Faith and Pray'r that form the golden key,
Which opes the palace of Eternity;
For theſe united, every gift command,
Which can enrich, and ſtill protect a land;
Procure relief amidſt deſerved wo,
And cauſe it proſp'rous, tranquil days to know;
Nay gain, thro' Jeſus, free acceſs to heav'n:
For grace and glory are to men ſo giv'n.
Paſt hope our caſe, if God his ear denies,
Nor grants relief in anſwer to our cries;
Yet ſuch hath been poor Iſra'l's caſe of yore †,
Let ſinners tremble, and in time adore.
God will, at leaſt, 'mid ſcenes of deep diſtreſs,
His own ſecure from harm, their fears reverſe;

While

* Let the prieſts, the miniſters of the Lord,' weep between the porch and the altar, and let them ſay, 'Spare thy people, O Lord, 'and give not thine heritage to reproach. Ye that make mention 'of the Lord, keep not ſilence; and give him no reſt, till he eſta-'bliſh, and till he make Jeruſalem a praiſe in the earth.' Joel ii. 17. Iſa. lxii. 6, 7.

† 'Then ſaid the Lord unto me, Tho' Moſes and Samuel ſtood 'before me, yet my mind could not be toward this people; caſt 'them out of my ſight, and let them go forth. Tho' Noah, Da-'niel, and Job were in it, (viz. in the land,) as I live, ſaith the 'Lord God, they ſhall deliver neither ſons nor daughters: they 'ſhall but deliver their own ſouls by their righteouſneſs.' Jer. xv. 1. Ezek. xiv. 20.

While ſuch as now refuſe on him to call,
A prey to juſtice are then left to fall.
O would they now but lay this truth to heart,
Prevent, in this their day, the killing ſmart!
Would they repent of all their hateful crimes,
And fly for refuge to the Lord betimes;
While mercy courts, and deigns to lend an ear,
God may be found, and draws to ſinners near!
The Father now, will ſoon the Judge aſſume,
And all who mercy ſlight, in wrath conſume.
Is not our guilt yet grown a pond'rous load,—
Our guilt contracted 'gainſt Almighty God,
That we, ſo keenly, ſtill that load increaſe,
And ſtill reject each overture of peace?
Of *African* and *Indian blood*, the cry
Hath doubtleſs reach'd the righteous Pow'r on high.
This, with internal guilt, forebodes his ire,
Which, if once rous'd, ſhall ſeize his foes like fire.
Should Britons ſtill perſiſt, that ire, tho' ſlow,
May ſoon o'ertake, and in dread ſurges flow;
When God ſhall prove a terror to us all,
Perhaps, conſign our unborn ſons to thrall.
Be juſt, be merciful, to your own kind,
Would you in time of need his mercy find;
Nor more abet ſuch traffic of our race,
Leſt Heav'n, provok'd, ſhould cloſe our day of grace.
His patience may ſoon tire, more to reſpite,
While juſtice ſtern our evil deeds requite;
Unleſs we timely learn theſe to amend,
And to his voice, with filial awe, attend.

Have

Have we not, Britons, too juſt cauſe to fear,
The wrath, we merit, may to us be near?
This often operates unfelt, unſeen,
Yet is not thence, in its dire pow'r, leſs keen.
Should God his gracious influence deny,
Our earth make ſteel, convert to braſs our ſky,
With-hold his Spirit, while his word we ſhare,
And o'er his vineyard ceaſe his former care;
Muſt not the *filthy* then, ſtill filthy prove,
And few be ſmit with charms of ſacred love?
Muſt not a ſleep profound from God o'ertake,
The throng ſecure, a prelude of the *lake?*
This fatal peſt prevails, alas! each where,
So ſpeaks the ſad neglect of pious care.
They're deaf and blind to their own chief concern,
In their own eyes too wiſe of God to learn.
Unaw'd by wrath, unmov'd by Heav'n's bright love,
In the broad path, with ſtubborn heart they move;
The flow'ry, thronged path, which leads to wo,
Yet warn of danger, and you're deem'd their foe *.

May

* Men may ſo abuſe their religious advantages, as to convert that into a *favour of* ſpiritual *death into* eternal *death*, which might, if duly improved, become the *favour of* ſpiritual *life into* eternal *life*. Hence God gives this awful charge to his prophet, 'Go and tell this 'people, Hear ye indeed, but underſtand not; and ſee ye indeed, 'but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make 'their ears heavy, and ſhut their eyes: leſt they ſee with their eyes, 'and hear with their ears, and underſtand with their hearts, and 'convert, and be healed.' Iſa. vi. 9, 10. Or, as our Lord expreſſes it, 'Becauſe they ſeeing, ſee not; and hearing, they hear not, nei-'ther do they underſtand. By hearing ye ſhall hear, and ſhall not 'underſtand; and ſeeing ye ſhall ſee, and ſhall not perceive. For 'this people's heart is waxed groſs, and their ears are dull of hear-'ing, and their eyes they have cloſed; leſt at any time they ſhould

'ſee

May He, who rules as Sov'reign Lord of all,
His Spirit give, and ſinners lead to fall,
Low at his throne, and with contrition ſound,
Obedient to his word and rod be found!

May

'ſee with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and ſhould under-
'ſtand with their heart, and ſhould be converted, and I ſhould heal
'them.' Mat. xiii. 13, 14, 15.

This paſſage, at firſt addreſſed to the Jews by the prophet, was verified in the days of our Lord and his apoſtles, and we find it frequently quoted, or alluded to in the New Teſtament, as often receiving its accompliſhment in the Church of God.

No wonder God ſhould be provoked to forſake a people, when, like the profane Gergeſenes of old, they, in effect, beſeech him to depart out of their coaſts, by preferring their ſwine to him—the gratification of their corrupt luſts and paſſions, to his honour and ſervice. That this is too prevalent in our land, innumerable circumſtances ſerve to atteſt. He, however, uſually puts up with many provocations, before he thus quite abandon, as appears in his carriage towards his ancient people. The glory of God appeared to Ezekiel, firſt to retire from its wonted place in the Temple to the threſhold, and again, from that to the mount adjacent to the City, to denote how averſe he was totally to forſake them; to give them warning and time to repent; yet to aſſure them and us, that no external privileges, or profeſſion can ſecure his continued preſence with a people who hate and refuſe to be reformed. When things come to ſuch a paſs, is it not juſt with God to deprive men of his word, at leaſt in its power, and efficacy, leaving the means of conviction and converſion to become, like wells without water, and clouds without rain; like dry breaſts and a miſcarrying womb, and delivering them up, as a juſt puniſhment of former careleſſneſs and indifference, to a judicial blindneſs and hardneſs of heart? Ah, how ſad a caſe!

As the ſun hardens clay, not by imparting any hardening quality, but merely by exhaling that moiſture which ſoftens it: ſo God may be ſaid to harden the hearts of men, when he withdraws the abuſed reſtraints of his providence and grace, and gives them up to their own native obduracy, which, alas! not ſeldom happens. Hating to be reformed—a diſlike to the plain admonitions of God's word, and to thoſe who tender them—fond hopes that the effects of his diſpleaſure will not be ſo dreadful as repreſented, or a ſtupid unconcern about them, all conſtitute ſo many ſymptoms of this dangerous ſtate.

May copious grace deſcend upon our iſle,
And purge theſe ſtains that each where deep defile;
True penitence excite in ev'ry breaſt,
And ſo prevent our being low depreſt!
May that fair piety our land adorn,
Which ſhields a ſtate, eſtabliſhes a throne;
While odious vice, aſham'd, her head doth hide,
And thoſe in pow'r cannot her form abide.
Hope then we may, our God will us protect
From civil diſcord, and command reſpect
From foreign Pow'rs, and long maintain our peace,
Crown ſacred means ſtill with a rich increaſe;
While grateful earth pours forth her copious ſtore,
T' oblige the wealthy, and relieve the poor.
Thus God can make each noiſe of war to ceaſe,
Our Country bleſs with wealth and laſting peace;
The pointed ſpears in pruning hooks to bend,
And the broad falchions in a plough-ſhare end;
While, nigh our Vine and Fig-tree, each reclin'd,
Or peaceful acceſs to our temples find.
But ſhould our God permit war's dire alarms,
T' invade our coaſts, and call our troops to arms,
Secure in him, the Guardian of our State,
He'll blaſt the counſels of our foes elate;
And watch ſtill o'er our ſafety and repoſe,
Protect from danger, and repel our foes;
Will give our Fleets to triumph on the main,
And ſcatter terrors croſs its ſpacious plain;
Make en'mies leaders tremble at the fight,
Nor find their ſafety in th' attempted flight;

Taught to their coſt, how vain 'tis to pretend,
Thoſe to haraſs, whom God wills to defend.
The winds and waves to plead his favour'd cauſe
He'll make, while foes combin'd he overawes,
By ſuff'rings force their conqueſts to releaſe,
And ſue, with ſpeed, for overtures of peace;
While other Pow'rs congratulate our bliſs,
And we joint praiſe to its great ſource addreſs.

Repent, my fellow Britons, and be wiſe,
Revere th' Almighty Sov'reign of the ſkies,
Whoſe eyes earth's kingdoms, and their ſons behold,
Whoſe potent hand doth ſword and balance hold;
Diſpenſing pow'r, proſperity and peace,
Or warning, by reverſe, from ſin to ceaſe.

What is your duty, and your great concern,
Sure mean of bliſs, and your protection, learn.
Be taught to love, and ſerve that mighty Lord,
Who is by heav'n and earth to be ador'd;
And ſo each ſinful, fatal courſe forſake,
Leſt he, in wrath, you ſad examples make.
Elſe, can we hope the Holy One ſo pure,
Will peace and wealth to Britons ſtill ſecure;
Our iſland fence, our trade and pow'r increaſe,
And give to ſhare the fruits of laſting peace;
With nations plead our cauſe, and ſpread our fame,
And ſo perpetuate Britain's auguſt name?

May Albion's fame reſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Nor pow'r decline, till time ſhall be no more;
May a brave race in bright ſucceſſion riſe,
To bleſs our iſle, till form'd to grace the ſkies!

May Heav'n accept the tribute of our ſong,
Our mercies ſwell, and ſtill the ſame prolong;
Extend theſe mercies to earth's ev'ry clime,
While we, tho' guilty, ſhare them in their prime!
May war's grim horrors o'er the nations ceaſe,
And arms rude din be huſh'd to laſting peace,
That nation riſe not againſt nation more,
That fleets invade not a once friendly ſhore,
Nor ocean bellow with their thunders roar;
While Albion acts as umpire o'er the reſt,
At once gives peace, and, ſharing it, is bleſt.

Thy guardian God, Britannia, ſtill adore,
Whoſe pow'r defends, on ev'ry ſide, thy ſhore;
Whoſe love hath fix'd thy bright imperial throne,
On baſe, a diſtant image of his own.
O may thy Crown long bloom in Brunſwick's line,
So long as yonder ſun and moon ſhall ſhine;
While *Laws*, *Religion*, *Liberty* and *Peace*,
Therewith bear ſway, till Time itſelf ſhall ceaſe!

Soon may our God theſe ſend to ev'ry nation,
Cauſe lands remote to ſhare his great ſalvation,
That, by his word, theſe nations all united,
And, ſacred friendſhip's ties, may all be bleſſed.

O Britain, now adieu, may countleſs bleſſings ſpring,
To Thee ſtill, and to Thine—thy People, and thy King;
While ſacred Truth and Virtue all thy coaſts adorn,
Nor vice invades thy People, Senate, or thy Throne.

THE LADY's SKULL.*

I.

YE FAIR, be wiſe,
Fix here your eyes,
And from this *Skull* a ſerious leſſon learn;
Learn your frail ſtate,
A ſpan its date,
And to ſecure betimes your chief concern.

Time

* The term may ſeem harſh and uncouth; but *Death* and the *Grave* paſs no compliments, and acknowledge no age, ſex, or diſtinction. It is appointed for all men once to die, and the grave is *the houſe appointed for all living*; whence it is the trueſt wiſdom to familiarize them to the mind, that they may not alarm us on their approach, as the harbingers of future wo: but prove introductory to a life not once ſubjected to the aſſaults of diſeaſe and death.

Theſe verſes were, therefore, thought proper to accompany the preceding Addreſs, as ſerving to inculcate and enforce one and the ſame object. In them, the ſpirit of a deceaſed Lady, once enamoured of her own charms, and addicted to all the faſhionable levities of her ſex, is introduced, making reflexions on her preſent ſtate, and paſt conduct, while viewing the once lovely ſeat of theſe attractive charms, now in ghaſtly ruins; and taking occaſion thence to tender ſuitable admonitions to her ſurviving ſiſters. Hence, ſome of the leading conſequences of death, with regard to both ſoul and body, come in review.

It is much to be wiſhed, that many may not find too juſt ground for ſuch reflexions, on a retroſpect of life, when its vain and fleeting ſcenes are for ever fled; and that thoſe who have their time and cares ſtill engroſſed with theſe ſcenes did not make ſuch admonitions ſo ſeaſonable and neceſſary. Tho' the thought is gloomy, yet, to intereſt the human mind the more, it was deemed proper to make the unhappy Fair ſpeak from a feeling ſenſe of the happineſs loſt, and of the miſery incurred It is of ſervice, even for the moſt gay and blooming, at times, to meditate terror, as they would with not to experience it; for even *virgins*, if found fooliſh, muſt expect to hear from the great Judge, while importunately addreſſing him, *Lord, Lord, open to us;—Verily I ſay unto you, I know you not.*

An

II.

Time was, like you,
If fame be true,
I too could boaſt of rare and blooming charms;
All theſe now fled,
How low I'm laid!
Of theſe, alas! each fair one death diſarms.

In

As the circumſtances in which theſe admonitions are ſuppoſed to be given, being of univeral concern, concur in adding weight and importance to them, may it not be expected, that even the moſt gay and thoughtleſs will be thence induced to give them a patient hearing? It is appointed even for ſuch once to die; this event may be nearer the very youngeſt than they are aware, and who can deſcribe its conſequences? Did one from the dead addreſs them, ſome ſuch language and ſentiments, but unſpeakably more emphatic, might ſhe be ſuppoſed to employ. To hear ſuch a one expreſs her firm perſuaſion of the certainty of a future judgment, and anticipate the ſolemn ſcenes and intereſting conſequences of that awful event, need not ſurpriſe; for however *ſcepticiſm* and *infidelity* may exert their fatal influence on earth, over all ranks, ſexes, and conditions of men, there is not an *infidel* in heaven or in hell. Satan himſelf deprecates reſpite from the execution of that future wrath to which he is adjudged—*Torment us not before the time.*

Extremely volatile, indeed, muſt that mind be, which the thoughts of death cannot fix; and no leſs obdurate and callous that heart, which the ſcenes of mortality and a future ſtate do not impreſs. Scripture, and a thouſand daily occurrences, addreſs us, *Be ye alſo ready, for, in an hour when ye think not, the Son of man cometh;* to inculcate which, too needful admonition, is the object propoſed in theſe verſes. The ſublime truths of Chriſtianity impart dignity and elevation to poetry; and give a certain commanding authority to theſe pieces where they prevail, even allowing they ſhould poſſeſs nothing remarkable in point of elegance of compoſition, and harmony of numbers. The whole circle of human Science cannot furniſh topics equally intereſting to a rational being. Theſe ſubjects, wherein we have the greateſt and moſt intimate concern, ſhould, doubtleſs, intereſt us moſt deeply; for they juſtly claim a preference to every other. When contraſted with thoſe of the ſoul and eternity, the cares of time are nothing, and the world itſelf, with all its glories, fades and diſappears.

May it not, then, be hoped, that thoſe of the female ſex, who

may

III.

In the grim tomb,
Proud beauty's bloom
Is ſoon transform'd into a ghaſtly vail;
This ſpreads that face,
Which ſhar'd each grace,
There death's ſtern horrors o'er the fair prevail.

IV.

Ye flatt'rers, now,
Who oft did vow,
I was an angel in the human form;
Now fix your eyes,
With deep ſurpriſe,
On me the fellow ſiſter of the worm.

V.

My roſy hue,
Long ſince adieu,
With all the ſweet attractive lilly white;
Adieu theſe eyes,
Whoſe glance outvies,
The radiant ſpangles of the ſtarry night.

VI.

The lips, no more,
Have charms in ſtore;
For not one grace can now, alas! be ſeen:
The coral's fled,
Marr'd by death's ſhade,
'Tis long ſince fragrant gales did breathe between.
The

may happen to peruſe theſe lines, will at leaſt excuſe the attempt, however plain and homely, when they advert to the motive which gave riſe to it—a heart-felt concern for their preſent and future happineſs; if they are not ſo wiſe as to profit by the too ſeaſonable and neceſſary hints which it conveys.

VII.

The raviſh'd ear
Can no more hear
The ſweet delightful harmony of ſound:
Nor can the eye
Aught now deſcry;
Alas! nought but the ſockets can be found.

VIII.

No more, the tongue
Can chant the ſong,
While the gay liſt'ning circle well-pleas'd hear:
Ah! the dark tomb
Hath ſtruck it dumb;
For thence no ſound can reach the human ear.

IX.

Relentleſs death,
And mother earth,
Have all my fav'rite, lovely treſſes ſhorn;
That flowing hair,
Which was my care,
So to adjuſt as might moſt gay adorn.

X.

Each pow'r to charm,
Did death diſarm,
And laid me low in this dark noiſome ſpot;
This narrow cell,
Therein to dwell,
Where all my former charms were ſoon forgot.

XI.

The time once lent,
Yet, ah! miſpent

On

On dreſs, and decking the frail mortal form,
If ſpent in pray'r,
And pious care;
How precious now might be the vaſt return!

XII.

I oft, alas!
Have heard of grace,
Of God, of Jeſus, and his love divine;
Yet heard in vain,
Which now gives pain;
For to ſuch themes my heart did ne'er incline.

XIII.

The word of God,
While I abode
On earth, and might its ſacred treaſures ſhare,
Did irkſome prove,
I ne'er could love
Its heav'nly dictates, nor make theſe my care.

XIV.

Averſe to pray'r,
And pious care,
My heart on *balls*, on *plays*, and *novels* bent,
Sought ſtill fleet joys
From ſuch vain toys,
And in ſuch cares my days and nights were ſpent.

XV.

Each ſerious thought
Came ſtill unſought,
Nor found reception in my fooliſh breaſt,
Which ſhunn'd to dwell
On heav'n or hell;
And death and judgment marr'd my carnal reſt.

Theſe

XVI.

Theſe once did ſeem
An empty dream,
Or things unworthy of my daily care:
But ſo no more,
The dream is o'er;
Their pow'r to wound ſtill feeds my deep deſpair.

XVII.

Kind mercy's ſound,
Ne'er hails this ground,
Where grace ſhall prove a fountain ever ſeal'd;
No pardon here,
How vain the tear
Of penitence—no Saviour here reveal'd!

XVIII.

An endleſs ſtate
Of wo, my fate:
Eternity—O dreadful killing ſound!
My Heav'n is gone,
I'm quite undone;
With *fiends and torments* muſt I ſtill be found!

XIX.

My friends, be wiſe,
Let no diſguiſe
Of vice and folly on your minds impoſe:
While life is lent,
O quick repent!
And while the font of Jeſus' blood ſtill flows.

XX.

My Siſters all,
I on you call,

To fly for mercy to the God above;
Chriſt can reſtore,
His grace implore;
Who can ſet limits to his grace and love?

XXI.

O ſhun my ways,
Break off delays!
Nor let the giddy circle ſtill betray;
Hear God in time,
Give him your prime,
Leſt he refuſe to hear another day.

XXII.

What many prize,
Nay, idolize,
Will end, ere long, in ceaſeleſs grief and pain:
O dare be wiſe,
Your time quick flies;
And uſe each mean *eternal life* to gain.

XXIII.

Be not afraid,
The Saviour's aid
May now be had, to cure the heart, and ſave;
None ſeek in vain,
Whoſe ſins give pain,
Who ſeek in faith, on yonder ſide the grave.

XXIV.

Your coming here,
My ſoul would tear;
O my Companions, flee my woful fate!
Eſcape my doom,
Death ſoon will come,
O Heav'n, forbid it land you in this ſtate!

Death

XXV.

Death leads the way,
To that great Day,
Where ev'ry deed is weigh'd in equal ſcale;
The dead all wait,
In ſilent ſtate,
Till the laſt Trump their ſleeping aſhes hail.

XXVI.

Our Judge will come,
Pronounce our doom,
And all the terrors of his wrath diſplay,
Againſt his foes,
Then doom'd to woes:
While friends, rejoicing, hail the awful Day.

XXVII.

In that dread hour,
Flames quite devour,
The various contents of the earthly Ball;
Theſe mount on high,
Shall ſeize the ſky,
In ruins blend created Nature all!

XXVIII.

Then Time ſhall die,
Eternity
Commence, and fix a never-ſhifting ſcene
Of joy, or wo,
To all below;
A *gulf* impaſſable *is fix'd between* *.

XXIX.

Ah! why forget
This ſolemn ſtate,

* Luke xvi. 26.

While trivial cares engroſs both heart and mind?
What fools are theſe,
Who ſeek vain eaſe;
Yet to their future happineſs are blind!

XXX.

For this prepare,
Be this your care,
While *Time* and *means* of *Grace* are to you lent:
No grace for me,
Ne'er ſhall I ſee
The Lord in peace—He's deaf to my each plaint!

XXXI.

Guilt wounds the heart,
Shall ſtill impart
Remorſe and *anguiſh* crown'd with *keen deſpair*;
No mercy here,
To wipe the tear
Of grief extreme, or blunt the edge of care!

XXXII.

To dwell with fiends,
Where are no friends,
Where the leaſt *drop of water* is deny'd,
T' allay their pain,
While horrors reign,
And juſtice ſmites—ah! who can theſe abide?

XXXIII.

Almighty God,
In our abode,
Is felt and ſeen an ever preſent foe;
What he hath ſpoke,
He'll ne'er revoke;
Our doom is fix'd, while endleſs ages flow!

XXXIV.

To mind recal,
My Sifters all,
Theſe ſolemn hints my preſent ſtate convey;
What time you ſhine,
All gay, all fine,
At a *levee*, a *ball*, or *natal* day.

XXXV.

Behold in me,
What ſoon you'll be,
Nor let the flatt'ring mirror ſtill impoſe;
Thence turn your eyes,
'Tis but diſguiſe,
When each ſweet charm and feature brightly glows.

XXXVI.

When you ſurvey,
The form ſo gay
Riſe at the toilet, grac'd with ev'ry charm;
Then think on me,
On what you'll be,
And let the thought ſtill vanity diſarm.

XXXVII.

I truth impart,
To guide the heart,
Nor am I plac'd in this dark land in vain;
Ye Fair, ſurvey
My caſe to-day;
Believe, the grave will beauty's glory ſtain:

XXXVIII.

Will ſoon conſume
Youth's faireſt bloom;

It

It may affright, but ſure it can't deceive;
The maſk drops here,
O ſhed a tear
O'er beauty's wreck, the ſad reverſe believe.

XXXIX.

Each joy on earth,
A fleeting breath,
And time a ſtream which ſtill unceaſing flows;
Your days make haſte,
And ſoon will waſte,
Yet uſher ſolemn ſcenes that never cloſe.

XL.

Still view the beach,
You ſoon muſt reach,
Of that vaſt ocean ye ſhall all ſail o'er;
With pious care,
There oft repair,
All things inſtruct on this thrice ſilent ſhore.

XLI.

What earth counts great,
Will here retreat,
And leave you naked on the lonely ſtrand;
By gracious Heav'n,
Theſe gifts are giv'n,
Which ſhall attend you to *Immanuel*'s land.

XLII.

Your wealth be Grace,
This now embrace,

And

And grow in faith, in ſanctity and love ;
Then ſhall you ſhine
Completely fine,
And rival angels in the world above.

XLIII.

No more depend,
On what will end
So ſoon, nor leave one ſingle trace behind ;
The fair and gay,
Who charm to-day,
May to the ſullen grave be ſoon conſign'd.

XLIV.

There youth and age,
The fool and ſage,
In one promiſcuous, ghaſtly ruin lie ;
Alike they bloom,
In the bleak tomb,
Who at fifteen, or fourſcore years do die.

XLV.

What fools adore,
Prize ye no more,
But ſeek that grace which can death's ſelf diſarm ;
Guard from decay,
As years make way ;
Nay, lend mortality itſelf a charm.

XLVI.

If this you ſhare,
Then are you fair—

Divine-

Divinely fair beyond the reach of time;
Shall bloom in age,
And quit life's ſtage,
To bloom unfading in immortal beauty's clime.

LINES ON DUELLING.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE GLASGOW ADVERTISER.

O fatal love of fame!——ADDISON.

I.

BRITANNIA's Muſe, the Patriot's name,
Will give to everlaſting fame,
And round his brow unfading laurels bind,
Whoſe boſom, big with gen'rous zeal,
Does nobly for his country feel,
And love her int'reſts with devoted mind.

II.

And He who bravely in her cauſe,
The guardian ſword defenſive draws,
Will ſhare the laurel, and th' illuſtrious wreath;
Who, dauntleſs o'er th' embattled plain,
His Country's Glory to maintain,
Rides fearleſs on, to Victory or Death.

III.

While Juſtice points the warrior's ſteel,
And Wiſdom guides his glowing zeal,

Auſpi-

Auſpicious Heav'n will crown the righteous cauſe,
Conqueſt ſhall o'er the field of War,
Attend the hero's gleaming car,
And diſtant ages join the long applauſe.

IV.

But he, who urg'd by heedleſs rage,
Shall in the worthleſs cauſe engage,
Of boaſted *honour*, or ambitious pride;
Who, fir'd with helliſh murth'rous hate,
Dares lift the cruel hand of fate,
The deadly blow againſt a Rival's ſide;

V.

Who breaks the ſacred law of Heav'n,
To man for Peace and Juſtice giv'n,
Shall unlamented fall, unknown to fame;
Unwept, and unbewail'd ſhall die,
While the dark hand of Infamy,
Will ever blacken his deteſted name.

VI.

Dread exit from the ſtage of life!
Thruſt thence by vain, by helliſh ſtrife,
To death a fatal, an untimely prey;
More dread, an entrance on that ſtate,
Where doom'd to chains, nor ſoon, nor late,
The hopeleſs captive e'er can ſteal away.

VII.

Alas! can this enlighten'd age,
Feel ſuch accurſed, ſavage rage,
That prompts to Guilt's moſt heinous, daring deeds?
And ſhall it reach the favour'd iſle,
Where peace and heav'nly freedom ſmile,
And Science fair her beamy influence ſheds?

VIII.

Yes, o'er Britannia's favour'd clime,
With *Suicide*, its ſiſter crime,
The phrenſy raves, and ſtains with blood its way;
Arm'd with Revenge and ruffian ſpite,
Ruſh frantic to the Duel's fight,
Honour's high ſons;—no, ſons of madneſs ſay!

IX.

Nor deem this bravery or fame,
Tho' grac'd by *Royalty's* * proud name:
He who can dareful thus his life expoſe,
When call'd in Juſtice' cauſe to arms,
Would ſtart, I fear, at war's alarms,
And meanly ſhrink to face his Country's foes.

* Alluding to a celebrated Duel between a diſtinguiſhed Perſonage and C—n–l L—n–x.

THE END OF THE ADDRESS.

BRITAIN's REMEMBRANCER:

OR,

THE DANGER NOT OVER:

[*Now republiſhed as a word ſtill in ſeaſon to theſe lands*]

BEING

Some thoughts on the proper improvement of the preſent juncture *.

The character of this age and nation.

A brief view, from hiſtory, of the effects of the vices which now prevail in *Britain*, upon the greateſt empires and ſtates of former times.

Remarkable deliverances this nation has had in the moſt imminent dangers; with ſuitable reflexions.

Some hints, ſhewing what is in the power of the ſeveral ranks of people, and of every individual in *Britain*, to do toward ſecuring the ſtate from all its enemies.

WITH A PREFACE BY

THOMAS BOSTON, late miniſter of the Goſpel at *Oxnam*;

AND RECOMMENDATIONS BY THE LATE

Rev. Mr WILLISON at *Dundee*, &c.

* The Rebellion in 1745.

Mr BOSTON's PREFACE.

THIS moſt excellent performance, *The Britiſh Remembrancer*, made its firſt appearance in public, about the time of the laſt rebellion in *Scotland*. Since that time, it has undergone ſeveral impreſſions, which were very quickly ſold off; for the fourth edition of it appeared in the year 1747, ſcarcely two years after the firſt. But as it is too evident, that the vices expoſed in this pamphlet, and many others, ſtill prevail to an uncommon degree, in the iſland of *Great Britain*, the Public is favoured with this new impreſſion of it.—— GOD grant, for his Son's ſake, the nations may at length *remember their faults*, repent, and reform, that iniquity may not prove their ruin.

The luxury and irreligion of the age are here painted out, expoſed and laſhed in the moſt ſevere, and, at the ſame time, in the moſt polite and elegant manner. The Author, far beyond any that ever I ſaw, has the happy talent of ſpeaking in a ſtile that is quite eaſy and intelligible to the meaneſt peaſant, while it can give no offence, but muſt be highly pleaſing to the admirer of fine language. In him, the excellent ſcholar, the fine gentleman, and the moſt devout Chriſtian, ſeem to be very cordially united.

As for irreligion, which is one of the two things the Author chiefly inſiſts upon,—I apprehend, that we, in this nation*, are near about equal with our neighbours in *England*, and ſo may take the charge home to ourſelves, as well as they. We have been, for ſome time paſt, and ſtill continue to be, plagued and peſtered with books, razing the foundations of natural, as well as revealed religion. And tho' the authors of them have ſet their blaſphemies, their ſophiſtry, and nonſenſe, expoſed ag

* Viz. Scotland, where the writer of the Preface was a Miniſter of Goſpel.

and again, by men of the moſt exquiſite ſenſe and knowledge; yet they ſtill perſiſt in retailing their ſilly ſtuff, and, like madmen, conſtantly rhyme over the ſame thing, without attending to what is ſpoken by the ſober and wiſe.

And, wherein we fall ſhort of our neighbours in the luxury and extravagance of life, this, one may ſuppoſe, is owing to our poverty. We have not ſuch adminicles and ſupports to this faſhionable vice as they have, and therefore cannot carry it to that perfection they have done. *Sequimur, quamvis non paſſibus æquis.*

What gives a moſt melancholy proſpect of the ſtate of religion and morals in this nation, is the way in which the generality of the youth of rank and ſtation among us are trained up. They are inured not only to the neglect, but to the contempt and ſcorn of religion, virtue, and ſobriety. Going abroad to other countries with theſe bad diſpoſitions, they ſwallow down, without thought, but with great greedineſs, the moſt Atheiſtical opinions, and go in with the moſt lewd and abominable practices. Returning home to their native country with the ſmall portion of ſenſe they carried away, impaired rather than improved, but accompliſhed in every vice of which human nature is capable, they become the peſts and plagues of the places where they live, or have any influence. It is this ſort of gentlemen who break dull jokes upon the Bible, blaſpheme the myſteries of our holy religion, and cry aloud in the ſpirit of wine, *Prieſtcraft, impoſture, hypocriſy.* But if a ſober, ſenſible man was to enter upon the argument with one of theſe brainleſs fops, they would either altogether decline the engagement, or they would, in the very beginning of it, diſcover their groſs ignorance of the whole matter.

What a ſtrange perverſion of things is it, to imagine, that religion, and the fear of GOD, and acts of worſhip, are below a gentleman;—and that prayer, reading the ſcriptures, hearing ſermons, and leading a life of devotedneſs to the Supreme

Being

Being, are low, dull, and mean exercises, designed only for peasants, mechanics, and such as cannot have their bread but by the sweat of their brows! The truth is, greatness without goodness, power without piety, are the most mischievous monsters. —Estates, titles of honour, equipage, and the several implements of worldly grandeur, bestowed on such worthless wretches, are like fine furniture and rich embroideries upon the back of an ass, which serve only to make the poor brute more ugly and ridiculous.

The people of this nation were some time famous for the strict observation of the holy Sabbath: But the general disregard of that day, both in towns, and thro' the country, is too well known, and deserves to be lamented with tears of blood, as that which opens the sluice for all manner of wickedness among us. Some spend this day in visiting, some in gaming, some in drunkenness and debauchery, and others sleep it away at home. Of the few who attend public ordinances with any tolerable regularity, how many discover, by their behaviour, that the Sabbath is so far from being their delight, that it is really a weariness to them, and that, like *Doeg*, *they are detained before the Lord against their will?* The profanation of the Sabbath, however slightly we may think of it, because it is turned common and customary, yet it is deeply resented by the Lord of it, and brings down heavy judgments upon churches and nations. Hence *Nehemiah*, that great reformer, *contended even with the nobles of Judah*, about this matter, and warned them, saying, *Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the sabbath*, Neh. xiii. 18.

Not only fornication, but adultery, tho' a breach of the very letter of the law, is so very common in the nation, that people are not ashamed of it, but seem rather to glory in it. Marriage, that honourable and ancient institution, is ridiculed by a set of wretched Libertines, who rush into every scene of lust and lewdness, like a horse into the battle,—and waste their strength

ſtrength and ſubſtance among harlots without bluſhing, and without reflexion, *till they mourn at the laſt, when their fleſh and their body are conſumed.* Multitudes of theſe ancient young gentlemen are to be ſeen dragging a vile rotten carcaſe to the grave, at an age when their ſober and virtuous anceſtors were purchaſing, by their induſtry, eſtates and titles to be a ſnare, a reproach, a curſe, and damnation to their degenerate offſpring. Nor are the ſins of uncleanneſs peculiar to the people of higher rank in the nation; far from it.—They abound every where among the commonality, as appears from the records of moſt Kirk-ſeſſions and Preſbyteries in *Scotland*, which contain few things beſides proceſſes about theſe abominable works of darkneſs.

Drunkenneſs, which is an inlet to the former, and many other vices, prevails among us to an uncommon degree, notwithſtanding the many diſmal accidents which often attend it, and by which GOD proclaims his dreadful indignation againſt it. Many ſtrong healthy conſtitutions we ſee broken with this kind of intemperance, and many families rooted out of the places where once they flouriſhed, and reduced to the greateſt miſery. Nay, how many private houſes are turned into common inns, where all the year long they are killing the time, (as their phraſe is) and themſelves too, both ſoul and body, and entailing diſeaſes, poverty, and ſhame, on their wretched offſpring? This ſin, beyond all others, drowns thought and reflexion, and deſtroys any ſerious impreſſions that at times are made upon a perſon by the preaching of the word, or by the diſpenſations of Providence: ſo that of all men, the habitual drunkard has the leaſt chance of getting any good by the goſpel.

Where are truth and uprightneſs, candor and honeſty, theſe amiable and engaging virtues? Alas! they ſeem to have left our land, which is filled with lying, diſſimulation, injuſtice, and cruel oppreſſion. Looking upon the nation, we may take up a lamentation with the ancient prophets of GOD, and ſay, *The good man is periſhed out of the earth: and there is none upright among*

mong men: they all lie in wait for blood: they hunt every man his brother with a net. Oh that I had in the wilderneſs a lodging place of way-faring men, that I might leave my people, and go from them: for they be all adulterers, an aſſembly of treacherous men. And they bend their tongues like their bow for lies: but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth; for they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, ſaith the Lord. Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and truſt ye not in any brother: for every brother will utterly ſupplant, and every neighbour will walk with ſlander. And they will deceive every one his neighbour, and will not ſpeak the truth: they have taught their tongue to ſpeak lies, and weary themſelves to commit iniquity. Surely the Lord hath a controverſy with the inhabitants of the land, becauſe there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. By ſwearing, and lying, and killing, and ſtealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood, Mic. vii. 2. Jer. ix. 2, 3, 4. Hoſ. iv. 1, 2. *The perilous times* of which *Paul* warns his ſon *Timothy* are certainly come; for *men are lovers of themſelves.* The generality are ſunk to ſuch a degree in ſordid ſelfiſhneſs, that they make themſelves the centre, and every thing elſe the circumference. *All ſeek their own things;* but no regard is had either to the honour of GOD in the world, or to the welfare of our neighbour. It is now as it was before the flood, *violence and oppreſſion fill the earth,* and, like the fiſhes in the ſea, the greater ſwallow up the leſs. Men do not conſider what is lawful and laudable for them to do, but what is profitable and advantageous to their outward eſtate, and if it is within the compaſs of their power to effectuate it, by means foul or fair, right or wrong. Hence in many parts of the nation, we hear the groans of the oppreſſed, occaſioned by the unſatiable avarice of thoſe, who, in defiance of the woes which heaven has denounced, will be *joining houſe to houſe, and laying field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midſt of the earth,* Iſa. v. 8. Many honeſt and induſtrious families are turned out of their habita-

tion

tions to make room for these harpies, who cannot be satisfied with a sober subsistence, but must have supports to their pride, luxury, and extravagance.

And now, leaving the infidel and profane part of the nation, let us look into the Church;—let us view the character, conduct, and manners of those who make a profession of Christianity, and partake of its external privileges.—And here, alas! my dear friends and countrymen, a very dismal and affecting scene will open before us. Contentions, divisions, and animosities about religion, were never, perhaps, to a greater height than now. People heartily hate one another, under the covert of a religion which breathes nothing but brotherly love, kindness, and charity;—a religion, the most benevolent and friendly that ever appeared among men, since men were upon the face of the earth! Holy harmony and concord seem to have fled from below, and, like the poets *Astræa*, are gone up to heaven, there to breathe in their native air, and to shew their triumphant power. In the primitive times, the Heathens used to say of the Christians, *Behold how they love one another!* But alas! there is just ground now to reverse the observation; and it may be said, and no doubt it often is said, *Behold how they hate one another!* Is it any wonder, that men modelled after the temper of the meek and lowly Jesus, are at times ready to turn sick of such a world, and desire to leave this field of contention and strife, and retire to the regions of peace, and love, and joy?

Have we not just reason to complain of, and lament over, that carnal worldly temper which prevails among the professing part of the nation? They think it no crime to set heart and all upon the world; to sit up late and rise early; to give it their last thoughts at night, and their first in the morning.—This is their *Zoar*, the retreat which they have chosen; and there is no bringing them out of it. In very deed, this world is one of the most dangerous and deadly enemies to the religion of

Jeſus Chriſt.—While others ſlay their thouſands, it ſlays its ten thouſands, and lays profeſſing Chriſtians heaps upon heaps as in the day of battle. Should a ſtranger to the human ſpecies, and to the rules by which they ought to be governed, drop in among us, I imagine he would conclude, from our temper and conduct, that we were to live here always, and that we were bound under the higheſt pains and penalties, to tug and toil, and ſtrive and fight, to amaſs all the riches and wealth we can poſſibly lay our hands on. But oh! how would our ſuppoſed ſtranger be confounded, if he had a Bible put into his hand, and ſhould learn from it, that theſe very perſons who love, and lay ſchemes for this world, as if they were never to die, have not ſecurity for a moment, and at moſt, cannot reach beyond three or four ſcore years! And would he not be ſtill more confounded, when he turned up ſuch paſſages as theſe,—*Lay not up for yourſelves treaſures upon earth, where moth and ruſt doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and ſteal*, &c. *Take no thought for to-morrow.—Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.—Ye adulterers and adultereſſes, know ye not that the friendſhip of this world is enmity with God? whoſoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God!*

Where is contentment with our outward ſtate and condition? where is the right and charitable frame of ſpirit toward our neighbour, and all that is his? Fretting, murmuring, and pining envy fill almoſt every breaſt.—The converſation of the moſt part of profeſſors is juſt an interchange of calumny, ſlander, and defamation.—Ye ſhall hardly paſs an afternoon or evening among them, but you will be obliged to witneſs a barbarous murder committed on ſome body's good name;—characters torn, and ſores of others ript up, and made to bleed which a charitable hand would have tenderly bound up. Such perſons do not remember that part of the citizen of Zion's character, which we have, Pſal. xv. 3. *Nor taketh up a reproach*

gainſt his neighbour. He not only will not make up a reproach, but if one brings it to him, he will not take it up, and ſet it about, to the ruin of his neighbour's character. The *Hebrew* doctors tell us, that the backbiter hurteth three with his tongue: himſelf, by his ſin; his neighbour, whom he backbiteth; and the receiver of his tale, whom he corrupteth.

How rare is it to find one whom you may thoroughly truſt and confide in?—a man of candour, integrity, and uprightneſs, who keeps ſtrictly to the truth, is faithful to his truſt,—who will not impoſe on his neighbour's ignorance or neceſſity,—who abhors gripping, ſqueezing, undermining, or ſupplanting his brother and neighbour in any thing whatſoever? Now this is it which hardens the wicked in their prejudices againſt all religion, and opens their mouths to triumph and blaſpheme. However, religion ought not to ſuffer for the baſe behaviour of its pretended votaries. Would Chriſtians live up to the ſpirit and dictates of Chriſtianity, I dare ſay, a more harmleſs, nay, more uſeful and amiable ſet of people would be no where in the world. Therefore, when the enemies of our holy religion throw up to us the irregular lives of its votaries, we proteſt againſt thoſe lives, and appeal from them to the New Teſtament, where Chriſtianity ſhines in its native beauty. Beſides, the concluſion which theſe *uncircumciſed Philiſtines* would make againſt all religion, is abſurd and ridiculous to the laſt degree: for it is juſt as if one ſhould conclude, from the multitude of quacks, that there is no ſuch thing as an able Phyſician. Degenerate as the age is, there are (bleſſed be GOD) ſome who walk in their integrity, *who ſhine as lights in the world, and adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.*

If any think we have inſiſted too much upon the profeſſing part of the nation, I beg leave to obſerve, that the provocations of ſons and of daughters are peculiarly heinous, and reflect the greateſt diſhonour upon our heavenly Father. Some have thought, that GOD's bearing with a worſhipping aſſembly, and not conſuming them, is one of the ſtrongeſt evidences of his

patience

patience and long-ſuffering. And indeed, whoſo conſiders the ſhining purity and holineſs of GOD, the zeal he hath for his worſhip, together with the formality, carnality, earthly-mindedneſs, and hypocriſy cleaving to the worſhippers, muſt needs wonder, that the fire of his holineſs does not every now and then break forth from the altar, and burn the worſhippers to aſhes. Had that great and good man, Biſhop *Leighton*, lived in this day, he would have had ſtill greater reaſon than in his own, to complain as he does in one of his letters: "Oh, what "a wearineſs is it, to live among men, and to find ſo few men "and among Chriſtians, and find ſo few Chriſtians! ſo much "talk, and ſo little action! Religion turned almoſt into a tune "and air of words; and, amidſt all our pretty diſcourſes, pu "ſillanimous and baſe, and eaſily dragged into the mire:—ſo "and fleſh, pride and paſſion domineering, while we ſpeak o "being in Chriſt, and clothed with him, and believe it becau "we ſpeak it ſo often, and ſo confidently."

Now, if the ſtate of matters in the Church and Nation be ſuch as we have repreſented it, what can we expect from an angry Heaven, but tribulation and anguiſh, deſtruction and deſolation? Is not GOD ſaying, *Shall I not viſit for theſe things? ſhall not my ſoul be avenged on ſuch a nation as this? Therefore thus will I do, and becauſe I will do thus, prepare to meet thy God*, O ſinful *Britain* and *Ireland!* There is no need of a prophetic ſpirit to know that judgments are approaching; nor muſt the apprehenſions which ſome have of their being near, come under the cenſure of melancholy fancies: for as one may be ſure that natural cauſes will produce their effects, unleſs there be an immediate interpoſition to hinder it; ſo moral cauſes will produce their effects, that is, a deluge of wickedneſs will bring on a deluge of wrath, if God keeps to the ordinary method of Providence in managing the world.

The diſpenſations of Providence in many places are very fearful and alarming. The Lord ſeems to be ariſen out of his place to puniſh the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity.

have been terrible earthquakes in divers places, which, in ſcripture, are repreſented as evidences of the Lord's anger, and the beginnings of ſorrow. *Then the earth ſhook and trembled, the foundations alſo of the hills moved, and were ſhaken, becauſe he was wroth*, Pſal. xviii. 7. We have likewiſe heard from the public papers, this laſt ſummer, ſeveral diſmal accounts of the effects of fire from the heavens. Tho' there are natural cauſes for theſe things, and they may be accounted for in a philoſophical way; yet when they tryſt with the enormous crimes of a degenerate age, we have reaſon to conſider them as tokens of wrath. At the ſame time, we are engaged in an expenſive war againſt a proud, ambitious, and moſt treacherous nation, who are naturally enemies to our religion and liberties, and have long wiſhed to make us a province of their imaginary empire. Often ſince the late glorious Revolution, has the dagger of tyranny been held to the breaſt and bowels of our liberty; and as often has our GOD mercifully interpoſed for our ſafety. But alas! what wretched returns have we made to the Moſt High for all his ſignal mercies? are not the filthy, filthy ſtill? and the unholy, unholy ſtill?

Oh my dear friends and countrymen, *let us ſearch and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord!* let us be ſenſible, that we are indeed a very guilty nation; that our ſins are of a deep dye, and of a crimſon colour, and attended with many aggravating circumſtances, not to be found about the ſins of other nations.—Many plans have been laid down for national reformation; but we may be ſure it will never turn out to any good account without perſonal reformation. As the beſt way to cleanſe a city, is for every one to make clean about their own doors; ſo the beſt way to reform a ſinful nation, is, that the ſeveral individuals thereof return to GOD, thro' Chriſt, in the way of faith, repentance, and new obedience. Thus GOD will be upon our ſide; and, if GOD be for us, who ſhall be againſt us? Let us be convinced that our enormous crimes and

crying

crying iniquities ſtill perſiſted in, furniſh men, money, and arms to our enemies; and that the huge load of guilt lying upon us, will, if it is not removed, defeat our wiſeſt counſels, break our greateſt ſtrength, and make us flee before the face of them that hate us. Awake then, and rouze up yourſelves, ye ſlumbering ſaints, and ſleepy ſinners;—*The Lord's voice crieth to the city*, to the country, to every village, to every family, to every individual.—The heavens above us, and the earth beneath us, are threatening to avenge the quarrel of the Creator upon us. *The Lord is diſtributing ſorrows in his anger, and giving many the wine of aſtoniſhment to drink.* Take the alarm; turn to the hand that ſmiteth; get into the true ark provided for you, and ye ſhall be ſafe, blow the ſtorm from what quarter it will.

Another thing I would earneſtly recommend in our preſent circumſtances of diſtreſs, and that is, frequent and fervent application to the throne of the Redeemer's grace. If the people of this nation that are devoutly diſpoſed, and have influence with heaven, would meet together at this throne, at ſet times, and wreſtle in prayer with GOD; who knows but he might be intreated of us, and his fierce anger might yet be turned away from us? If the prayer of one righteous perſon avails much, how much more might we expect from the joint prayers and ſupplications of the righteous ones thro' the nation?

But I ſhall no longer detain the reader from the entertainment which this excellent performance will afford him: and I pray that GOD the Father may, for his Son's ſake, make it effectual to the conviction and edification of many, by his holy Spirit.

THOMAS BOSTON.

OXNAM-MANSE, *Oct.* 27. 1756.

THE

THE

PUBLISHER* TO THE READER.

Containing the Recommendations of Mr BARKER *and Mr* WILLISON *of* Dundee.

THE great demand for this pamphlet ſufficiently ſhews how acceptable it is to the public; the number printed in *England* being above 4000, beſides a former impreſſion in *Scotland*, and the ſale ſtill increaſing. That a piece which tends to recommend ſerious religion ſhould be ſo well received, will, doubtleſs, give pleaſure to every good man, and lover of his country. I beg leave to add the reverend Mr BARKER's opinion of it, in his ſermon occaſioned by the victory obtained over the rebels at *Culloden*, in the note, page 22d, where he ſays, "See a pamphlet called BRITAIN'S REMEMBRANCER, which "takes notice of this, and ſo many things more relating to this "rebellion, and proper for the right improvement of the preſent ſtate of our affairs, that I cannot but wiſh it in every "family; and that it might be very attentively read and conſidered. I know not the author, but I take this opportunity "publicly and heartily to thank him for his excellent performance."

The late Mr WILLISON of *Dundee*, that great and good man, thus expreſſes his ſentiments concerning this pamphlet, in his preface to *Popery another goſpel*, page 12th; "I acknowledge that the preſent awful diſpenſations of God to the "land are very humbling, and have a loud voice to men of all "degrees and ſtations among us, calling us to conſider our "ways,

* *Viz*, Of the Fifth Edition.

" ways, repent of our ſins, abandon the prevailing vices of the " age, and ſet about a thorough reformation. But ſeeing this " ſubject is ſo excellently well managed in a late pamphlet, in- " titled, BRITAIN's REMEMBRANCER, or *The danger not over*, " I ſhall add no more upon it, ſave earneſtly to recommend " the ſaid pamphlet to every-body's ſerious peruſal and conſi- " deration: the author hath indeed remarkably ſerved his ge- " neration by it."

That reverend author remarks there, which is worthy of attention, that the *Britiſh* conſtitution, and its eſtabliſhed laws and liberties, are things moſt valuable, which our anceſtors have all alongſt contended for, and ſometimes at the expence of much blood and treaſure. Every body abroad, who knows our conſtitution, admires it, and envies our diſtinguiſhed happineſs, becauſe of our civil liberties in *Britain*, where the inhabitants have ſecurity to poſſeſs, in eaſe and quiet, the fruits of their own induſtry, or the inheritances of their fathers or relations, without being ſubject to the pillage or oppreſſion of arbitrary lords or ſuperiors, or to the exorbitant demands of lawleſs princes; and where no tax or burden can be laid upon them, but by the advice and conſent of ſuch repreſentatives as are nominated and elected by themſelves. No wonder then tho' every true *Briton* be anxiouſly concerned in time of danger, for preſerving theſe liberties to themſelves, and for handing them ſafe down to poſterity.

But asthe ſoul is preferable to the body, ſo our pure bible-religion, our goſpel-worſhip and ordinances, with freedom of conſcience, are of far greater value to us, than any ſecular bleſſing whatſoever; and conſequently worthy of all the blood and treaſure we have to expend for their preſervation. Now, when both our civil and ſacred intereſts, even all that is dear to us as men and Chriſtians, is threatened and attacked at once by our perfidious enemies, how can any *Britiſh* Proteſtant be eaſy, or look on the danger with an eye of indifference, while, at the ſame time, the prevalence of vice and impiety amongſt ourſelves renders

renders our hazard doubly great? The public good in church and ſtate is little attended to, and a ſelfiſh wordly ſpirit ſeems to be too much abounding amongſt all ranks. And ſuch as have exerted themſelves for the public good, and for Zion in diſtreſs, how have they been oppreſſed, deſpiſed and reproached by the world? But as they know that the ſervant is not greater than his Lord, any bad treatment they may receive from that quarter will not diſcourage Chriſtians from their duty. For we may as reaſonably expect that a houſe ſhould ſtand upon a rotten foundation, or that a man ſhould live after his blood is totally corrupted; as that a church and kingdom ſhould continue in proſperity, where pride and oppreſſion, luxury and corruption, ſo univerſally prevail. And therefore how much ought all theſe in power to be concerned to reform themſelves, and to propagate ſound religion and morality; ſince the ſtability of the throne, and the honour and happineſs of the nation, entirely depend upon it?

It would make the bowels of a compaſſionate Chriſtian (ſays an eminent divine) to yearn within him, to behold multitudes of ſouls, of invaluable worth, running greedily on to their eternal ruin; wilfully ſtopping their ears to the voice of reaſon and conſcience, and to the voice of God in his word; not once making a pauſe, till they fall into the gulph of eternal and intolerable miſery. And how dangerous and deſtructive ſuch perſons are to the community to which they belong, cannot be expreſſed: for how ſuddenly will whole ſwarms of ſabbath-breakers, blaſphemers, drunkards and adulterers, effeminate and luxurious perſons, who fill every place, pull down the judgements of God upon thoſe ſtates and kingdoms wherein they dwell? Kingdoms and commonwealths are not ſo much endangered by the power and policy of their enemies without them, as by the vice and impiety, and profligate lives of thoſe within them. But reformation quickly recovers the ancient glory of kingdoms, and makes them the terror of their enemies.

We are informed from ſcripture, (Pſal. ci. 6, 7, 8.) that the pious and victorious king of *Iſrael* would not allow wicked perſons about his houſe, but had his eyes upon the faithful of the land, that they might dwell with him. He knew ſuch were moſt fit to be put in places of truſt, whom the Lord would bleſs and proſper in all their undertakings, Pſal. i. 3. And tho' there are none of us but have good ground to confeſs, that we have contributed to bring judgments upon the land; yet it is thought, by many of the well affected part of the nation, (and not without ſome reaſon) that the preſent diſmal condition of our public affairs is very much owing to men being put in the management, who appear to have had neither the glory of God, nor the intereſt of the church and nation, at heart. Alas! it is to be lamented, (ſays a worthy divine) that thoſe who are employed to be the defence and guardians of the nation, by their lewd and wicked lives, are enough to bring wrath and judgment on a kingdom. For how can ſuch ſtand before their enemies, or protect a nation, who truſt not in God, but blaſpheme his name, contemn his favour, and forſake their own mercies? So that, till we repent and reform the evil of our doings, we cannot with confidence look to God to be our ſhield, helper, and defence; for he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and will not ſuffer ſin to go unpuniſhed.

Let us, then, go to God, and beg of him the ſpirit of repentance; and look only to him for deliverance from theſe national judgments with which we are now threatened. Let his promiſes be our refuge, his wiſdom our ſatisfaction, and his Almighty power our encouragement and ſupport; let his mercy be our only treaſure, and the ſecret of his preſence our pavilion: let us cheerfully refer all things to his diſpoſal, and ſtedfaſtly depend upon him in every difficulty: let us practically acknowledge him in every diſpenſation of his Providence; and calmly ſubmit to his will; for he can do nothing but what is beſt for us, becauſe he himſelf is infinitely wiſe, and infinitely good.

BRITAIN's REMEMBRANCER, &c.

DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

THIS ADDRESS comes to your hands at a time* when it is to be hoped you are a little come to yourſelves, and may be ſpoke to, if you will bear being ſpoke to at ll. When public calamities have been ſtriking terror into a eople, and the dread of a general ruin haſtening upon them as forced them on thinking, then ſeems to be a proper ſeaſon r ſuggeſting to them thoughts of a kind too ſerious and im-rtant to be liſtened to in times of peace and tranquility, or in e giddy hours of mirth and wantonneſs. To lay before you hat I think the proper and neceſſary conſiderations upon ſuch a ncture as this, and endeavour, as well as I can, to direct you that improvement of it which may be worthy of a wiſe and eat, as well as a pious and Chriſtian nation, is the only in-tion of this application to you. And if there has been any ncture within the period of theſe laſt thirty years, that might e any hopes of gaining your attention to wholeſome advice, thinks this is it; and therefore I am not without hopes, that at I ſhall ſay on this occaſion will have ſome effect upon , and tend, leſs or more, to your advantage. But, however ay ſucceed with regard to you, I am ſure it will turn out way to my own diſadvantage another day, which is encou-ement enough to me to proceed in it.

in any part of this little tract, the natural warmth of my gination, my zeal for the cauſe I engage in, or an exceſs of tern for my country, ſhould give occaſion to my uſing any

* The firſt edition having been publiſhed in the end of *January* 1745-6, the rebel army was flying before the Duke of *Cumberland*, by whom were ſoon after totally routed at *Culloden* in the north of *Scotland*.

expreſſions that may appear to one ſort of readers too much exaggerated or heightened; I hope the unqueſtionable ſincerity of my intention will plead my excuſe.

Firſt, I think I may ſafely lay it down for a truth capable of demonſtration, That if there is a God in heaven, who by his providence over-rules the revolutions, and diſpoſes the fates of nations; according to his pleaſure raiſing one to grandeur, and humbling another to the duſt; then it is plain, from two of the neceſſary attributes of his Nature, Wiſdom and Goodneſs, that whatever diſtreſſes he brings upon the kingdoms of the earth, he brings them for no other end than the puniſhment of guilt, and the moral improvement of mankind. It is plain impoſſible that any evil can ariſe in the world againſt the will of a being of infinite wiſdom and power; for by means of his wiſdom he muſt of neceſſity know whatever ariſes in the world, and by his power muſt be able to prevent it, if he pleaſes: therefore there is no ſatisfactory account to be given, how war, famine, peſtilence, and other afflictions come upon mankind, but by concluding, that they are permitted or ſent by the Almighty for the puniſhment of his diſobedient creatures, or as warnings to call them to repentance and reformation.

There is indeed another purpoſe for which one particular kind of calamity has been permitted, I mean perſecution, and that is, for the trial of the faith and conſtancy of pious men. But when war, famine or peſtilence, are ſent upon a people who have forgot God, and given themſelves up to folly and wickedneſs; then it is plain they are intended as ſeaſonable and rouzing alarms to call the thoughtleſs to repentance, or as ſcourges to puniſh the daringly impious. Since the conclusion of the prophetic and apoſtolic ages, the Almighty Governor of the world has uſed no other method for working out the important ends of reforming or puniſhing wicked nations, than by threatening or inflicting upon them ſuch judgments as may ſeverely diſtreſs them; the natural effect of which is to

them upon flying to ſomething divine, for that relief which they find nothing human will yield.

When the Almighty, of his great mercy and forbearance to a ſinful people, inſtead of bringing upon them the puniſhment due to their wickedneſs, does but threaten the blow, without inflicting it; when he brings a nation to the very gates of deſtruction, and, by means wholly out of human power, delivers them in a ſignal and remarkable manner; then does it highly concern that nation wiſely to regard the hand that has thus conſpicuouſly exerted itſelf for their deliverance, and to conſider what important leſſon is intended to be taught by ſuch a remarkable interpoſition; leſt, if they ſlight theſe warnings too often, the patience and forbearance of the beſt of Beings be at laſt provoked againſt them, ſo that he determine again to bring them into danger and fear as formerly, but not as formerly to deliver them.

You have, my dear countrymen, in one ſeaſon been threatened with two heavy national calamities, *viz.* a dearth of corn, and a bloody inteſtine war. As to the firſt, every one remembers that the fall of rains laſt ſummer was ſo ſevere, and of ſo long continuance, that the whole harveſt of the year was generally given over for loſt; and it is certain that a very few weeks more rain had entirely cut it off. But that mercy, which we have never deſerved, interpoſed in the time of our diſtreſs. The Almighty ſhewed us how intirely we were in his power; what we might expect if we did not take timely warning; and, at the ſame time, how loth he is to treat mankind as they deſerve. We let this threatening go as it came, without ſhewing any regard to it: and yet he forgave us and ſpared us. He ſcattered his clouds by the breath of his winds; he commanded his ſun to ſhine, and his heavens again to ſmile upon us; the earth yielded her fruits, the poor rejoiced in the proſpect of plenty, and he crowned the year with his goodneſs.

You have likewiſe very lately ſeen the ſword let looſe amongſt you, and have been put in fear of its coming home to each of

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your own boſoms. You have ſeen the daring emiſſary of a Popiſh pretender preſuming to invade this peaceful iſland, unuſed to ſcenes of violence and blood, and with a crew of lawleſs rebels threaten ruin and deſtruction to your civil and religious liberties, and ſlavery, perſecution, and death with tortures, to all who ſhould refuſe to make ſhipwreck of a good conſcience. You ſaw this rebel-rout over-run and conquer a very conſiderable part of your country, a great and populous city, and a body of your regular forces. All this you ſaw with terror and amazement. Confuſion filled every heart, and paleneſs covered every face. You looked when this bloody crew, with haſty marches, ſhould arrive at your metropolis, and lay the glory of the greateſt city in the world in duſt. You dreaded every day the arrival of a *French* army on your coaſts, well knowing that it was under the umbrage of that reſtleſs and ambitious nation, the rival of your greatneſs, and the old diſturber of your peace, that the curſed ſcheme was framed. You ſaw yourſelves wholly deſtitute of forces to defend you againſt the enemy already in your country, and much more againſt the united force of the rebellious crew, and an army from *France* to ſecond them. Then did *French* tyranny, Popery, and perſecution, preſent themſelves to your eyes. Then did you view your country as already filled with blood, with fire, and deſolation, a general maſſacre begun, and the *Britiſh* empire deſtined for a province to *France*. And had they not been infatuated by heaven to conſume ſo long a time in the North, inſtead of hurrying on towards *London*, immediately after the defeat of the army, what numbers from every county in *England* would have flocked in to them, fluſhed as they were with their firſt ſucceſs, who can pretend to ſay? and had we not all the reaſon in the world to fear, that their friends in *London* would have immediately fired the city? what could then have been the event of this infernal machination, but our country's being plunged in a ſea of blood, if not wholly overflowed and loſt in it? Theſe were the terrors of that gloomy day, and theſe your fears were but too well

well grounded. It was in that melancholy criſis, when all looked black and threatening around you, and when no help ſeemed to be near, that He, whoſe timely interpoſition has ſo often ſaved this unthankful nation in her laſt extremity, caſt an eye of pity on your diſtreſs, and reſolved to deliver you once more from your enemies, to prove you, whether you would leave off your follies, caſt your ſins behind your backs, and turn to him with your whole hearts; or if you would forget your Almighty and merciful deliverer, and return to the purſuit of your follies and vices as before. He commanded his winds to waft over your forces from abroad. He commanded an eaſt wind to blow for a whole month together, at a ſeaſon of the year in which they are very rarely known. Our army landed, after one of the quickeſt paſſages ever heard of, juſt in time to ſupport and revive our ſpirits after our ſudden conſternation, and to reſtore to us that courage which was abſolutely neceſſary to enable us to take any farther meaſures for our own ſafety.

Let any perſon of judgment in the nation ſay, what muſt have been the conſequence, if a weſterly wind had ſet in for a very few weeks, about the time when our forces were ſo much wanted from abroad, which would have been only agreeable to the uſual courſe of the ſeaſon; or what would have been the conſequence, if a body of ten or twelve thouſand men from *France* had arrived among us, at the time when an army of cut-throats were already broke looſe in our country; or what would have been the conſequence, had the rebellious crew, immediately after the defeat of our army, haſtened into the midſt of *England*, and, hurrying on to *London* itſelf, taken us under every diſadvantage; which was the part they ought, according to prudence, to have acted, and were expected to act, according to their own declared intention. The thoughtleſs, who do not take the trouble of obſerving the ways of heaven, and the impious, who have forgot the God who made and governs the world, may overlook theſe remarkable concurrences of circumſtances, or conſider them as no other than common accidents falling

falling out according to the natural courſe of things: but the wiſe and conſiderate, I am perſuaded, will own, that it is not our own arm that hath ſaved us; and that this deliverance, ſo far as we are yet delivered, is from God.

And now, my dear countrymen, muſt I aſk you, Whether you think ſuch ſignal interpoſitions in your favour, require any particular regard on your part; or whether you can perſuade yourſelves, that they have no meaning at all, and are no way intended to put you upon thinking, or altering your conduct? Methinks the very ſuppoſition that a wiſe and a Chriſtian nation ſhould be capable of overlooking ſuch remarkable Providences, and of neglecting to make the due improvement of them, ought to appear an affront to your character. But, alas! the days of thought, attention, and religious regard to the awful ſteps of Providence, are gone; and giddy pleaſure, and Atheiſtical ignorance have taken their place. If there are, however, any left among us, who have not reſolved to harden their hearts againſt all thought and reflexion, to them I willingly write, and do not grudge the trouble of laying before them the following brief view of the characteriſtic vices of the age, which we are ſo loudly called upon, by theſe awful threatenings of Heaven, to reform without delay. And if any, from a ſincere deſire of their own amendment, and that of others, of appeaſing the wrath of Heaven, and preventing a much more fatal viſitation, would know what are the peculiar vices which diſtinguiſh this unhappy age from all the paſt, and againſt which the late vengeance of Heaven was particularly threatened; I wiſh the anſwer were not ſo ready as it is, and that it were not ſo obvious to every eye, that LUXURY and IRRELIGION, which are inſeparable companions, are the characteriſtic vices of the age, and that our degenerate times and corrupt nation have the unhappineſs of being ſingular in this reſpect; that, whereas in all the other kingdoms of the world, and all the ages of it, it has ever been only the rich and great who have either had taſte enough to pretend to conſume their lives and incomes in luxu-

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ry and pleaſure, or inſolence enough to preſume to treat all things ſerious and ſacred with contempt: on the contrary, with us no rank or ſtation is too low for either of theſe polite vices; for at this day hardly any man thinks himſelf ſo mean as not to be above religion, frugality and ſobriety. But when I ſay theſe two are the diſtinguiſhing vices of the age, I am far enough from meaning that they are the only ones. No; tho' they alone are more than ſufficient to ſink a nation, yet we want not for a numerous train of others that always follow at their heels. For when luxury and irreligion enter a nation, with them enter venality, perjury, faction, oppoſition to legal authority, idleneſs, gluttony, drunkenneſs, lewdneſs, exceſſive gaming, robberies, clandeſtine marriages, breach of matrimonial vows, ſelf-murders, and innumerable others. Here is a legion of furies ſufficient to rend any ſtate or empire that ever was in the world to pieces; and accordingly we find, from univerſal hiſtory, that no degree of wealth, of trade, of naval or military force, have ever been ſufficient to ſupport any nation, where luxury and vice have prevailed; but, on the contrary, the greateſt empires in all ages have ſunk before them.

I hope it will not be to your diſadvantage to obſerve, from the few following inſtances, the truth of this aſſertion, which may ſhew you what you are to expect, and what will be the iſſue of your conduct, if you do not alter it in time.

The firſt great empire in the world, *viz.* the *Aſſyrian*, the capital of which was *Nineveh*, owed its deſtruction intirely to the luxury of its prince *Sardanapalus*, of whom *Diodorus*, *Juſtin*, &c. give the following account: That he ſurpaſſed all his predeceſſors in effeminacy, luxury, and cowardice; that he never went out of his palace, but ſpent all his time among a company of women, dreſſed and painted like them, and employed like them at the diſtaff; that he placed all his glory in the poſſeſſion of immenſe treaſures, in feaſting, rioting, and indulging himſelf in all the moſt infamous and criminal pleaſures. Of which luxury, ſome of his own generals growing

impatient, and deſpiſing to be governed by him, took arms a-gainſt him, intirely overturned the empire, and broke it into three kingdoms. Such was the effect of luxury and vice in one perſon. What may they not then produce, when they become ſo univerſal as to debauch a whole nation?

The *Babylonian* empire, ſo called from the city *Babylon* its capital, aroſe after the fall of that properly called the *Aſſyrian*. It grew to great ſplendour and riches, and thoſe riches produced great luxury, which proved the ruin of the ſtate. For the city and empire were taken by *Darius* the *Median*, in the night, by ſurpriſe, while the king *Belſhazzar*, his wives and his concubines, with a thouſand of the nobles of the land, were engaged in a debauch *. So little did this luxurious monarch and his court profit by the example of the ruin which luxury and vice had before brought upon the *Aſſyrian* empire.

The *Perſian* empire, which aroſe on the ruins of the *Babylonian*, acquiring immenſe riches by that conqueſt, fell alſo into great luxury, and in time exceeded the *Babylonian* in that very vice which they ſaw bring on its deſtruction. For in *Xerxes*'s time, when he invaded *Greece* with an army of above two millions and an half, the number of the ſervants and attendants exceeded that of the ſoldiers: but that of the concubines, eunuchs, and other implements of luxury which accompanied his army, according to *Herodotus*, was beyond reckoning. And the event was anſwerable, for almoſt this whole multitude was deſtroyed. The luxury of this army was ſo great, that in *Mardonius*'s camp, (who was left by *Xerxes* to finiſh the war, which he himſelf thought proper to deſert with great precipitation) there were found ſuch prodigious ſums in gold and ſilver, beſides cups, veſſels, beds, tables, necklaces and bracelets of gold and ſilver, not to be valued, that *Juſtin* gives it as his judgment, That theſe very ſpoils proved fatal to all *Greece*, by becoming the inſtruments of introducing luxury among

* See Dan. chap. v.

among her inhabitants. And when afterwards the empire was attacked by *Alexander*, its whole power fell before him at the head of a handful (for ſuch they were, compared to the army of *Darius*) of troops not enervated by luxury, in which *Darius* indulged himſelf to ſuch a degree, as could not fail to ruin his expedition; the very army being incumbered with ſuch a numerous train of princeſſes, concubines, eunuchs, and domeſtics of both ſexes, that their proceſſion in chariots with all manner of magnificence, made his expedition appear more like a triumph or a pageant, than the march of an army to battle. It is obſerved by *Seneca*, that the *Perſians* carried their luxury and extravagance in the army, with reſpect to their tents, chariots, and good cheer, to a greater exceſs, if poſſible, than they did in their cities. The fineſt meats, the rareſt birds, and the moſt exquiſite dainties, muſt be found for the prince, in what part ſoever of the world he was encamped. They had their veſſels of gold and ſilver without number; "Inſtruments "of luxury," ſays *Q. Curtius*, "not of victory, and more pro- "per to allure and enrich an enemy, than to repel or defeat "them."

One would have thought that *Alexander*, who himſelf overpowered the vaſt army of *Perſia* by the mere advantage of his troops being hardened to war, whereas thoſe of *Darius* were effeminated by luxury to ſuch a degree, that thirty thouſand *Macedonians* proved victorious over ſix hundred thouſand *Perſians*; one would have thought, I ſay, that *Alexander* himſelf would have been in no danger, with ſuch an example before his eyes, of ſplitting upon the ſame rock that had proved ſo fatal to *Darius*. But we are told by *Juſtin*, "That he dege- "nerated into the luxury and vices of the *Perſians*, whom, by "means of that very luxury, he had overcome; that he ſuffer- "ed his army to debauch themſelves in the ſame manner; that "afterwards he gave himſelf up to the moſt unkingly cruelty "againſt his own friends, one of whom he murdered for ex- "preſſing himſelf a little freely concerning his faults; that he

" then proceeded to demand divine honours to be paid to him, " which ſome of his miniſters bravely refuſing, he baſely cau- " ſed them to be murdered." At length, degenerating into immoderate intemperance and drunkenneſs, he died ſuddenly in the midſt of a debauch. Whether he was poiſoned by ſome of his nobles, whom he had provoked by his cruelties, as ſome writers affirm; or whether his death was the effect of drunkenneſs, as others aſſert, comes to the ſame purpoſe, viz. that he fell a ſacrifice to his own luxury and vices. With him fell the empire he had raiſed, being immediately divided into ſeveral kingdoms, which his favourites ſhared amongſt them.

Thus have we ſeen the three firſt univerſal monarchies, viz. the *Aſſyrian* or *Babylonian*, the *Perſian*, and the *Grecian*, ſuffer ſeveral terrible ſhocks, and at laſt ſink under luxury and vice: let us now ſee what effects they had upon the fourth, *viz.* the *Roman*.

It is remarkable, that after *Lucullus* debauched the *Romans* with the luxury of *Aſia*, they did not preſerve their liberties for half a century; the perpetual dictatorſhip being within that time uſurped by *Julius Cæſar*, which provoked *Brutus*, and thoſe who ſtood with him for freedom, to cut him off. The commonwealth was immediately upon this involved in a bloody civil war, in which ſome of the greateſt men of *Rome* fell. From theſe times, the ancient ſimple *Roman* virtue gradually ſunk more and more, till the empire at laſt was torn to pieces by the irruption of the northern nations.

We are told by *Salluſt*, That the principal tools which *Catoline* (after the expedition of *Lucullus*) made uſe of for carrying his conſpiracy into execution, were ſuch of the men of birth in *Rome*, as had, by their luxury and extravagance, conſumed their eſtates, (and who, conſequently, were willing to engage in any deſign from which they had a chance of repairing them by plunder) and thoſe of the army, whom *Sylla* in his wars in *Aſia* had debauched with luxury and pleaſure, in order to engage them

them the more ſtrongly to his party. From this conſpiracy the greateſt empire in the world was in the moſt imminent danger of a total ſubverſion, and muſt have fallen before it, but for the unequalled ſagacity and vigilance of *Cicero*, who was then conſul, and who, for his ſucceſsful care of the ſtate, received the honourable title of *The father of his country*.

To add no other particular inſtances, which would be endleſs; how the *Roman* empire ſunk from one degree to another of luxury, venality, and effeminacy, till at length it was divided into ten kingdoms, by the *Goths* and *Vandals*, is very well known to all that are in the leaſt acquainted with the *Roman* hiſtory, and that its ruin was owing to its vices, and to its vices only, which enervated its ancient ſtrength, and gave it a prey to its enemies.

Your patience would fail me before I could give an account of one half of the fatal effects of luxury and vice upon the other ſtates, empires, and cities of the world. Yet I cannot avoid mentioning the deſtruction of the luxurious city of *Tarentum*, the manners of that people having very much reſembled our own at this day. We are told by *Strabo*, *Plutarch*, *&c.* that there were more feſtivals, ſolemn games, and public feaſts in this city, than days in the year: that, upon an outrageous inſult offered by them to the *Romans*, being drawn into a war with them, their pride and wantonneſs were ſo great, that they neither knew how to conduct it, nor to avoid it by a prudent peace: that having called in king *Pyrrhus* to manage it for them, the whole people ſoon began to exclaim againſt him, (much in the ſame licentious manner as many people in *England* are wont to ſhew their wit and their ignorance, by railing againſt their governors) becauſe he found it neceſſary, in order to qualify them for war, to eſtabliſh an exact military diſcipline among them. Some even quitted the city, thinking it a condition of inſupportable ſlavery, not to be permitted to live the ſame idle and voluptuous life, while they were engaged in war with a powerful enemy, as they uſed to indulge them-

themſelves in, in times of peace and proſperity. The war ended accordingly in the total overthrow of that powerful city, once ſo famous for its wealth, trade, and magnificence.

The character of the *Sybarites*, and the ruin of their city and ſtate, are likewiſe ſo peculiarly proper to my purpoſe, that I cannot help abridging their ſtory. This city became ſo very powerful, as to be able to raiſe an army of three hundred thouſand men. Their wealth ſoon introduced luxury, and ſuch a diſſolution of manners as is almoſt incredible, if it were not atteſted by *Strabo*, and other authentic writers. The citizens employed themſelves in nothing but banquets, games, ſhows, parties of pleaſure, and carouſals. Public rewards were beſtowed on thoſe who gave the moſt magnificent entertainments; and even on ſuch ingenious cooks as were beſt ſkilled in the important art of making improvements in the dreſſing of nice diſhes, and inventing new refinements to tickle the palate. They carried their delicacy to the monſtrous length of ſending out of the city all manner of noiſy artificers, as blackſmiths, carpenters, *&c.* and deſtroying all the cocks, that their downy ſlumbers might not be diſturbed by any noiſe.

This unbounded luxury naturally produced diſſentions, which proved their ruin; one of the contending parties having intereſt enough to engage the *Crotonians* to come againſt the city with an army, which, tho' only equal to a third part of that which the *Sybarites* brought into the field, yet not being enervated by luxury, as that of the *Sybarites* was, proved victorious over them, and totally overthrew their city and ſtate.

Why ſhould I weary you with a long account of the ancient ſtate and deſtruction of the great city of *Corinth?* a city once ſo eminent for its fine harbours, its extenſive trade, and its wealth, as to draw upon it the envy of *Rome* herſelf. This wealth puffed them up ſo with inſolence, that they caſt the moſt provoking indignities they could think of upon the *Roman* embaſſadors. In revenge for which the *Romans* ſent *L. Mum-*

mius

mius againſt them, who burnt their city, and razed it to the ground.

Why ſhould I enlarge on the fall of the great city of *Conſtantinople?* which at its deſtruction was got to a prodigious height of ſplendour and riches, which the inhabitants refuſed to part with for their own ſecurity. The *Turks* were ſo enriched with its plunder, that it became a proverb, if any man acquired great wealth on a ſudden, "that he had been at the "ſack of *Conſtantinople* *."

Or why ſhould I mention the conqueſt of *Syria* by the *Mahometan Saracens?* the inhabitants of which were grown ſo wicked from the great riches and eaſe they enjoyed, that they themſelves imputed their miſeries to the juſt judgments of God for their prodigious luxury †.

Theſe are ſome of the ravages which the infernal monſter LUXURY, and its attendant vices, have been making upon the nations of the earth for almoſt theſe three thouſand years backwards. The mightieſt empires, the richeſt kingdoms and the beſt fortified cities, have fallen before them; and what can *Britain* then expect but to ſhare their fate, if ſhe do not take warning by their fall?

And now, for the LUXURY of our own times, ſhould any one deſire to have it proved to him, that we are in the preſent age arrived to an exceſs in that vice beyond all the paſt, from which the greateſt danger may be feared to the ſtate; both on account of the natural conſequences of that vice itſelf, and the others which are its conſtant attendants; and likewiſe of its judicial conſequences, or the vengeance it is likely to bring upon us from the hand of heaven: I ſay, ſhould any one deſire to have a demonſtration of the exceſſive luxury of our times, it might ſeem ſufficient only to deſire him to take a ſuperficial ſurvey of the manner of life of almoſt every rank in the nation, but

* *Echard's Rom.* hiſt. vol. V. p. 456

† *Oakley's* hiſt. of the *Saracens*, p. 27 and 222.

but eſpecially the very loweſt, and he will hardly ſee any thing elſe but luxury, pleaſure and extravagance, ſtaring him in the face, wherever he turns his eyes in town and country.

As to the conduct of the higheſt ranks in the nation in this reſpect, to ſay the truth, it is leſs to be blamed than that of their inferiors. It were to be wiſhed indeed, that they would live moſtly upon their own eſtates, and within their incomes; and that they would make the beſt of their eſtates, by keeping their accompts, and tranſacting their buſineſs themſelves, without the intervention of a pack of raſcally ſtewards and rent-gatherers, whoſe practice it is too commonly to plunder the landlord with one hand, and the tenant with the other.

Again, if any one deſires to enquire into the character of the trading part of the nation as to luxury, let him take a view of the manner of life in all the conſiderable cities in *Britain*, but eſpecially in this once great and flouriſhing metropolis. Whoever does ſo, will ſee little elſe than ſcenes of wantonneſs, pleaſure, and extravagance. In theſe ſtreets, which in the laſt ages were filled with decent citizens dreſſed in a garb, plain, uniform, and fit for buſineſs, he will now ſee a motly race of *Engliſh* traders burleſqued into *French* dancing-maſters; their clothes bepatched with lace, their hands unfitted for buſineſs by being muffled up in cambrick to the fingers ends, and their feet crippled by wooden-heeled ſhoes of ſome inches high. That theſe *French* fopperies ſhould thus fill the heads and diſguiſe the perſons of our citizens, ſeems no hopeful omen for the trade of *England*. If he goes into the houſes of the citizens, (and not of the richeſt neither) the luxury, the expence, the number of ſervants, and the entertainment of a palace will meet his eyes. If he viſits a tradſeman of the meaneſt rank, he will ſee nothing leſs than gilt China-ware, ſilver-plate, and choice of foreign wines adorn his board *.

Where

* The modern extravagance in dreſs has alſo given riſe to the enormous expence of coaches, which are now found abſolutely neceſſary for ſaving our fine clothes, but might be wholly ſpared, would people content themſelves with

Where are now the ſober and regular manners of our fathers, when it was the conſtant cuſtom of the citizens to riſe betimes, according to the order of nature, and employ the morning in examining their accompts, adjuſting their warehouſes and ſhops, and preparing themſelves for the buſy hours of the day? when the exchange was ſhut at twelve, and dinner over every where by one; when they ſpent their evenings at home in inſtructing their children, apprentices, and ſervants, in the principles of virtue and religion, and concluded every day with the laudible exerciſe of family-devotion? In place of theſe decent and regular methods of living, our citizens now find it hard to riſe by ten; to get dreſſed for the 'change by two; to get dinner, and the bottle after it, over by four; and in an hour after, the joking-club, the wanton play-houſe in winter, and the luxurious muſic-garden in ſummer, call them from the peaceful enjoyment of their families at home, from the inſtruction of their children and domeſtics, and from the worſhip of HIM in whoſe power alone it is to ſend a bleſſing upon their ſecular employments. Nor do they think the midnight hour too late to conclude their pleaſures, or to ſeek that reſt which nature, wearied with a round of follies, requires. Thus does luxury invert the beautiful ordination of Heaven, which appointed the day for labour and the night for reſt.

with apparel fit for uſe. Wonderful! that only in queen *Eliſabeth*'s time there was not a coach in *England*, and that in a courſe of about 150 years the number of them ſhould be beyond reckoning.

To the above may be added, if we may credit the information of a late reſpectable author *, that in Edinburgh in 1783 no fewer than 1268 four-wheeled carriages were entered to pay duty, and we may ſuppoſe the number has been conſiderably increaſed ſince; whereas ſo late as 1763 they did not exceed 396.—May we not infer, from the above, a proportionable increaſe of luxury and extravagance, in other particulars, which more than keep pace with our boaſted improvements in trade and commerce? Indeed, the work referred to furniſhes a variety of inſtances equally ſtriking, and expreſſive of the ſpirit of the times. But the due bounds of things once tranſgreſſed, ruin may be expected to ſucceed apace.

* HUGO ARNOT, *Eſq; Advocate, in his Hiſtory of Edinburgh.*

And is it then any wonder that the riſing generation have no more ſenſe or underſtanding of Chriſtianity, than if they had never heard of it, and that the *London* apprentices are, generally ſpeaking, a ſet of mere town-rakes? Is it any wonder that the affairs of families are neglected, when the maſters of them are gone abroad in purſuit of pleaſure one way, and their wives another? or is it to be expected, that an extravagant apprentice or journeyman, who has not had one principle of honeſty or religion infuſed into his mind by education, will not lay hold on ſuch opportunities for plundering his maſter, for the gratification of his own luſts and appetites? if people will not take care of their own houſes themſelves, how can they expect others ſhould do it for them? Indeed I cannot conceive how they can reliſh any mirth or pleaſure abroad, while their houſes at home are liable to be ſtript or fired by the careleſſneſs or diſhoneſty of ſervants. And if the ſcenes of pleaſure and gaiety, which they paſs through abroad, are at all reliſhed by them, the effect they muſt have on their minds muſt be, only to make their buſineſs a drudgery, and their own homes dull and tireſome.

The modern luxury and extravagance of the citizens appears from nothing more convincingly than its viſible effects, I mean the frequent bankruptcies of late, which have brought things at length to that paſs, that now it is hardly thought prejudicial to the credit of a trader that he makes a ſtop of payments, if he eſcapes being fairly declared a bankrupt. And indeed how can bankruptcy miſs to be the conſequence, when our young traders now-a-days uſually begin where formerly the old ones ended, I mean with furniſhing a town-houſe and a country-houſe, ſetting up coaches, or keeping horſes; making as great a ſhew as poſſible of wealth and trade, and taking as much credit as they can have by any means, without making any allowances for the innumerable chances of trade, and dangers of being diſappointed of returns, to enable them to make due payments?

How

How many inſtances have we of the terrible conſequences of extravagance among traders? ſome of whom have been forced, by their neceſſities, upon the fatal and wretched ſhift of endeavouring to patch up their credit by gaming; which only ſinks them ſo much the deeper. Others we have ſeen betake themſelves to the high-way, and, in endeavouring to recover their ruined fortunes, make ſhipwreck of life, fortune, and ſoul at once.

But what above all gives the moſt diſmal proſpect of the ſtate of the nation, is the monſtrous, and hitherto unequalled luxury which prevails among the very loweſt ranks of the people. It is very well known, that now even the poor mechanic, by whoſe labour the trade of our country ought to be ſupported, has learned to ſpend every *Sunday*, and at leaſt the two following days of the week, in drunkenneſs and idleneſs, and to lay out generally the whole earnings of the foregoing week, in procuring to himſelf a taſte of thoſe heightned pleaſures, which even in the luxurious age of king *Charles* II. were thought only fit for people of fortune to run mad after; I mean, getting drunk, haunting of bawdy-houſes, ſeeing plays, hearing muſic, &c. So that in our days every journeyman has as high a reliſh of pleaſure, and as fine a taſte, as they affect to call it, of plays and muſic, as moſt of the gentry of the above-mentioned infamous age. And is it then any wonder, that we cannot carry our manufactures to foreign markets on equal terms with the rivals of our trade; with the additional charge of foreign wines, muſicians and players, to be added to their price?

To give a full view of the luxury of the age, my dear countrymen, would carry me a great way beyond the intended length of this pamphlet, and your patience. To have juſt notions of the ſtate of this epidemic vice, let any man open his eyes, and every object will preſent it to his view. For in every ſtreet of this great metropolis he will ſee one tavern or houſe of enter-

tertainment within call of another*; whereas it is known, that only in the days of the fathers of people now alive, ſtrong liquors were ſold no where but at the ſhops of apothecaries. In the dreſs of the inhabitants he will ſee journeymen and chambermaids got beyond the pitch of the quality of laſt age. In every village round the city, he will ſee every ſixth houſe poſſeſſed by a retailer of ſtrong liquors, and prepared for the reception of the rambling inhabitants, of which he will ſee ſuch numbers carouſing in each of them every *Sunday*, when the weather is fair, as would make a ſtranger conclude there was a general carnival in the nation, and that all the inhabitants were broke looſe. In every delightful ſpot round the city, he will ſee a retreat ſet apart for muſic, wine, and wantonneſs; and there he will ſee ſuch magnificence, taſte, and expence, as is beyond the power of moſt princes in *Europe* to ſupport; and all for the entertainment of the inhabitants of a city which was once the ſeat of frugality, trade, induſtry, ſobriety, religion, and every virtue that could make a nation great and happy. If he looks into the public news-papers, he will ſee them filled with advertiſements of races, cock-matches, plays, muſic-gardens, balls, aſſemblies, operas, concerts, maſquerades, breakfaſting-houſes, ridottos, and fire-works. And to ſhew how our pleaſures have ingroſſed us, and into what a lethargy they have ſunk us, in the very papers which lately gave accounts from time to time of the progreſs of the rebels, whoſe arrival at our metropolis we dreaded every day, and from which a general maſſacre was reaſonably to be expected; in the very ſame paper, I ſay, one paragraph contained the hiſtory of their motions, and the very next invited us to a play or a horſe-race. And, if he ſteps into the theatre, it will be hard for him to ſay, whether luxury or wickedneſs prevails there moſt; but (to poſtpone

* I am credibly informed, that by an account taken of the public houſes of different kinds in only one pariſh in *London*, they were found to be no leſs than fifteen hundred. What muſt then be the whole number within the bills of mortality?

poſtpone the wickedneſs of the theatre till afterwards) ſurely the magnificence of the decorations, the dreſſes of the players, the finery of the audience, and the indolence of their appearance, as they ſit diſſolved in pleaſure and gaiety, would incline a being who did not know the ſtate of human nature, and who had been tranſported thither from another world, to conclude, that mankind were an order of creatures placed here on earth, merely to enjoy themſelves for a courſe of years, without being obliged to any manner of duty, or that their whole duty were to invent the moſt exquiſite gratifications for their ſenſes, and indulge themſelves in the moſt exquiſite pleaſures that could be found out.

We may think of this matter as we pleaſe; but it will be found hereafter, that no ſon or daughter of *Adam* has any indulgence from heaven to live a life of abſolute indolence and pleaſure, without filling up a certain ſtation, and doing the duties of a certain ſphere. Were we even an order of beings abſolutely innocent and blameleſs, it is not to be conceived, that the Almighty Governor of the world would ſee us with ſatisfaction conſume our time in a manner altogether uſeleſs to ourſelves or our fellow-creatures, though the enjoyments we amuſed ourſelves with were otherwiſe harmleſs: but for an offending, guilty order of creatures, who are continually provoking the diſpleaſure of our Maker, and in continual danger of bringing down his vengeance upon our heads, to paſs away the time of trial for an everlaſting ſtate in pleaſure, and in criminal pleaſure too, while we ought to be endeavouring, by penitence for our faults, to avert the puniſhment due to us, and, by a conſtant watch over our conduct, to qualify ourſelves for being fit objects of heavenly mercy *; I ſay, for ſuch an order of

* All our efforts to pleaſe God, if influenced by Goſpel-principles and motives, which alone can produce true repentance, and genuine holineſs of heart and life, will proceed from other views and ends than to *qualify ourſelves for being fit objects of his mercy*; tho' ſome great and good men have inad-

of creatures as we are to live the life we do, what is it but for a ſet of criminals to revel in priſon with wine and muſic, and to inſult their judge to his face?

From this curſed fountain, among many other poiſonous ſtreams, flows that fatal one of the unhappy diviſions of our country. While ſo many among the great, by their extravagance, run out their fortunes, it is no wonder that ſo many want to fiſh in troubled waters, and can find in their hearts to divide a nation for the ſake of gaining their own private purpoſes. And when men of inferior ranks find their affairs going into diſorder, they readily become proper dupes to the heads of factions, and are then fit to join in the clamour againſt their governors. Were people at eaſe in their own private fortunes, they could not ſo ſoon be put in a paſſion at the proceedings of the government. What gives me the moſt diſguſt in this matter is, that thoſe ſimple people, who are ſo good-natured as to let out their paſſions for nothing to the heads of parties, are commonly the moſt ignorant both of the hiſtory of other countries, and the preſent ſtate and true intereſt of their own; are commonly the fartheſt from the ſprings of government, and conſequently know leaſt what difficulties a government have to ſtruggle with, and in what peculiar circumſtances they are involved. Thus they that are leaſt qualified for finding fault, are, generally ſpeaking, loudeſt in their complaints. That ever men ſhould pretend to ſettle the affairs of nations, while their own exorbitant deſires and appetites are in an uproar within them, or to find fault with thoſe who have the government of kingdoms in their hands, while themſelves cannot govern their own paſſions!

Nor is it to be imputed to any other cauſe than unbounded luxury,

inadvertently uſed ſuch expreſſions as the worthy author above. A becoming ſenſe of our guilt and conſequent miſery, and a diſpoſition to ſeek and accept of mercy as the free gift of God in Chriſt Jeſus, is the only qualification he requires; and this ſenſe and diſpoſition can neither be permanent, or effectual, unleſs implanted in the heart by his Spirit; yet for this are we to ſeek to him in the way he has appointed.

luxury, that the people of *Great Britain*, formerly a nation of heroes, are now ſo enervated and effeminate, that if they happen to be deſtitute of an army trained to war and hardſhip, they are before an enemy as a flock of ſheep before wolves; as appears from what we have ſeen but the other day, *viz.* a banditti of hardy ruſſians penetrating into the heart of our country without interruption or oppoſition from the people, and likely to reach our metropolis itſelf, had they not been prevented by the army *.

Thus have I laid before you, my dear countrymen, a very brief view of a very copious ſubject, *viz.* the modern LUXURY of our own unhappy country. The other epidemic diſeaſe I mentioned, from whence the moſt fatal effects are to be feared, and which is inſeparable from the former, is IRRELIGION. And here I am got, if poſſible, into a larger field than before, and into a ſubject which yields a more gloomy proſpect than the former. If the unbounded luxury of the age has the falſe plea of great wealth and trade to ſupport it, (tho' it is certain no degree of wealth or trade are ſufficient for it); if it ſhould pretend, tho' falſely, that its natural conſequences are more to be feared than its judicial; if luxury, I ſay, ſhould pretend to theſe wretched and ſophiſtical defences, irreligion cannot: for it is more inexcuſable in this age, (an age of the greateſt light and knowledge that has been for above theſe twelve hundred years backwards) than in all the paſt; and it is likewiſe a more certain means of bringing deſtruction upon a nation than even luxury itſelf. For, if there be a God in heaven, it is not to be imagined he will long ſuffer a nation to flouriſh which ſhews the utmoſt contempt for the beſt and moſt ſublime diſpenſation of religion that can be laid before the ſons of men. That many people in *England* are at this day guilty of this attrocious and provoking crime, needs no other proof than what will appear to any one who will but caſt the moſt careleſs eye upon the

* The rebel army having come ſo far as *Derby*, within leſs than a hundred miles of *London*.

the ways of all ranks in the nation, the clergy themſelves not excepted, to our inexpreſſible confuſion, and their indelible diſgrace be it ſpoken.

The irreligion of the preſent age is above ſneaking out of ſight or concealing itſelf. It appears without bluſhing in our news-papers, walks in ſtate at our declarations of war, preſides at our elections, and reigns without controul at our public diverſions.

The following and ſuch like bravadoes meet our eyes almoſt in every news-paper. "The fleets are in high ſpirits, and only long for a hearty bruſh with the Dons. We only deſire "the arm of fleſh may be left to decide the quarrel. We doubt "not but the brave admiral ſuch-a-one, with his glorious fleet, "will ſoon give a good account of the enemy. Let *England* "but take care of her fleet, and what has ſhe to fear *."

In all which there is ſo far from any appearance of a ſenſe of dependance upon heaven, that we ſeem rather deſirous to ſtand by our own ſtrength, than be beholden to the aſſiſtance of the God of battles. I ſhall only at preſent add on this particular, that had ſuch expreſſions as the above, and many others of the ſame kind, that have paſſed unpuniſhed in the public news-papers ſince the commencement of the *Spaniſh* war, been publiſhed at *Athens* or *Rome*, the publiſhers had been treated as contemners of the gods of their country †.

And,

* That there is ſtill room for the ſame complaint, the Reader will ſee by conſulting note in page 210, *&c.* of preceding Addreſs.

† To quote all the paſſages from Heathen writers, in which they ſpeak of the reverence due by ſtates and empires to the ſuperior powers, and of the abſolute dependance on them which they ought to expreſs in all their public undertakings, would fill a volume, I ſhall therefore only refer the reader to the writings of the looſe and wanton *Horace* himſelf, for ſome expreſſions which diſcover a ſenſe of reverence and ſubmiſſion to the gods, that may put the Chriſtians of our degenerate age and nation out of countenance. See *Book* I. *Ode* 2. where (*verſe* 35.) he intreats ſeveral of the inferior deities to intercede with *Jupiter*, that he would not deſtroy the *Roman*

And, now I mention the *Spaniſh* war, I appeal to the thouſands who ſaw it declared, whether there appeared in the behaviour and converſation of the people of *London* on that occaſion, the leaſt ſenſe of humanity for their fellow-creatures who were likely to ſuffer in it, or the leaſt dependence on Heaven for the ſucceſs of it; or whether the ſpirit which reigned at that time in *England* was not a ſpirit of inſolence and defiance both of God and man? It is plain from the *Roman* hiſtory, that that humane people (tho' ſtrangers to our religion, which teaches us that the whole ſucceſs of war depends upon the over-ruling providence of God) always engaged in it with a deeper ſenſe of dependance upon their gods, who yet were idols and no gods, than we ſhew on Him, *who does in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, whatever pleaſes him, and whoſe hand none can ſtay* *.

Further, it is wholly owing to the luxury and ſenſuality of the age, that a religion, which has upon it all the characters a

Roman empire for the murder of *Julius Cæſar*. Ode 12. *ver.* 14. he ſays, *Jupiter* has the ſupreme diſpoſal of the affairs of gods and men; ſee alſo, *ver.* 49. *Ode* 34. is an acknowledgment of the abſolute power of *Jupiter* to over-rule all human affairs. *Book* III. *Ode* 1. *ver.* 6. he calls *Jupiter* ſupreme king over all earthly monarchs, and ſays all things depend upon his nod. He ſpeaks to the ſame purpoſe, *ode* 4. *ver.* 45; ſee alſo *ver.* 66. *Ode* 6. of the ſame book is written expreſly to charge the *Romans* with the contempt of religion and depravation of manners, and to aſſure them, that from thence proceeded the miſeries of all *Italy*. He there particularly affirms (*ver.* 5.) that the *Roman* empire was raiſed to its greatneſs by the gods for the devotion of the people.

* I cannot help taking notice of the inſolence and defiance of Heaven which appears in the names that are given to the ſhips of the *Britiſh* navy; and the genius of the people appears as plain in this as in things of greater conſequence. The *Victory*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Superb*, the *Terror*, the *Thunder*, and the *Lightning*, ſeem to me very improper names for frail veſſels, liable every moment to be ſwallowed up by the devouring waves, whenever it ſhall pleaſe him who has the power of them, to give them ſuch a commiſſion.

If *inſolence and defiance of Heaven* appear in the above names; thoſe of our preſent ſhips of war can ſcarce be ſaid to expreſs affiance in, and reverence for the Supreme Power.

revelation from God can be imagined to have, is rejected and deſpiſed in this unhappy nation.

What avails it that the important truths of Chriſtianity have of late been ſo deeply enquired into, that they have been oppoſed by the moſt ſubtile writers of the Deiſtical party, and defended by the greateſt maſters of human reaſon, and that the reſult of this enquiry is, that theſe ſacred truths have, by that means, been better eſtabliſhed, to the ſatisfaction of every fair examiner, than if they had never been controverted; what avails, I ſay, all this ſtrict and ſevere ſcrutiny, and the convincing proof of the truth of the Chriſtian religion which it has produced, if there be at this day a more numerous party of Deiſts, who are ſuch merely from ignorance and ſenſuality, than of Chriſtians, who are ſuch in belief and practice, from a fair and thorough examination?

What avails it, that any man who will fairly enquire into the Chriſtian religion, will find, that the ſcheme as it ſtands in the ſcriptures, taken literally, is ſo far from being unreaſonable, that the main of it was thought of, and earneſtly wiſhed for, by the wiſeſt heathens*; that its doctrines, if they were not true, are of that ſublime and heavenly nature as to make every wiſe and good man admire them, and wiſh they were true; that its proofs are the moſt irreſiſtible that ever were laid before mankind upon any occaſion, *viz.* the completion of almoſt innumerable ancient prophecies in our Saviour's own perſon, ſome written ſeveral thouſand years before his appearance, beſides thoſe given by himſelf, the completion of many of which is unqueſtionable; the performance of almoſt innumerable miracles by him and his apoſtles; the atteſtation of his reſurrection by multitudes, ſome of whom performed many miracles, and at laſt gave their lives in atteſtation

* See Dr *Clarke*'s evidence of natural and revealed religion, *page* 308. *& ſeq.*

tation of the truth of it, in which it was impoſſible they themſelves ſhould be deceived; and as plain from the miſerable lives and deaths they expoſed themſelves to by their adherence to this religion, that they could have no deſign of impoſing upon others? What avails it, that the firm belief and ſtrict obſervance of Chriſtianity would raiſe the human nature almoſt to the pitch of the angelic? It is the ſingle objection of its fixing beyond diſpute the bounds of right and wrong, and pointing its cannon directly againſt our favourite luſts and paſſions, that diſguſts us at it, and puts us upon ſo many wretched ſhifts to prove that falſe which we dare not allow to be true.

Is there a fop in any of the inns of court, whoſe reading goes no farther than the pamphlets he ſubſcribes for at the coffee-houſe, or an *Oxonian* in his ſecond year, whoſe knowledge ſerves only to enable him to call a *horſe*, a *houſe*, or a *table*, by a different word in *Latin*, *Greek*, and *French*, that does not take upon him to caſt reflexions on the awful and ſolemn doctrines of the Chriſtian religion; and this in the very age in which a *Newton*, a *Clarke* and a *Locke*, (a triumvirate which no age ſince the appearance of Chriſtianity can exceed) have declared their belief, and exerted the utmoſt force of their genius in demonſtrating the truth of it; and without even pretending to have found out one new difficulty in it, one fallacy in the arguments formerly applied in defence of it, or ſo much as knowing the beſt objections againſt it, much leſs the ſatisfying anſwers which have been made to theſe objections?

Nor does the irreligion of the age appear more ſhocking in any ſingle inſtance than in the modern education of youth: for from thence there is no manner of proſpect of any cure of the evil; but on the contrary, every appearance of religion is ſinking more and more in the nation with every ſucceeding generation. It is notorious, that the immorality of the youth of one of our univerſities is grown to ſuch a height, that it deſerves at this day more properly to be ſtiled, the ſeat of the vices, than of the muſes. Nor is it to be doubted, but that it

is in the power of the learned gentlemen, who have the charge of the youth at that univerſity, to remedy, or at leaſt in a great meaſure to reſtrain, this evil. I ſhould be glad to hear of any number of ſchoolmaſters, public or private, who make a conſcience of teaching the children committed to their charge to form rational conceptions of the Chriſtian religion, or of the duties of common morality; for having made ſome enquiry myſelf into the general practice of inſtructors of youth, I muſt own I have, to my great concern, found that they have generally thought they had diſcharged their duty to them, if they made them ſcholars, tho' they did not uſe the leaſt endeavour to make them Chriſtians, or honeſt men *. At this rate, how many ages, upon a reaſonable computation, may any ſenſe of religion be expected to remain in this unhappy country, (if Heaven ſhould ſuffer us ſtill to hold our place among the nations) ſince every riſing generation falls behind their fathers in the knowledge and practice of it?

To what a deplorable ſtate of irreligion muſt that nation be reduced, in which many of the men, who ſhould be the laſt to give up the ſpirit and power of Chriſtianity, are got into the ſame epidemic unbelief and immorality that has over-run the reſt of the nation? That in *England* at this day, too many of that order of men whoſe buſineſs it is to ſupport, by their doctrine and example, the belief and practice of Chriſtianity, have betrayed their important truſt; that they have made themſelves too obnoxious to the reflexions of the enemies of religion, by engaging themſelves in ſecular ſchemes for preferment, and ſome by notoriouſly immoral lives, is a truth not leſs certain than melancholy. I am aware, that in this tract I ſhall not have occaſion to touch upon any ſubject more tender and delicate

* What the Author juſtly complains of above, ſtill too much prevails; whence the reading of the ſcriptures, and the uſe of catechiſms founded on them, for the inſtruction of youth in the great principles and duties of religion and morality, are diſcarded from the moſt part of our eſtabliſhed ſchools.

licate than this, and that it is very difficult to attack a ſet of clergy without wounding religion thro' their ſides. And if the objections againſt thoſe of the preſent age could be aſcribed to human frailty, I ſhould with pleaſure do my beſt to palliate and excuſe them, inſtead of expoſing them to public view; being, in all caſes, and in this eſpecially, of opinion, that private offences ought to be reproved in private, and that deeds of darkneſs ought to remain in darkneſs. But what avails it that I, or any other writer, carefully conceal the faults of the clergy, if too many of their own body expoſe their ſhame, by embroiling themſelves in politics and party cauſes, to the neglect and diſgrace of their ſacred function, by indulging themſelves in all the luxury of theatres, muſic-gardens, wine and feaſting, and ſome in other kinds of a more infamous nature? The practices of a ſet of clergy of a character preferable to thoſe of this age, drew upon them the ſevere rebukes of two of their own order, who thought it neceſſary to reprove them from the preſs; whoſe proceedings will ſufficiently juſtify mine, eſpecially as their names are no leſs than thoſe of archbiſhop *Tillotſon* and biſhop *Burnet* *.

To proceed, how can a people pretend to have any ſenſe or love of religion in their hearts, who never have it in their mouths? We know that mankind love the riches, pleaſures and honours of this world, by this certain token, that they are ever talking of them, and nothing but them. But as to religion, I appeal to every judicious perſon in the nation, whether ſuch a thing is now to be heard of any where in town and country, as a converſation in which religious ſubjects are the prevailing ones, kept up with any reliſh or ſatisfaction in any mixed company; and whether, on the contrary, they don't find, that the few who love ſuch ſubjects of converſation are obliged carefully to avoid them, in all but ſelect companies, as generally diſagreeable. It is a wiſe and juſt ſaying of our Saviour,

* *Tillotſon*'s ſerm. *Vol.* I. *p.* 461. *Burnet*'s paſtoral care.

viour, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeak-"eth." Were there as much love of religion in our hearts, as there is of worldly honour, profit or pleaſure, our converſation would ſavour as much of it as now it does of them.

Another fearful inſtance and effect of the irreligion of the age is the horrid contempt of judicial oaths, exacted at entering upon almoſt every office, from the higheſt down to that of a ſcavenger, with thoſe of the cuſtom-houſe and exciſe, and thoſe yet more ſhocking, if poſſible, which are required at elections for members of parliament.

What makes this particular the more deplorable, is, that theſe oaths anſwer no purpoſe, but to lay a load of guilt upon the nation: for it is not to be ſuppoſed that any perſon who has not virtue enough to reſiſt the temptation of a bribe, or of defrauding the revenue, or of betraying his truſt, will have virtue enough to refuſe an oath he does not intend to keep, to anſwer a preſent purpoſe; eſpecially conſidering how little ſolemnity or ſignificancy there is in the form of the oath, and in the manner of adminiſtring it; which accordingly ignorant and thoughtleſs people ſwallow with the greateſt indifference, regarding the kiſſing of the book no more than as a mere inſignificant ceremony.

For proving the frequency of the ſhocking crime of perjury, there needs no curious inquiry, nor dirty raking into dark ſcenes of corruption. Whoever knows any thing of elections, and cuſtom-houſe practices, knows that there it walks in open day-light; that a great many thouſand electors muſt be perjured at every election, of which the many ſtrict laws againſt bribery ſhew the ſenſe of the legiſlature itſelf; that cuſtom-houſe oaths are become a ſtanding term of ridicule; and that the oaths taken upon entering on moſt places and offices, are taken without ſo much as being intended to be kept, many of them being ſo ſtrict as to render it almoſt impracticable to keep them.

Good

Good God! what a ſcene of perjury is here! And how great muſt be the mercy of the inſulted Being who ſuffers ſuch a wicked people to live upon his earth, without commanding her to open her mouth and ſwallow us up!

If there is not a more daring crime committed among men than calling the God of truth to witneſs a falſhood; if no crime ever was more frequent in any nation than perjury is in *England* at this day; and if the above-mentioned oaths, to which all this perjury is owing, are of no manner of advantage for preventing bribery, infidelity in offices, or frauds to the prejudice of the revenue; if all theſe things are ſo, and if it be not yet time to conſider of a ſpeedy redreſs of this grievance, I know not when it will.

If there were any love of religion or piety left among us, it would appear from the fulneſs of the places of public worſhip, and from our conſtant keeping up among us the practice of worſhipping God in private families. But we ſhew by our indifference to every thing that has the leaſt reliſh of religion in it, that we have forgot the God that made us. Indeed we are now grown ſo very polite, that we are above aſking a bleſſing of him who only can beſtow it upon the common comforts of life, or thanking him whoſe creatures we have been conſuming, for his bounty in feeding and ſupporting us.

Should I pretend to give a view of the wickedneſs of the theatre, I ſhould not know where to begin, or to what length the ſubject would carry me. For whether I inſiſted on the lewdneſs or impiety of moſt of the plays themſelves, on the infamous characters of the actors and actreſſes, on the ſcandalous farces they commonly tag the graveſt plays with, or above all, on the inhumanly impudent dances and ſongs with which they lard them between the acts; I ſay, which ſoever of theſe particulars I inſiſted on, each of them would furniſh matter for a great many pages; and much more, if I ſhould enter upon a full view of them all. Indeed the theatre is at preſent on ſuch a footing in *England*, that it is impoſſible to enter it, and not come

come out the worſe for having been in it; for now-a-days a good play is no other than a trap to draw in the modeſt and innocent to a love of theatrical entertainments: and the minds of the ſpectators are not the ſafer from being polluted and debauched, tho' the play itſelf be in the main decent and modeſt; ſince the ingenious contrivance of the managers entirely prevents the good effect of any worthy ſentiment expreſſed in the play, by introducing a painted ſtrumpet at the end of every act, to cut capers on the ſtage in ſuch an impudent and unwomanly manner, as muſt make the moſt ſhocking impreſſions on every mind; and, leſt the audience ſhould chance, in ſpite of all this, to carry away ſomewhat that might make their hearts the better, a ludicrous and ſhameleſs farce concludes the whole, and with one ſtroke eraſes all the little traces of virtuous ſentiments that were formed by the play itſelf.

I only beg leave to aſk you, my dear countrymen, for what purpoſe you ſupport a ſacred order of men, to teach you the pure and holy laws of the Chriſtian religion, and at the ſame time encourage by your countenance and your riches a ſet of the very dregs of human nature, who make it their buſineſs to debauch your minds by their lewd compoſitions and wanton geſticulations, to fill them with impure and vile ideas, and to diſappoint the moſt diligent endeavours of a Chriſtian miniſtry? Surely it can never be conſiſtent with common ſenſe to ſupport in the ſame country one order of men for the propagation of virtue and religion, and another for the deſtruction of them; to maintain one ſet of people for promoting a reformation of manners, and another for promoting an univerſal corruption.

It is the ſaying of a great man of the laſt age, That upon ſome accounts it were better that wicked men would fairly renounce Chriſtianity than continue to profeſs it, and at the ſame time diſgrace it by their ſcandalous lives. And indeed it could be no ſuch matter of grief to good men to ſee a nation of barbarians over-run with vice and debauchery, as to ſee this king-

dom

dom, once illuſtrious for its purity in doctrine and practice, celebrated for its martyrs, and which pretends to be the grand bulwark of the proteſtant religion; to ſee this kingdom, I ſay, thus ſunk to a pitch of wickedneſs and lewdneſs in its public entertainments, which at *Athens*, where they worſhipped the unknown God, would have thrown the celebrated diverſions of the ſtage into utter diſgrace.

And are theſe the favourite pleaſures that ſo wholly engroſs and bewitch a Chriſtian nation, that we cannot live without them, even while an enemy is laying waſte our country, and expected every hour at our very gates? For my part, I cannot ſay I am ſure, whether, if it had been our miſerable fate to have had our metropolis burnt to the ground, and the inhabitants put to the ſword by the rebels, they would not have found us upon their arrival engaged in hearing muſic, and ſeeing plays; and whether numbers had not been ſent by them directly from the play-houſe into another world *.

* That I may not appear ſingular in my ſentiments upon theatrical entertainments, I will add the judgments of a few (out of innumerable that might be inſerted) of the wiſeſt men of ancient and modern times, which will ſtrengthen what I have ſaid.

We are told by *Plutarch*, that the great and wiſe legiſlator *Solon*, "upon "ſeeing ſome of *Theſpis*'s pieces acted, ſtruck his ſtaff againſt the ground, to "ſhew his diſlike; as apprehending, that theſe idle ſtories, from theatrical "repreſentations, would ſoon become matters of importance, and have too "great a ſhare in life."

The author of the *dialogue on the orators* makes this juſt remark on the character of the *Roman* people; "There are certain vices peculiar to this "city, [*Rome*] which ſeem almoſt conceived with them in their mothers "wombs; ſuch as the taſte of theatrical ſhews, gladiators and horſe-races. "Are not theſe almoſt the only ſubjects of converſation among the young "people, and indeed in all companies? Is it probable that a mind intent "upon, and in a manner beſieged by theſe trifling amuſements, ſhould be "very capable of applying to ſerious ſtudies?" *Rollin*'s ancient hiſtory, volume II. page 251.

"Of what advantage (ſays *Plutarch*) have tragedies been to *Athens*? "We find that the prudence of *Themiſtocles* incloſed the city with ſtrong "walls; that the fortitude of *Miltiades* preſerved its liberties; and that the "conduct of *Cimon* gained it the empire of all *Greece*. If the poetry of "*Æſchylus*, *Sophocles* or *Euripides*, have obtained equal advantages for the "city of *Athens*, by delivering it from impending calamities;——I conſent "that dramatic pieces be ranked with trophies of victory, the poetic ſcenes

"with

And now, my dear countrymen, what remains, or what more is in the power of any private perſon, than, after having thus laid before you a brief view of the national guilt that has brought the late troubles into our land, to conclude this little tract, by earneſtly calling upon each particular rank in the nation to exert themſelves in their public and private ſtations for bringing about that general reformation which is neceſſary for averting a final and extirpating judgment.

I only

" with the fields of battle, and the compoſitions of the poets with the ex-
" ploits of the general." He concludes, that it was the greateſt imprudence for the *Athenians* to preſer pleaſure to duty, the paſſion for the theatre to the love of their country, trivial repreſentations to the application to public buſineſs, and to conſume in uſeleſs expence and tragic entertainments the funds intended for the ſupport of fleets and armies. Accordingly king *Philip* of *Macedon*, inſtructed by the *Greeks* themſelves, knew to take the opportunity of their effeminacy, and to wreathe a yoke round the necks of all *Greece* and *Aſia*. See *Juſtin*, book VII. chap. 6.

The wiſdom of the *Roman* legiſlature, foreſeeing the fatal effects of theatric entertainments upon the genius of the people, ordained by a ſtanding law, that no theatre ſhould laſt above one month, *viz.* during the time of the public ſhews, tho' erected at ever ſo great an expence; ſo that even that of *M. Scaurus*, which muſt have coſt above a million of our money, underwent the ſame fate. *Pompey* however had power enough to break thro' this wiſe regulation, and was the firſt that ever erected a perpetual theatre, with ſeats, which had never before been permitted, leſt the people ſhould have deſired to indulge themſelves too much in thoſe diverſions. It is very well known that from this period the *Roman* virtue declined apace, and never recovered itſelf.

Hear what the great biſhop *Burnet* (than whom no man better knew human nature) ſays of the ſtage.

" The ſtage is the great corrupter of the town, and the bad people of the
" town have been the chief corrupters of the ſtage, who run moſt after
" thoſe plays that moſt defile the ſtage.——The poets pretend their deſign
" is to diſcourage vice; but they really do recommend it in the moſt ef-
" fectual manner. It is a ſhame for our nation and religion to ſee the ſtage
" ſo reformed in *France*, and ſo polluted ſtill in *England*.——Till another
" ſcene appears, certainly our plays are the greateſt debauchers of the na-
" tions." Concluſion of *Burnet's hiſtory*.

I ſhall add to biſhop *Burnet's*, the thoughts of one of the kindeſt, moſt judicious and beſt men that this world ever produced, who never ſaid a hard thing but when the good of mankind required it. I mean Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, who in his diſcourſe againſt corrupt communication, ſpeaking of plays, ſays, " They are intolerable, and not fit to be permitted in a *civi-*
" *lized*, much leſs in a *Chriſtian* nation. They do moſt notoriouſly minis-
" ſter both to infidelity and vice. By their profaneneſs they are apt to in-
" ſtill bad principles into the minds of men, and to leſſen that awe and re-
" verence which all men ought to have for God and religion: and by their
" lewdneſs they teach vice, and are apt to infect the minds of men, and diſ-
" poſe them to lewd and diſſolute practices."

I only beg leave firſt to recount ſome remarkable deliverances this kingdom has had from the immediate hand of God; to ſhew you what you owe him on the ſcore of mere gratitude alone, if there were no other engagement upon you.

To take no notice of the many wonderful preſervations of the life of queen *Eliſabeth*, of immortal memory, from almoſt innumerable plots of the Papiſts againſt her life, (which were in effect the preſervation of this nation from Popery and ſlavery) ſince the year 1588, a period of little more than one hundred and fifty years, it is eaſy to ſhew that this nation has been ten or twelve different times in imminent danger of the total deſtruction of its liberties civil and religious, and as often been delivered by immediate and indiſputable interpoſitions of divine Providence.

In the year 1588, king *Philip* of *Spain* ſent againſt us a fleet of ſuch force, that he did not ſcruple impiouſly to call it, *The invincible Armada;* nor indeed had the world till that time ever ſeen ſuch a powerful naval armament. The ſeas were overſpread with their ſails, and the ocean groaned with their weight. Scarce had they diſplayed their pride to the inviting gales, when He who holds the winds in his treaſures, let them looſe upon the face of the great deep. He commanded them to lift up the ſtormy waves of the ſea. They mounted up to the heavens, they went down to the deeps; their ſouls melted within them becauſe of their trouble: the Almighty triumphed over them glorioufly: their fleets and their warriors he caſt into the ſea; they ſunk to the bottom as a ſtone. His right-hand became glorious in power; his right-hand daſhed in pieces the enemy.

The pious queen who then ſwayed the *Engliſh* ſceptre, ſcrupled not to aſcribe the glory of this victory to the immediate interpoſition of Heaven, ordering a medal to be ſtruck with this inſcription, "He blew with his wind, and they were ſcattered*."

* AFFLAVIT DEUS ET DISSIPANTUR.

In the year 1596 another attempt was made by the ſame power to make a deſcent upon *England* with a very formidable naval armament. "But a violent ſtorm ariſing in the midſt "of the voyage, ſeveral of the ſhips were loſt, and the reſt ſo "diſperſed, that the fleet was rendered unſerviceable for this "year. Thus *Eliſabeth* had the pleaſure of hearing that it was "diſabled from hurting her, before ſhe knew of its ſailing *." The winds in their courſes fought for *England*. He that is mighty hath done glorious things for us: he hath ſcattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts; he hath taken our enemies in the very ſnare themſelves had laid for us.

In the year 1605, when that infernal power who has long been drunk with the blood of ſaints and martyrs, found her curſed machinations againſt us diſappointed; ever thirſting, ever inſatiable of Proteſtant blood, ſhe reſolved to ſtrike a ſtroke which might at once cut off the hopes of all who oppoſed her intereſt in this land, by hurrying our king, and ſome hundreds of the principal men and chief rulers of the nation, out of the world, by one exploſion of a mine of gun-powder †. Deeply was the plot laid, and dark and ſecret was the helliſh contrivance: but that eye from which the darkneſs hides no more than the light, before which hell is naked and deſtruction uncovered, ſaw all their horrid combinations, confounded their devices, and brought them in ruin and vengeance upon their own heads ‡.

From the year 1685 to 1688 we ſaw our royal ſeat filled by a Popiſh prince § and his court, and many principal places of power

* The words of *Rapin*, vol. II. p. 146.

† Thence called the gun-powder plot being a Popiſh ſcheme for blowing up the parliament-houſe.

‡ It was diſcovered by the miſcarriage of a letter to a particular nobleman, whom they were willing to ſave in the general deſtruction: "For "(ſays *Rapin*) God abhorring ſo deteſtable a plot, inſpired one of them "with a deſire to ſave *William* Lord *Monteagle* &c." By a letter ſent to him the whole was found out and defeated. *Rapin*, vol. II. p. 170.

§ King *James* II.

power and truſt by perſons devoted to the ſame intereſt. We ſaw the laws of *England*, the barriers of our freedom, broken; a ſtanding army eſtabliſhed to force a deviliſh religion and an arbitrary government down our throats; our church put under the inſpection of Popiſh biſhops, and her true Proteſtant fathers and overſeers diſcarded and impriſoned *; we ſaw a bloody inquiſition ſetting up in our country, tho' under a ſofter name †, and begun to feel the iron teeth of that mercileſs religion ‡.

Theſe were ſcenes of gloomineſs and darkneſs: theſe were days of horror and deſpair. How didſt thou then, fair liberty, and thou, ſtar-crown'd religion §, lift your ſtreaming eyes to heaven; and how didſt thou, O my country, faint with thy deadly wounds, how didſt thou lie, all pale and ghaſtly, wallowing in thy blood! Come, glorious deliverer, come, immortal *William:* for thee is reſerved the honour of ſaving a miſerable nation from ſpiritual and temporal ſlavery. He came, he ſaw, he delivered. The inconſtant winds ſeemed proud to ſerve him, and the ſwelling floods ſmoothed their rage to waft him over. They varied and calmed in the minute when he needed them, and his fleet was carried proſperouſly thro' the ſeas, while that of the enemy was ſhut up in port. The winds breathed a gentle and favourable gale, till his fleet was ſecured, and then broke in a violent ſtorm upon that which came againſt him. They were ſcattered and forced into ports, and their hopes and the fears of the Proteſtants at the ſame time extinguiſhed ‖.

In the year 1690, when in the bloody field of *Boyne* our heroic

* Seven biſhops put in the tower for preſenting a petition to the king in favour of religion and liberty.

† Commiſſion for eccleſiaſtical affairs.

‡ Several hundreds arbitrarily executed by judge *Jefferys* and general *Kirk*.

§ *Rev.* xii. 1.

‖ See biſhop *Burnet*'s account, who was himſelf in the fleet. *Burnet*'s hiſt. vol. I. p. 787.

roic deliverer * was bravely ſhewing his love of this country, and his contempt of death in its moſt dreadful form; while thouſands fell at his right hand and his left, the ſure meſſenger of death † paſſed ſo near him as to violate his ſacred perſon, but at the ſame time paſſed guiltleſs of his important life. A ſure proof that the eye of Providence watched over him, and that the hand of God was around him to ward off every fatal blow. For had he fallen at that critical time, the glorious labours of thoſe worthy patriots and of that excellent prince who wrought our deliverance, had been loſt; the hopes of the Proteſtants daſhed; the revolution again unhinged, and Popery again let looſe upon us.

In the year 1692 a formidable armament was brought to the oppoſite coaſt ‡, and embarked to invade us, when we were in no condition to reſiſt it §. The fleet was even got into our ſeas before ours was ready to receive them: but its courſe was ſoon ſtopped, and that for ſome time, by winds contrary to them, but ſo favourable to us, that our whole force was brought together before they could advance. Upon this followed the moſt glorious naval victory *England* ever gained, with the deſtruction of the beſt part of the enemy's fleet, on their coaſt, and in their very ſight. In this whole affair there was ſuch a conjunction of extraordinary interpoſitions of Providence, that he who had the greateſt ſhare in the action ‖ thought it no diminution of his honour to reckon up a whole train of them, and to acknowledge that the ſucceſs of that happy day was owing to the immediate hand of God.

This fatal defeat of our enemies ſeemed ſufficient to free us from all apprehenſions for ſome time: but they again reſolved in

* King *William*.

† A cannon ball, which grazed his ſhoulder. *Burnet*'s hiſt. vol. II. p. 50.

‡ *Cherbourgh* and *La Hogue*.

§ "If the winds had favoured the *French*, they themſelves would have "brought us the firſt news of their deſign."——The words of biſhop *Burnet*, in his hiſtory, vol. II. p. 93.

‖ Admiral *Ruſſell*.

in the year 1696 to make another attempt, and that upon a ſurer footing, with the additional improvement of an aſſaſſination * to make way for it. This black contrivance, worthy only of *France* or *Rome*, was diſcovered but two days before it was to have been executed by ſome who were practiſed on to engage them in it. And as the deſign was thus diſappointed at home; ſo by a kind providence our fleet, which was deſigned to be ſent to a very great diſtance, was kept in our ports by croſs winds, contrary to what is ordinary at that ſeaſon of the year. And then the ſame perſon who formerly had the command, when the ſame enemy was defeated, took it upon him again, and went with our fleet toward their coaſt, till they ſaw the deſign impracticable, and diſperſed themſelves †.

Another remarkable criſis was in the year 1714‡. It is very well known to numbers now alive, that the reſtleſs and indefatigable enemies of the Proteſtant religion, and our preſent happy eſtabliſhment, had for a conſiderable time been undermining them, and ſecretly working their ruin; that their ſchemes were in the above-mentioned year in great forwardneſs; too many well-wiſhers to that intereſt from which we have every thing to fear, having wormed themſelves into the court of queen *Ann*, and into places of great power and influence; that ſeveral violent ſteps were actually taken, the ſure preſages of what we had to expect; that all things were going forward in the faireſt manner they could deſire for reducing us again under the power of the ſame family we had been before obliged to exclude from the *Britiſh* ſucceſſion, a family educated in principles of cruelty and blood, and beſides exaſperated by their late diſgrace. Heaven at this dangerous juncture

* Of King *William*. There was alſo a deſign on foot of the ſame ſort in the year 1692: but I paſs it over; the immediate interpoſition of Providence for defeating it being leſs clear, and more liable to be diſputed, than in the preſent caſe. See *Burnet*'s hiſtory, vol. II. p. 95. And p. 148, of another aſſaſſination-plot.

† *Ibid.* p. 164, &c.

‡ See *Rae*'s hiſtory of the rebellion.

juncture again look'd down upon us. Death was ſent in the critical moment to cut ſhort the royal life, before the fatal ſchemes were ripe for bringing in a Popiſh pretender to fill the throne *. The conſequence of which remarkable providence was, that the affairs of *England* immediately went into another channel. The ſchemes of the diſaffected party were unhinged, and the illuſtrious father of the auguſt prince who now happily ſways the ſceptre over us came in time to prevent them, and once more baffle their pretenſions; and this without ſo much as a ſingle blow ſtruck, or one drop of blood ſhed, to make way for his acceſſion.

The famous year 1715 † is yet freſh in the memory of many among us. We have not yet forgot how the inſulting enemy plumed themſelves with as ſanguine hopes of gaining their point, as tho' they had never been once diſappointed. We have not forgot that they raiſed in our country an army of rebels, which almoſt ſhook the pillars of the *Britiſh* throne. It is alſo very well known, that they placed their chief dependance on that ambitious power ‡, which has all along been the patron of their baffled cauſe: and what the conſequence muſt have been, if Providence had ſuffered *France* to land a powerful body of forces to ſecond them, while the whole regular force in the nation did not amount to ten thouſand men, is very obvious. But he, who at his pleaſure cuts ſhort the diſtant proſpects of ambitious men, who has in his hand the breath of the mightieſt monarchs, by one timely ſtroke put an end to the life of a king § who had been for threeſcore years the plague and ſcourge of *Europe*, reduced his kingdom to the precarious ſtate of a minority, and diſabled it from lending that aſſiſtance

* The *Jacobite* party openly declared, that had the queen lived ſix weeks longer, and things continued as they then were, their ſchemes had been ready for execution.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *France.*

§ *Lewis* XIV. of *France.*

aſſiſtance to our enemies which they expected. The upſhot was, that an eaſy conqueſt gave them into our hands: a few the government puniſhed; but a much greater number their unequalled lenity ſpared; which lenity they have requited by their late ungrateful and brutal attempt to overturn the very government to which ſome of them owe their lives.

It is alſo freſh in our memories, how the ſame implacable power, that has ſo long been the fire-brand of Chriſtendom *, only in *February* 1743 got together againſt us an embarkation conſiſting of ſixteen thouſand men, with arms for the friends of the *Jacobite* intereſt in our own country, to the number of many thouſand ſtands beſides: that they were ſuffered but juſt to peep out of their harbours, and were preſently by a ſtorm wrecked, ſunk, and daſhed on the ſhore; that the bodies of many hundreds were taken up on the *French* coaſt, and that the fleet was totally diſabled from hurting us, before we ſet ſail to attack it †. As if that kind Providence, which ſo tenderly watches over us, had been unwilling to let us take the trouble of conquering our enemies, or run the hazard of ſuffering any loſs from them, and choſe rather to bid us "ſtand "ſtill and ſee the ſalvation of God."

The laſt remarkable interpoſition of Providence in our favours, that I ſhall mention, is what has given birth to this addreſs. An interpoſition neither leſs kind nor leſs conſpicuous than any of the above-mentioned, and which I hope neither we nor our children ſhall ever ſuffer to ſlip out of our memories, nor its good effects on our lives and conduct to ceaſe; but that the year 1745 ſhall be remembered, among the other memorable years, with due gratitude, to lateſt poſterity, for a deliverance from a dearth of corn and a bloody civil war, or rather a general maſſacre, of each of which we have been this

* We have reaſon to hope that this too juſtly merited cenſure will ceaſe, as one happy fruit of the late important Revolution. National prejudices are the fruit of ignorance, and the ſource of numberleſs miſchiefs.

† See the gazettes of *February* and *March* 1743.

year within the diſtance of only one fort-night, or perhaps leſs, and from both which the hand of God alone hath ſaved us; unleſs any one will pretend, that the winds and rains of heaven are at our diſpoſal.

Can we look back upon the hideous precipice we have ſo narrowly eſcaped, without hearts full of gratitude and ſtedfaſt reſolutions of future obedience to our Almighty Deliverer? and are not theſe a ſet of deliverances which, for their uncommon nature and circumſtances, may be applied as arguments for a Providence ſufficient to ſilence Infidelity itſelf?

And now, what ſo reaſonable an account can be given why this peculiar and conſtant care has been exerciſed over us, but that Providence has thought fit to ſet this nation up as a fence againſt that worldly eccleſiaſtic power, whoſe buſineſs has ever been to ſubvert all true religion and moral virtue, and which has for theſe twelve hundred years been ſcattering deluſion, impiety, corruption, fire, ſword, and deſolation over the kingdoms of the earth. I know it is not in the eye of Heaven of ſuch conſequence, what particular ſect or ſubdiviſion of religion a nation or perſon is of, where due reverence is had to thoſe laws he hath eſtabliſhed by his ſacred Meſſenger, who came to be the light of the world. But the difference between the Popiſh and Proteſtant religions is the ſame that is between darkneſs and light; between incredible abſurdities and certain truths; between diabolical cruelty and heavenly benevolence; between Satan and Jeſus Chriſt. It is therefore no wonder, tho' the Almighty has determined to prevent, by the moſt ſingular interpoſitions, the general eſtabliſhment of this infernal religion; which would prove the general eſtabliſhment of irreligion and vice, and the rooting out of Chriſtianity and morality. And ſhall we, for the ſake of a little guilty pleaſure, and fleeting amuſement, drop or give up this pure and ſublime religion, which God himſelf has, by ſo many viſible interpoſitions, taken care to preſerve among us? I mention giving up the Proteſtant religion for pleaſure; becauſe nothing in the world

world is ſo likely to open a door to Popery, as unbounded luxury and voluptuouſneſs; it being a religion calculated for the indulgence and gratification of the luſts and appetites of men.

Let us not flatter ourſelves, that our work is over, now we hope the late danger is over. It was ſent for a trial; and if it do not work its effect upon us, it will only make way for a more terrible judgment. We have been, as I ſaid before, threatned in this one year with a dearth of corn and a civil war, ſupported by an invaſion from abroad. The third national judgment, when famine and the ſword prove ineffectual for the reformation of a people, is commonly the peſtilence: and for God's ſake let us think in time before that terrible ſcourge be ſent amongſt us, how we ſhall get free of it, as we hope we are of the others. National guilt can only be puniſhed in this preſent life, the puniſhments in the next being for perſonal guilt. We are not therefore to dream, that the Governor of the world will paſs from his uſual method of dealing with nations, out of any partiality for us. On the contrary, we may aſſure ourſelves he will not be always inſulted; but will ſend ſuch judgments as ſhall produce either a reformation, or a final extirpation.

The preſent juncture ſeems to be the criſis that is to determine the fate of this once illuſtrious iſland, and you the perſons in whoſe power it is, by your good or bad conduct, either to gain your country that favour and protection of Heaven, which alone can ſupport you againſt all your enemies, or to draw down upon it that almighty vengeance, which can ſhake the pillars of the beſt eſtabliſhed empire in the world, and lay its honour and its pride in ruins. And for the ſake of all that is dear to you, if you have any regard for your children, any love for your country, any reverence for your religion, or any gratitude to your Almighty Deliverer, let the time paſt be ſufficient to have loſt in indolence and pleaſure, and at laſt, before it be too late, reſolve to conſider what is to be done for

ſaving a ſinking nation. It will be ungrateful, impious and brutiſh, to a degree I hope you are not capable of, to deſpiſe ſo many ſignal warnings, and to make no other uſe of your late remarkable deliverance, but to return with ſo much the more guſt to your follies, which have been a little, and but a little, interrupted by your danger.

There is the more neceſſity to guard you againſt the danger of giving yourſelves up to impious mirth and wantonneſs upon the return of your tranquility, becauſe it is ſo well known, what a flood of wickedneſs over-ran the nation after the reſtoration of king *Charles* II. and the deliverance it brought from troubles of the ſame kind as we have lately been alarmed with. Nor ought it to be forgotten, what a ſucceſſion of judgments the divine Providence at that time brought upon this guilty land, to ſhew that Heaven was diſpleaſed with ſo monſtrous an abuſe of ſuch a remarkable deliverance. We engaged in a war with our next neighbours * and beſt allies, which proved as unſucceſsful as it was unjuſt. A very conſiderable part of our naval ſtrength was deſtroyed by the fire of the enemy in our very ports †. A devouring peſtilence was let looſe among us, which heaped our ſtreets with dead ‡. A fearful conflagration was ſuffered to overpower our capital, and to humble the proudeſt city upon earth to the duſt ‖. And need I then adviſe you to take care how you again provoke ſuch wrath, and draw down ſuch vengeance upon your heads? A people may trifle with governors of their own ſetting up, and baffle both their laws and the ſanctions annexed to them, which ſeems to be the *Engliſh* notion of liberty; but wo to that people who preſume to trifle with the Almighty Governor of the world.

Upon

* The *Dutch*.

† The *Engliſh* fleet burnt by the *Dutch* at *Chatham*. See *Burnet*'s hiſt. vol. I. page 242.

‡ The plague in *London*, which cut off an hundred thouſand people. *Ibid.* page 218.

‖ The fire of *London*. *Ibid.* page 229.

Upon you my lords and gentlemen, who hold the firſt ranks in the nation, whether ſharers in the legiſlative power, or not; upon you it lies to begin the general reformation, by your ſuperior example and influence, which, you know, cannot fail to lead the nation. Let but the quality and gentry enter into an aſſociation, to live moſtly in the country upon their eſtates, and within their incomes; to countenance the public worſhip of God, and to ſupport a due decorum in their own families; and obſerve how long extravagance and impiety will continue in *Britain*. In whatever light this matter may appear to people of birth and quality, it is certain they are blameable, not only for their own perſonal faults, but alſo in a great meaſure, for thoſe of their inferiors, ſince their bad example leads a whole people aſtray.

Of you, right reverend fathers of the church, it is expected, that you will neglect no means in your power for influencing the inferior clergy, who have the immediate charge of ſouls committed to them, to make conſcience of inſtructing their people in their duty, and of warning them againſt the danger of Popery, of which you know they have of late grown exceſſively negligent; and that you will uſe all proper means for coming at the true characters of the ſeveral clergy of your reſpective dioceſes; and ſhew particular marks of your favour to ſuch as live exemplary lives, and are diligent in the execution of their duty, and do your utmoſt to diſcountenance thoſe whoſe lives are not at leaſt ſober and decent, and who do not ſhew that they have the ſpiritual advantage and reformation of the manners of their people at heart.

I the more chearfully, and with the better hopes, addreſs you upon this occaſion, right reverend fathers, becauſe I have, with great ſatisfaction, ſeen ſome of you exert yourſelves glorioufly in the cauſe of religion and your country, ſince the beginning of the late troubles. I ſhould think no better opportunity than the preſent could offer for your laying aſide whatever may have the leaſt appearance of luxury or ſuperfluity in

your

your expence, and can any way be ſpared for charitable uſes. I hope, I need not recommend to a body of Chriſtian prelates, the Chriſtian virtue of charity, from conſiderations taken from ſcripture: but I will appeal to yourſelves, whether, by a hundred pounds a year beſtowed in charities, you are not likely to gain more of the love and eſteem of mankind, than by a thouſand laid out in the pomp and grandeur of life. I mention this, becauſe the uſual pretence for the biſhops keeping what they call a rank, and making a figure, is to give them weight and authority among the people; which end, I am ſure, would be much more effectually gained, by laying out all above the conveniences of life in judicious and well choſen charities. Let me add, that this virtue is peculiarly graceful in your ſacred order, and that you may contribute as much this way to averting the vengeance of heaven from your country, as any way; according to the judgment of that honour of the Chriſtian prieſthood, archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, was himſelf a glorious pattern of this virtue. "I have often thought (ſays he) that the "extraordinary charity of this nation—next to the infinite "mercy and goodneſs of Almighty God, has had a very parti-"cular influence upon our preſervation and deliverance from "thoſe terrible calamities that were juſt ready to ruſh in upon "us."

And upon you, reverend paſtors of the church, it is not to be expreſſed, how much depends with regard to the ſtate of virtue and religion in the nation. It is certain, no rank in it has more influence in forming the manners of the people, unleſs perhaps the great may be excepted. And it is likewiſe certain, that no order of men in the nation has the morals of the people committed to their charge ſo immediately as you have. Of your hands therefore, if our deſtruction be decreed, you may expect a great part of the blood of your expiring country will be required *.

If there is any foundation for hoping that the divine Providence

* See Ezek. iii. 20.

dence will not give us up to our enemies, nor extirpate us by an immediate judgment from his own hand, it is, that, as I ſaid before, we are the only feeble bulwark of the Proteſtant religion; and it is to be hoped, it is not the ſcheme of Providence, that the Proteſtant religion be ſuffered wholly to ſink. But, if by our vicious lives we diſgrace our religion, or if by our mad purſuit of pleaſure we drop all ſenſe of religion, or if through the careleſsneſs of our watchmen we degenerate into Popery, why ſhould we hope the Proteſtant religion will ſtand as a fence betwixt us and the vengeance of Heaven?

Nor is leſs to be expected of you at this important juncture, right worſhipful gentlemen of the magiſtracy in town and country, in whoſe hands the executive power is lodged. It lies wholly in your breaſts, whether that body of laws which regards the morals of the people, ſhall be a terror and reſtraint upon evil-doers, or a gigantic but harmleſs bug-bear. It has long been the complaint of the moſt judicious, that no country is better furniſhed with laws, and yet no country is more lawleſs than *England*. It is in your power, gentlemen, to wipe off this reproach whenever you pleaſe; for the public buſineſs may always be done, where magiſtrates know how to command, and will ſee themſelves obeyed.

It is wholly in the power of your numerous and wealthy body, worthy citizens of *London*, to regulate the conduct of all the trading part of the nation. If you will ſet before them a pattern of induſtry, ſobriety, and œconomy, you will ſee how powerful your example is, and how cloſely it is copied by the other trading cities in the kingdom. You have lately made a glorious ſtand for the ſupport of public credit: why ſhould you not make as noble a one for the ſupport of public virtue? You have unanimouſly entered into aſſociations for the defence of your lives, and your liberties, civil and religious, againſt a *Popiſh* pretender and his adherents: why ſhould you not enter into aſſociations for the reſtoration of the frugal, the induſtrious, the virtuous and religious manners of your fathers,

againſt

againſt a flood of Deiſm, of *French* foppery, and of bewitching pleaſure, which over-runs the land?

O *London*, *London*, how haſt thou degenerated! Where are now thoſe happy days, when thy greatneſs and ſuperiority to the other cities of *England*, conſiſted more in thy ſuperior virtue and piety, than in thy enormous wealth, trade, and magnificence. Thou art the chief of the cities of the earth; thy merchants are princes; thy commerce is extended from ſea to ſea, and from the riſing to the ſetting of the ſun. Thy riches have exalted thee to heaven; beware leſt thy pride humble thee to the duſt. For, when thy ſins have once brought upon thee the hour of thy deſtruction, it will not be in the power of thy riches, thy commerce, or thy mighty fleets, to protect thee; much leſs will the infamous tools and panders to thy luxury and pleaſure ſerve to come between thee and the vengeance which hangs over thee.

It is in your power, learned gentlemen, to whom the inſtruction of youth is committed, by infuſing into their minds a ſet of rational principles of religion, to do a great deal towards providing a riſing generation to ſerve God, to ſupport the cauſe of virtue, and to hand down the Proteſtant religion to poſterity, after you are gone to receive the reward of your pious labours. And I doubt, whether any thing could give this country more reaſonable hopes of the protection of Heaven, than the proſpect of a ſucceeding generation likely to walk in the ways of virtue and religion, for the ſake of whoſe piety (though only ſeen in futurity) God might think fit to ſpare the nation.

You, gentlemen, have the opportunity of forming the mind, at almoſt the only time when it is capable of being impreſſed; I mean, in youth: for it is to be lamented that in this age of wealth, proſperity, and luxury, the minds of many people who are come to years are too ſtubborn to be bettered by any kind of advice, whether given from the pulpit, the preſs, or in private. I know it is ſaid on this ſubject, tho' unreaſonably, that

thoſe who have had the moſt pious educations are often ſeen to go ſhamefully aſtray from the good ways they have been brought up in; and on that account it is pretended, that a religious education is of the leſs conſequence. The aſſertion is true, and a melancholy truth it is. But the reaſoning upon it is falſe. For it is not to be conceived, that a perſon who has not had his mind tinctured in his youth with religious principles, ſhould in any future part of his life give himſelf up to a religious practice. And therefore a religious education is abſolutely neceſſary, if we would give our youth any chance of ever becoming pious or virtuous men. Further, the advantage of a religious education, upon a rational foundation, appears even in the courſe which men of looſe lives take. Of which thoſe who have not had that advantage, when they once get into the ways of open vice and impiety, having no principle within them to ſtop them in their career, are ever ſeen to ramble from one folly to another, till Providence puts an end to the courſe of their lives and impieties at once. But thoſe who have had their minds tinctured with principles of virtue and religion, tho' they ſometimes miſerably wander from the peaceful ways of ſobriety, overpowered by heat of youth and ſtrong temptation; whenever that youthful heat abates, and the temptation loſes its force, or ſome ſevere affliction, the reſult of their follies, interveens, are often found to return to the temper of mind their education gave them, and tread thoſe paths again which they were formerly accuſtomed to.

If therefore you will make a conſcience of giving the youth intruſted to your care a rational view of the Chriſtian religion, as it is in the New Teſtament, and of that admirable ſyſtem of morality communicated to mankind by it; eſpecially, if you will inculcate upon their minds the beauties and the indiſpenſable obligation of thoſe ſublime and heavenly precepts contained in that beſt diſcourſe that ever was made to the ſons of men, or ever will, till he who made it appears again, I mean our Saviour's diſcourſe on the mount, Matth. v. vi. vii. the law

by which we all are to be judged at the laſt day; if you will do theſe things carefully and conſcientiouſly, regarding them as the moſt important parts of your duty to the youth whoſe education is intruſted to you, you will then contribute your proper part toward bringing about the national reformation ſo much wanted at this day.

Nor ought I to let ſlip this opportunity of addreſſing myſelf to you, my fair countrywomen, nor of laying before you a view of your proper duty, and the part you ought to act on this occaſion. The beauties and graces of your perſons and your minds make you the proper objects of the moſt tender love and affection of our ſex; and the ordination of Heaven itſelf has put you under our immediate protection. Your characters as to virtue and vice greatly depend on your fathers and huſbands; your tender minds being naturally ſo pliant, as to be ſuſceptible of whatever impreſſions are made on them by our ſex. It is therefore the more melancholy a conſideration, that by our neglect of you, from too much falſe indulgence and fondneſs, your minds have been ſuffered to grow wild, and your paſſions and deſires to ſhoot out into ſuch extravagancies as are altogether unſuitable and ungraceful in the female character.

It is with reluctance and grief I accuſe you, and the more becauſe my accuſation is but too juſt: for it is certain, that no ſmall part of the national guilt is to be charged to your account. It is by no means to be denied, that in this gay and voluptuous age, many of you have given yourſelves up a great deal too much to the heightened pleaſures of theatrical and muſical entertainments, to the neglect not only of all that is ſpiritual and ſacred, but alſo of thoſe domeſtic cares which are your proper province. The unavoidable effect of a conſtant purſuit of the moſt innocent of theſe public diverſions muſt be, entirely to pervert your minds from what is the only natural ſphere of womankind, and what you were originally intended for by the ordination of Heaven; for I will not ſtick to

tell the proudeſt beauty that ſhines in the front-box, or in *Ranelagh*'s gay alcove, bedecked in all the gaudy plumage that female vanity can contrive to put together, that ſhe was originally formed for the plain and homely, but neceſſary and endearing characters of a wife and a mother; and that all the various ornaments of pride which fill her fantaſtic brain, and disfigure the native beauties of her perſon, and all the giddy hours ſhe paſſes in a round of guilty follies, falſely called pleaſures and diverſions, tend only to make her more and more unfit for what nature deſigned her for. Believe me, my dear countrywomen, whenever you aim at any thing elſe than to be dutiful daughters, loving wives, tender mothers, prudent miſtreſſes of families, faithful friends, and pious Chriſtians, you aim at ſomewhat that is quite out of nature, and beſide the intention of Heaven in making you rational creatures. Will *Vauxhall* improve you in œconomy and frugality? or *Ranelagh* in the domeſtic arts that make families happy? will the bombaſtic rant of the play-houſe furniſh you with maxims of prudence; or its obſcene ribaldry ſtore your minds with the graces of modeſty and virtue? how long muſt you die away to ſoft ſtrains of muſic, or ſtudy to enter deeply into the various theatric excellencies of ſtage-heroes and heroins, before you will be the fitter companions for men of ſenſe? how long muſt you practiſe curling your hair, fluttering your fans, and overloading your perſons with falſe ornaments, before your converſation will be ever new and ever entertaining to a huſband of knowledge and worth?

I beg leave only to aſk you, Whether there is more of happineſs or uneaſineſs in the life you generally live, even in your own experience? can you ſay you ever come away from the tumultuous ſcenes of pleaſure, which ingroſs the bulk of your time, without having your minds diſturbed and thrown into a ferment of irregular and exorbitant deſires, which, if you lived a life of ſobriety, peace, and retirement, would never have ſtirred in your breaſts? can you pretend that the ſight of gor-

geous dreſſes, of gaudy paintings, and all the various magnificence which exquiſite art, ſupported by unbounded extravagance, can put together; that the hearing of the moſt melting ſtrains of muſic, and of the moſt rapturous and paſſionate flights of poetry; can you pretend, I ſay, that theſe have any other effect upon you than to fill your fancies with a thouſand romantic wiſhes and deſires, altogether inconſiſtent with your ſtation, and above your rank in life, and to make your own homes dull and tireſome to you? is the pleaſure of being bowed to by a brainleſs fope in a ſide-box, equal to the ſatisfaction of mind which ariſes from the judicious regard of a tender parent or a loving huſband? what is the happineſs of being rumpled in a crowd, compared to that of the peaceful enjoyment of the ſociety of affectionate relations and friends, and the endearments of a race of promiſing children?

If it be certain, that your fortune chiefly depends upon your being well ſettled in marriage; if it be certain that a lady's having a fine taſte in pleaſures, and delighting to paſs her life in the moſt expenſive diverſions, ſerves rather (according to the judgment of the male ſex) to qualify her for a miſtreſs than a wife; and if it be likewiſe certain, that at this very time what chiefly deters the youth from entering into the marriage-ſtate, is the exceſſive love of idleneſs, dreſs, and public diverſions, they obſerve in the ladies, to which very few incomes are equal; if theſe things be certain and indiſputable, methinks your intereſt alone, and the deſire of being agreeable to the other ſex, if there were no other motive, ought to influence you greatly, and put you upon correcting your conduct. I aſſure you, however our ſex may flatter you in your preſent taſte for pleaſure, there are few of them ſuch fools as not to know, that a fine lady, who delights in gadding abroad in purſuit of pleaſure, and when ſhe ſtays at home in having her houſe crowded with idle viſitors, and who is too polite to lend a hand to promote her huſband's buſineſs, or to mind her own domeſtic cares, is not in the leaſt fit for being a wife, but, inſtead

of

of being a help meet for a man, is rather like to be a clog or incumbrance upon his affairs.

But, tho' I have ſaid that the unavoidable effect of your haunting the luxurious entertainments of plays and muſic-gardens, is, to pervert your taſte, and to turn the bent of your inclinations aſide from your proper ſphere; I have not yet mentioned by far the moſt fatal effect of a life ſpent in this manner. I appeal to the common ſenſe of mankind, whether it is conceivable, that a lady can frequent the luſcious theatre, be a witneſs of all the ſcenes of impurity, and give ear to all the ſhameleſs lewdneſs of that haunt of vice and obſcenity, without having her mind debauched and polluted, which is the ſureſt prelude to the debauching of her perſon. Nor indeed would I adviſe any friend of mine, to make his addreſſes to one of theſe gay ladies, who ſpend much of their time at plays, as I ſhould not think his honour the ſafer for being in the power of a woman who had drawn her principles of modeſty and virtue from *Drury-Lane* or *Covent-Garden*. But to add no more on this head; a word being enough to the wiſe.

From what I have ſaid of the faults of your conduct, my dear countrywomen, you may plainly ſee what is in your power to do toward the general reformation I have been recommending ſo earneſtly, to wit, to correct thoſe faults. It is in your power to lighten your country of all that part of the national guilt, which your bad conduct has brought upon it. It is even in your power to do a great deal toward reforming the other ſex. Virtue, according to the well known ſaying of the poet, is doubly amiable in a beautiful perſon, and you can hardly fail of gaining her ſome votaries among your lovers and huſbands. Upon the whole, if you will reſolve to retrench your extravagancies, to employ your time at home in the works of domeſtic œconomy, charity, virtue, and piety, and in filling up the place you hold with regard to your friends, your relations, and your God; you will contribute what is properly in your

your power toward the reformation, and conſequently the ſaving of your unhappy country *.

Laſtly, my dear countrymen, and countrywomen in general, it is in the power of every one of you (from the higheſt to the loweſt

* If the above ſpirited remarks applied juſtly to the Britiſh ladies of faſhion about 50 years ago, is there not reaſon to fear that they are ſtill too applicable to our faſhionable females, not merely in the higher walks of life, but even to many who poſſeſs no claims to elevated birth, and ample fortune? They have not this to plead in excuſe for their expenſive levities, and tho' they had, no rank or wealth could juſtify them; for time and opportunities of doing and receiving good are talents now committed to our truſt, to occupy till our Lord come to call us to an account; when it will be found no daughter of Eve had a right to proſtitute theſe at pleaſure.

What ſhall we then think of thoſe, who, not content with being conſtant ſpectators of the exhibitions of the ſtage (what the author taxes above) become actreſſes themſelves at *private theatres* †, as hath of late been the faſhion in ſome

† We have been lately told that at a *private Theatrical* in a town in France, thirty-ſix perſons were killed on the ſpot; and fifty-ſeven had their limbs broken, or were otherwiſe dangerouſly wounded, while none eſcaped without ſome hurt; all owing to the floor of the place where they were aſſembled giving way of a ſudden. Did ſuch an accident happen in a place of public worſhip thouſands would exclaim againſt religious ſervices, and avail themſelves of it as a ſufficient reaſon for abſenting from church for years to come, if not for the remains of life. In the opinion of the moddiſh world, it is much more honourable to riſk health and life in the purſuit of folly, than in the cultivation of piety and virtue; and of courſe much more frequent.

Very lately * a gentleman was trampled to death at the Hay-market Theatre; beſides many that were bruiſed and otherwiſe hurt, by the violent preſſure of the crowd, puſhing forward for admiſſion in ſuch numbers, that more than the one half were obliged to return home! On the prevailing rage for theatrical amuſements, of which this is a ſpecimen, many remarks, were it proper here, might be eaſily made. I cannot however forbear obſerving, that we never hear of ſuch crowding to the places of public worſhip, where ſeats may be had on more eaſy terms, and with ſafer acceſs; for theſe are in general, deſerted, at leaſt by the paragons of faſhion and modern politeneſs. Can thoſe, with the Royal Pſalmiſt, expect to *dwell in the houſe of the Lord for ever*, Pſal. xxiii. 6. who prefer the Synagogue of Satan to his Sanctuary, and the degrading indulgences of folly and vice to the rational and enobling exerciſes of religious worſhip?

With all due deference, I would beg leave to obſerve, that the more ſober and pious part of the Community cannot help regretting that the political Heads of the nation, with all their offſpring, ſhould countenance and recommend, by the ſanction of their preſence and example, an inſtitution which feſters diſſipation of manners, and furniſhes too many inlets and incitements

* January 7.—92.

loweſt rank in the nation) to do ſomewhat towards the general reformation; it is in the power of every man, and every woman in *England* to reform one, to add one to the number of the truly virtuous and religious, for the ſake of whom incenſed

ſome moddiſh circles? When at liberty thus to degrade themſelves, with the approbation, or for the amuſement of their relatives and acquaintance, is it any way ſurpriſing they ſhould ſo fully enter into the ſpirit of their parts, as not only to aſſume the character, but realize the plot?

The many proſecutions for *Crim. Con.* of late, or ſeduction and adultery, while they diſcover the profligacy and debauched manners of the male ſex, not to mention their want of honour and conſcience, afford but too melancholy a proof of the want of modeſty and virtue in the faſhionable female character of the day. Being educated in falſe notions of real worth and excellence of character, both in their own and in the other ſex; unaided by good examples in early years; and having their minds vitiated by the common amuſements of polite life; but, above all, being deſtitute of a proper ſenſe of religion and the fear of God, in which, alas! the men ſet them an example, is it ſo ſtrange that their wives and daughters ſhould prove an eaſy prey to every bold ſeducer who poſſeſſes tolerable addreſs, and ſets himſelf in earneſt to corrupt their hearts? As well may we attempt to rear and ſupport a fabric without a foundation, or ſet a ſhip to ſea without ballaſt as look for virtuous conduct without correſponding principles within, or amidſt a conſtant round of temptations from without.

How far the exhibitions of the ſtage, the ſwarms of modern novels which daily iſſue from the preſs, and the faſhionable levities of the times contribute to ſuch ſhipwrecks of honour, virtue, and conjugal fidelity and happineſs, is not difficult to diſcern. Theſe preoccupy the mind, corrupt the imagination, and pervert the judgment, whence the ſex are diſpoſed to liſten to the adulation of their charms, which emboldens their ſeducers; and being once got

citements to infidelity and vice in various forms. Surely the Chriſtian part of the nation, who are ſo in more than name, have reaſon to expect and claim a very different example; and while theſe ſchools of profaneneſs, and purlieus of vice exhibit the living monuments of their domeſtic trouble and diſgrace, (if any thing can be thought to diſgrace the great) does not every principle of honour and decorum demand ſuch a ſacrifice, putting Chriſtianity altogether out of the queſtion? Shall we reſort to, and find pleaſure in the ſcenes which have contributed to the ſeduction, and infamy, and will, perhaps, to the temporal and eternal ruin of our neareſt and moſt beloved relatives and connections?

Ah, the perverſion of ideas and the beſt of feelings, thro' the fatal influence of blind cuſtom, and the bewitching lure of falſe pleaſure! Precious time, ſo ſpent, will one day or other ſit a heavy burden on the conſcience; for it is given, not for ſuch purpoſes, but to be occupied, as a talent entruſted to us, for the honour and ſervice of our Lord, till he come to call us to an account. Thoſe only who ſo occupy it ſhall be able then to give in that account with joy and not with grief.——May Heaven then pity the polite world, who worſe than bury this talent in the earth!

cenſed Omnipotence may be moved to ſpare a guilty nation; and lay the avenging thunder-bolt aſide

If by what I have written I ſhall in any meaſure diſoblige or diſguſt, and by that means fail of attaining my deſign, it will give me infinite concern: for I appeal to Him who knows the ſecrets of all hearts, that my intention is to reform, and not to irritate.

Theſe are not times for ſaying ſoft things; and, if it were not that finding fault is the moſt diſagreeable work a man of common humanity ever engages in, it is eaſy to ſee, only from the liſt of epidemical vices of the age, mentioned page 33. moſt of which I have only named, that I could have ſpun out a volume upon that ungrateful ſubject: but it is my opinion, that no man ought ever to write or ſay a harſh thing againſt his fellow-creatures but when he has ſome proſpect of gaining a ſuperior advantage by it.

I conclude with my hearty prayers, that God would be pleaſed to touch your hearts, and put you upon amending your conduct by whatever means he may ſee proper, whether I am to have the happineſs of being any way inſtrumental to it or not; and that he would graciouſly accept this poor offering to his honour, the intereſt of the true religion, and the good of my country.

got on this dangerous ground, it is a thouſand to one if they prove not ſoon appoſtates from virtue and happineſs.

The friendly admonitions tendered above to our fair country-women, which perhaps were never more ſeaſonable than now, muſt therefore merit their ſerious attention. O when will they in general become wiſe and virtuous on rational and Chriſtian principles! will it ever once be? May propitious Heaven make the preſent humble Eſſay ſubſervient to ſo great an end with regard to all! O may the God of all grace effectually check the wide ſpreading torrent of vice and irreligion, and from their fatal power ſave thoſe who are unhappily entangled by them, that they periſh not! When theſe come in as a flood, may the Spirit of the Lord with whom it is nothing to help even with them that have no power, patronize and bleſs every well-intended attempt to promote ſo great an object!

APPENDIX.

DRUNKENNESS.

THE Reader will find in the preceding ſheets ſome ſtrictures on the degrading vice of drunkenneſs, which, alas! ſo much abounds in theſe guilty lands, to the deſtruction of the health, the morals, and the lives of ſo many of our fellow-ſubjects. It is truly lamentable to reflect, that this vice ſhould be ſo much countenanced, and indeed patroniſed by ſome, whoſe birth, advantages of education, and ſphere in ſociety, lay under peculiar obligations to *let their moderation be known to all men;* and whoſe vicious example therefore is the more inexcuſable in itſelf, and the more pernicious in its conſequences. The Writer was led, page 104, to animadvert, in a note, upon a late aſſociation, entitling themſelves, the *Magnum Bonum Club*, ſaid to be inſtituted under *royal auſpices.* One circumſtance, however, then eſcaped, which is too material to be paſſed over in ſilence, and too ſerious and fatal in its native influence, not to be lamented by every honeſt Briton, and real Chriſtian. The Public have been aſſured, that the Club alluded to above have fixed their ſtated times of meeting on the Sabbath evening, hereby trampling on the ſalutary laws of their Country, and groſsly inſulting the Lord of the Sabbath in a twofold reſpect.

Such a conduct in any merits the ſevereſt animadverſion—ſuch a conduct in princes, and their aſſociates, forfeits every diſtinction of birth; for, while it marks them out as the foes of God, it muſt degrade them in the eyes of all wiſe and good men, whoſe good opinion they have no title to deſpiſe: *They that honour me,* ſaith God, *I will honour: but they that deſpiſe me ſhall be lightly eſteemed;* that is, ſhall be held in utter contempt. When ſuch can treat the edicts of their Sovereign and Parent with ſuch open and marked diſdain, and ſet their ſanction at defiance, what may ſubjects be emboldened to do? When ſuch an outrage on the Royal authority, on the laws of the State, and the mandates of Heaven, is perpetrated under

the eye of Majeſty itſelf, permitted within the precincts of the Court, and ſuffered to paſs with impunity, with what propriety and conſiſtence can ſlighter violations of the laws be ſeverely puniſhed in perſons who enjoy not the ſame advantages, and are not under ſimilar obligations to obſerve them? When laws once become like cobwebs that catch ſmall flies, and ſuffer the great to break thro', it is eaſy to foreſee the conſequence. Would kings, princes, and rulers have their laws reſpected, and obſerved, let them ſet the laudable example, and not by their evil communication contribute to the otherwiſe too prevalent corruption of good manners. *Bleſſed*, ſaid the wiſeſt of kings, *art thou, O land, when thy princes eat in due ſeaſon, for ſtrength and not for drunkenneſs.* Eccl. x. 17. May we not reverſe it? Wo to thee, O land, when thy princes eat and drink out of ſeaſon, for exceſs and diſſipation, and not for health and vigour. In vain are regulations deviſed, and heavy taxes impoſed, with a view to ſuppreſs this growing evil, while it continues to receive the patronage of ſuch characters. Did they duly reflect how much it degrades the man and the gentleman, and, by a ſtrange metamorphoſis, aſſimilates human nature into that of the vileſt brute, and the moſt frantic fiend, they would not fail to break it off without delay, unleſs loſt to every ſentiment of honour, and propriety of conduct.

Need I apologize for extracting a few ſtriking obſervations on this ſubject, from two well known performances *? "No vices are "ſo incurable as thoſe which men are apt to glory in. One would "wonder how Drunkenneſs ſhould have the good luck to be of this "number. But however highly the tribe of *Drunkards* may think "of themſelves, a drunken man is a greater monſter than any that "is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as "indeed there is no character which appears more deſpicable and "deformed, in the eyes of all reaſonable perſons, than that of a "drunkard. *Bonoſus*, one of our countrymen, who was addicted to "this vice, having ſet up for a ſhare in the Roman empire, and be"ing defeated in a great battle, hanged himſelf. When he was "ſeen by the army in this melancholy ſituation, notwithſtanding "he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common jeſt was, that "the thing they ſaw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a "man, but a *bottle*.

"This

* Spectator, vol. viii. No 569. Tatler, vol. iv. No 241

"This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and for-
"tune of the perſon who is devoted to it. In regard of the mind,
"it firſt of all diſcovers every flaw in it. The ſober man, by the
"ſtrength of reaſon, may keep under every vice or folly to which
"he is moſt inclined; but wine makes every latent ſeed ſprout up
"in the ſoul, and ſhew itſelf; it gives fury to the paſſions, and
"force to thoſe objects which are apt to produce or excite them,
"it heightens indifference into love, love into jealouſy, and jeal-
"ouſy into madneſs. It often turns the good-natured man into an
"ideot, and the cholerick into an aſſaſſin. It gives bitterneſs to
"reſentment, it makes vanity inſupportable, and diſplays every lit-
"tle ſpot of the ſoul in its utmoſt deformity.

"Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and
"ſhew them in the moſt odious colours, but often occaſions faults
"to which he is not naturally ſubject. There is more of turn than
"of truth in a ſaying of *Seneca*, that drunkenneſs does not produce
"but diſcover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary.
"Wine throws a man out of himſelf, and infuſes qualities into the
"mind, to which ſhe is a ſtranger in her ſober moments. The per-
"ſon you converſe with, after the third bottle, is not the ſame man
"who at firſt ſat down at the table with you. Upon this maxim is
"founded one of the prettieſt ſayings I ever met with, which is in-
"ſcribed to *Publius Syrus*,—*Qui ebrium ludificat lædit abſentem; He*
"*who jeſts upon a man that is drunk, injures the abſent.*

"Thus does drunkenneſs act in direct contradiction to reaſon.
"But beſides theſe ill effects which this vice produces in the per-
"ſon who is actually under its dominion, it has alſo a bad influence
"on the mind even in its ſober moments, as it inſenſibly weakens
"the underſtanding, impairs the memory, and makes thoſe faults
"habitual which are produced by frequent exceſſes."

"It is very common, that events ariſe from a debauch which are
"fatal, and always ſuch as are diſagreeable. Who then would truſt
"himſelf to the power of wine, without ſaying more againſt it,
"than that it raiſes the imagination, and depreſſes the judgment?
"Were this all that could be objected, it were ſufficient to make
"us abhor this vice. But we may ſay, that as he who drinks but
"little is not maſter of himſelf, ſo he who drinks much is a ſlave
"to himſelf. As for my part, I ever eſteemed a drunkard of all
"vicious perſons the moſt vicious. If a man conſiders, that he
"cannot, under the oppreſſion of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a

" maſter, or a ſubject; that he has ſo long baniſhed himſelf from all " that is dear, and given up all that is ſacred to him, he would e- " ven then think of a debauch with horror: But when he looks " ſtill farther, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out " of all the relations of life, but alſo liable to offend againſt them " all, what words can expreſs the terror and deteſtation he would " have of ſuch a condition? And yet he owns all this of himſelf, " who ſays he was drunk laſt night.

" As I have all along perſiſted in it, that all the vicious in ge- " neral are in a ſtate of death, ſo I think I may add to the non-ex- " iſtence of drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is " certainly as guilty of ſuicide who periſhes by a ſlow, as he that " is diſpatched by an immediate poiſon. Moſt of the ſelf-murderers " whom I yet hinted at, are ſuch as preſerve a certain regularity in " taking their poiſon, and make it mix pretty well with their food: " But the moſt conſpicuous of thoſe who deſtroy themſelves, are " ſuch as in their youth fall into this ſort of debauchery, and con- " tract a certain uneaſineſs of ſpirit, which is not to be diverted but " by tippling as often as they can fall into company in the day, and " conclude with down-right drunkenneſs at night. Theſe gentle- " men never know the ſatisfaction of youth, but ſkip the years of " manhood, and are decript ſoon after they are of age. I was " godfather to one of theſe old fellows. He is now three and thir- " ty, which is the Grand Climacterick of a young drunkard.

" But as our faults are double when they affect others beſides " ourſelves, ſo this vice is ſtill more odious in a married than a ſingle " man. He that is the huſband of a woman of honour, and comes " home overloaded with wine, is ſtill more contemptible in proportion " to the regard we have to the unhappy conſort of his beaſtiality. The " imagination cannot ſhape to itſelf any thing more monſtrous and un- " natural than the familiarities between drunkenneſs and chaſtity. The " reflection of ſuch a match is what puts this vice in the worſt figure it " can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with " reſpect only to the drunkard himſelf, it has deformities enough to " make it diſagreeable, which may be ſummed up in a word, by al- " lowing, that he who reſigns his reaſon, is actually guilty of all " that he is liable to from the want of reaſon?"

Such are the remarks of two judicious writers reſpecting this baſe vice. But as thoſe who adminiſter ſtrong drink to others, till they are intoxicated, become partakers of their ſin, and as many have it

for

for their profeſſion to vend ſpirituous liquors, *&c.* and are conſequently in no ſmall danger from this temptation, for the love of gain, I make free to ſubjoin a paper on this ſubject, which hath lately fallen into my hands; and is entitled,

A FRIENDLY ADVICE

TO THOSE WHO KEEP PUBLIC HOUSES.

[WHICH INDEED MERIT THEIR SERIOUS ATTENTION.]

THE word of God expreſsly commands us, *not to be partakers of other mens ſins:* 1 Tim. v. 22. And it denounceth a heavy wo againſt ſuch in particular, as are any way acceſſory to the intoxicating their neighbour with liquor, ſaying, "*Wo unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that putteth his bottle to him, and maketh him drunken:*" Hab. ii. 15.

As you ſell liquors, you are conſequently expoſed to the temptation of ſuffering your gueſts to drink to exceſs. This, however, you can prevent, by peremptorily refuſing to give them more than will ſuffice for moderate refreſhment: and this you *ſhould* do, if you have the ſmalleſt concern for *their* ſouls, or for *your own.* But if you have greater reſpect to the acquiſition of a little ſordid lucre, than to the laws of GOD, and the welfare of your fellow-creatures, know, that, in ſuch a caſe, you will be anſwerable to the Judge of all the earth for the conſequences.

Think not that it will, in any degree, alleviate the heinouſneſs of your conduct, to plead, "that your gueſts *teize* you for liquor." Would a ſimilar plea be admitted as any juſtification of an apothecary, who would be mad and mercenary enough to ſell his neighbour *rank poiſon?* Liquors, taken to exceſs, are, in all caſes, a ſlow, but ſure poiſon; and, in ſome inſtances, they operate as rapidly as a doſe of *arſenic.* They poiſon the conſtitution of the moſt healthy and robuſt: they poiſon the *reaſoning faculty*, ſo as to convert a rational creature into a brute; and they communicate their poiſonous influence to the immortal ſoul. "Who hath wo? Who hath ſor-"ROW? who hath CONTENTIONS? who hath BABBLING? who hath "WOUNDS without cauſe? who hath REDNESS OF EYES? They that "tarry long at the wine:" Prov. xxiii. 29, 30. And will you ſuffer your fellow-creatures thus to poiſon themſelves by intemperance

rance in your houſe? and that too, in open defiance of the laws both of GOD and man? Where is charity? Where is common humanity?

Conſider farther: While the intoxicated gueſts are carouſing at your table, and filling your houſe with the horrid oaths, and execrable "*ſongs of the drunkard*," perhaps their poor *children* at home are crying for a morſel of bread; while it adminiſters the bitterneſs of affliction to the diſtreſſed mother, to reflect, that you are pocketing the laborious earning of the preceding week, with which ſhe might have ſatisfied the cravings of her almoſt famiſhed offspring. And what a melancholy figure does the poor intoxicated creature make, upon his return to his family! He entered your houſe a rational creature; you ſend him home bereft at once of his *reaſon* and his *money*. Or if your liquor has not totally ſtupified him into a brute, it has perhaps wrought him up to the phrenzy of a madman; and diſpatched him to his miſerable family, ſtorming and blaſpheming like an incarnate fiend; ready to revenge the ſlighteſt injury even unto death, and ripe for the commiſſion of every other enormity connected with drunkenneſs. Thus the liquor drunk in a public houſe, has often "*clothed a man with rags;*" brought his family to *ruin*, and himſelf to *ſhame;* produced *murder;* led to the *gallows;* and at laſt ſent to *hell* itſelf.

And will ye not lay theſe things to heart, ye that keep public houſes? Is it a light matter with you to be inſtrumental in breaking up your neighbour's *family*, but you muſt lend a helping hand to the deſtruction of his *body* and *ſoul* too? You may urge ſome *apologies* for your conduct; but the living GOD will not take one of them at your hands. For though the drunkard himſelf will be inexcuſable, yet it is no leſs certain, that as you *made him drunk*, by drawing him more liquor than your conſcience told you was neceſſary, his drunkenneſs with all the miſchiefs conſequent upon it, will be laid at *your* door. And if you tolerate ſuch exceſſes upon the *Lord's day*, you *add ſin to ſin*, and make your guilt *double*.

If you aſk, "But what muſt we do?" I anſwer, "If you have "done thus wickedly, do ſo no more." Let the time paſt ſuffice wherein you have made your houſe a receptacle for *ſots*, and a ſanctuary for *Sabbath-breakers*. From henceforth, dedicate it to the good of the public, by making it ſubſerve the purpoſes of refreſhment, temperance, and ſobriety. As you have notoriouſly broken the *ſixth commandment*, by encouraging that ſin, which *murders* body

dy and ſoul, eſcape from its curſe, for pardon and renewing grace, to the BLOOD and SPIRIT of the LORD JESUS CHRIST. Beg of him to give you repentance for what is paſt, and grace to live to his glory in future. Otherwiſe, if you deſiſt not from your gainful trade of ſinning, remember it is written, "The CURSE of the LORD is in the "houſe of the WICKED; but he BLESSETH the habitation of the JUST:" Prov. iii. 33.

SLAVE TRADE.

The GOD *of* NATURE *never form'd a Slave!*

THIS important ſubject hath of late deſervedly engaged the attention of the Public, and no eligible mean ſhould be left untried that may, in any meaſure, conduce to an object ſo deſirable as the immediate Abolition of a traffic ſo wicked and inhuman. Yet, intereſting as this object is, the zeal of many is but too apt to cool, and their exertions in ſo good a cauſe to grow feeble and remiſs, when they meet not at once with the expected ſucceſs. There is need of line upon line to keep the mind awake to what does not ſeem ſo immediately to affect our own private intereſt. It was therefore thought proper to embrace this opportunity of addreſſing a few thoughts to the Public, on that important ſubject; but previouſly to preſent them with a ſummary view of the odious traffic in queſtion, extracted from one of our periodical publications *, in which the Reader will find a number of juſt and ſpirited remarks on this and other intereſting ſubjects.

THOUGH the enormities of this trade have been repeatedly held up to the public in very conſpicuous points of view, we ſhould undoubtedly reckon ourſelves deficient in our duty as human creatures, capable of feeling for the diſtreſſes of thoſe of the ſame ſpecies with ourſelves, did we fail, as far as is in our power, to point out the iniquity of thoſe *monſters* who carry on the trade, and who argue in its favour. The term is not too ſtrong. Every *man* naturally has compaſſion upon his fellow-creature in diſtreſs. Every *man* wiſhes to allow his fellow-man the ſame liberty that he himſelf

* The Hiſtorical Regiſter, for Jan. 1792.

ſelf enjoys. Every *man* conſiders the whole human race as one community, which exiſts and derives its happineſs from the mutual aſſiſtance and good offices of one to another. Of conſequence, whatever good office is done by one man to another, the very ſame office, or an equivalent, has that other a right to expect from him. A ſet of *monſters* have ſprung up deſtitute of every one of theſe feelings. *They* can hear, unmoved, the moſt lamentable complaints of diſtreſs; *they* can boaſt of *their own* liberty, while they, without remorſe, deprive others of it, reduce them to a ſtate worſe than that of brutes, nay boaſt, and pretend to argue that the benificent Lord of Life, the Almighty, who opens the priſon-doors, and ſets free the captive, hath given them authority to *kill* with hunger and deſpair, to *torment* without ceaſing, to *lead into captivity* whomſoever they pleaſe, without any one being entitled to deliver out of their hands. *They* pretend that they have a *right* to exact labour without giving a return; to wallow in wealth and luxury, while thoſe who procure for them the pleaſures in which they riot, are condemned to whips, flames, and every ſpecies of cruelty the devil himſelf can invent. Such monſters are the Weſt-India planters, and ſuch monſters are, or would be, all thoſe concerned in the Slave Trade, or who approve of it; without the ſmalleſt exception of either high or low, rich or poor.

To make good our aſſertions, we have only to recapitulate a little of the evidence upon this ſubject, when the queſtion concerning the abolition of the Slave Trade was laid before the Houſe of Commons.

The following particulars were eſtabliſhed by the teſtimony, not of a few individuals, who might have the report by hearſay; but, of no fewer than *ſixty* perſons of character, who had all of them been on the African coaſt, or in the Weſt-India iſlands, and been eye witneſſes to the enormities they deſcribe. It is in vain therefore to deny, or think to extenuate the charge. No point in hiſtory, we believe, is equally well aſcertained, and none is indeed of more importance to mankind, or more diſgraceful to the perpetrators.—The particulars which have come to light, from the examination of theſe witneſſes, are as follow:—

1. The native barbarity of the Africans is encouraged, coveting the trifles brought them by the Europeans, they make war upon one another; they kidnap their countrymen, burn villages, and uſe every method they can to catch one another like wild beaſts, and

then

then ſell their priſoners to the Europeans. Even their kings carry on theſe infamous practices among their own ſubjects. The ſoldiers belonging to the king go out from three hundred to three thouſand on ſuch horrible expeditions, ſetting fire to villages, and catching the inhabitants by wholeſale, while numbers of private robbers lie in wait to pick up thoſe who chance to eſcape; and this is called the *Grand Pillage*. The end of the pillage is to ſupply the European ſhips with Slaves.—Thus do the civilized nations of Europe tear the infant from the arms of its mother, the huſband from the wife, and the wife from the huſband; diſſolving all thoſe ſtrong and endearing ties of ſociety by which life is rendered happy, and yet they call themſelves *Chriſtians*, and value themſelves upon their refinement and delicacy of ſentiment.

2. When the natives are not of their own accord forward enough in theſe infernal practices, the Europeans take up the trade themſelves. They take advantage of the untaught barbarity, and ſavage diſpoſition of their princes, and, like the great enemy of mankind, they incite them to commit every enormity, that they themſelves may reap the fancied advantages reſulting from it. They keep the negro princes in a conſtant ſtate of intoxication, that the may commit outrages upon their own ſubjects: they bribe the Moors, and ſupply them with arms and ammunition to enable them to ſeize the negroes, and to ſell them for Slaves; they advance goods to chiefs, to induce them to ſeize their ſubjects or neighbours, and they ſupply them with powder and ball to encourage them to go to war with one another.—If all this will not do, they carry off the natives at once themſelves; the captains invite them to a friendly correſpondence with them, and then ſuddenly make ſlaves of all the company. In caſe of reſiſtance, or if the perſons thus taken cry out, they bind them faſt, and ſtop their mouths with handkerchiefs and oakum.

3. The unhappy Africans, thus ſuddenly and unexpectedly carried off from their country, their friends and relations, ſhew the moſt frantic ſigns of horror and deſpair when put aboard the ſlave-ſhips; many of the women are ſeized with hyſterics, and in the moſt lamentable manner expreſs the utmoſt extremity of anguiſh, which, one ſhould think, it would be impoſſible for any perſon who bears the name of *man* to hear unmoved.

The manner of treating them in the ſlave-ſhips is as follows: As ſoon as they are brought aboard, the men are put in irons, linked

together two and two by the hands and feet, and in this ſituation they remain till they arrive at the Weſt Indies; and when brought above deck, to enjoy for a ſhort time the benefit of the air, additional fetters are put upon them. An Engliſh pint (a Scots mutchkin) of water is allowed them *per* day. They are fed with horſe-beans, and now and then a little beef and bread, and after their meals, part of their ſcanty allowance of water is dealt out to them. For exerciſe, they are forced to jump for a conſiderable time, but without taking off their irons, and are cruelly whipped if they refuſe; nor is this horrid exerciſe omitted, even with thoſe who are ſick and ſcarce able to move. In like manner are they forced to ſing, and their ſongs, as may naturally be expected, are ſongs of ſorrow, the themes of which are their wretched ſituation, and their deſpair of never returning home.

In the ſhips they are ſo cloſely packed together, that it is impoſſible for them to move, nor can any perſon paſs through, without treading upon them. Thoſe who are out of irons, are locked *ſpoonways* to each other, that is, back and front; and if they delay getting into this poſture, they are quickly compelled to it, by a cat-o'-nine-tails.—In other reſpects they are uſed no better; they are confined in foul air, where they are every moment in danger of ſuffocation. They frequently exclaim that they are dying, and when the hatchway is opened, fly to it with the ſame eagerneſs that fiſhes do to the ſurface of water, when put under the receiver of an air pump; and in this manner great numbers have periſhed by mere ſuffocation, without any previous ſign of indiſpoſition. How can it be otherwiſe when the unhappy wretches are wedged together, as if in their coffins, where the ſurgeons are obliged to take off their ſhoes in paſſing through them, and even then cannot avoid pinching them; when the ſteam from their bodies, iſſues out from the hatchway as ſoon as opened, like the ſmoke of a furnace; and where no perſon can enter without having his ſhirt, in a few minutes, as wet as if it had been dipped in water.

Conſidering all this dreadful cruelty, this intolerable uſage, alleviated by no hope but that of death, how is it poſſible but theſe miſerable creatures muſt frequently haſten their own deſtruction. What would *we* do, if we were in their place? The negroes are untaught and barbarous; we know, or ought to know better;—yet how many inſtances of ſuicide diſgrace the hiſtory of Britain. Our ſovereign has been affronted, by one of his ſubjects ſhooting himſelf in

in his preſence, as if to tell him, that death was preferable to the oppreſſion he ſuffered, from the minions who ſurround the throne. His ſon has ſtabbed himſelf in deſpair; yet what were the ſufferings of either father or ſon, in compariſon of the wretched negroes! Can we *blame* them for jumping into the ſea; for refuſing to receive food; for taking every method in their power to put an end to their own lives? Undoubtedly, conſidering the knowledge they have, we cannot; but, as ſure as we at this moment exiſt, the life of every one of thoſe miſerable creatures will be required at our hands, whether he took away his own life or not, I ſay at *our* hands, becauſe the Weſt-India planters are *accounted* a part of our nation, as well as the Guinea traders, though they ought not; for their names ought to be expunged from every nation under heaven.

It would be endleſs to particularize inſtances of barbarity committed by the *civilized* Europeans, againſt the *barbarous* Africans. Suffice it to ſay, that theſe poor creatures are ſtolen away, uſed with indignities unworthy of beaſts; loaded with irons, ſuffocated, ſtarved, whipped, driven to deſpair and madneſs; and all to ſatiate the ambition, the avarice, and intolerable pride of the Weſt-India merchants and planters. But to return to our ſubject, of the treatment of the Africans—

Theſe poor people, carried off from their native country; treated with every indignity we can imagine; confined in peſtilential dungeons; whipped, inſulted, and reduced by diſeaſe; die, as may naturally be ſuppoſed, in great numbers; inſomuch that by the time they arrive at the Weſt-Indies, they are reduced to three-fourths, one-half, or ſometimes to a leſs proportion of their original number. On their arrival in the iſlands they are *ſold* to a ſet of ſavages, who treat them as a ſet of inferior beings, whom the right of purchaſe gives the owner a power of uſing at his will. Granting that this was the caſe, if the maſters who purchaſed them were *good* maſters, they would uſe them well. It is not to be doubted, however, that among a variety of maſters, there will be found ſome better than others; but the general character they have, is, that the *worſt* maſter in England, is better than the *beſt* in the Weſt-Indies.—The field ſlaves are obliged to hurry out early in the morning, at the blowing of a ſhell, and are whipped if they are not there in time. They perform their work in rows, where they are, without exception, under the whip of the drivers. The ſtrong and the weak are yoked together, and the latter are whipped up by the drivers; and

thus many of them are hurried to their graves. Their labour laſts from day-light till ſun-ſet; but, beſides the work they perform during the common hours, they are obliged to pick graſs for the cattle during the hours ſaid to be allowed them for reſt, and are often whipped, if they cannot find a ſufficient quantity, though it be often plainly impoſſible that they ſhould do ſo.

With regard to the puniſhments inflicted upon them, by their arbitrary and cruel maſters, they are ſhocking, almoſt beyond credibility.—They are whipped with laſhes which fetch blood, and even cut out pieces of fleſh at every ſtroke; and they are ſeldom taken down from the ladder upon which they are ſtretched, until the ſkin is entirely peeled off their backs, after which the parts are waſhed with pickle, to prevent a mortification. An inſtance was given of a woman who had been whipped to ſuch a degree, that ſhe was hardly able to move from the place where ſhe was; ſhe was found lying on the ground with her left ſide in a ſtate of mortification, and almoſt covered with worms, and ſuffered to periſh in this dreadful ſituation, without any care being taken of her by her relentleſs murderers.—Another inſtance is given of a negro whoſe maſter ordered a ſurgeon to cut off his leg for running away. The ſurgeon refuſed to do it; upon which the planter broke the leg to pieces with an iron bar, then told the ſurgeon, that what he had refuſed to him as a favour, he muſt now do as his duty; for if he did not amputate the limb, the man would die.

It is to the laſt degree painful to write a detail of ſuch horrid barbarities, or to be obliged to think of them; we ſhall therefore conclude this horrid part of our work, with obſerving, that every ſpecies of wanton cruelty, which the degenerate mind of man can invent, is put in execution againſt theſe poor wretches. Dropping melted lead upon their bodies; tormenting them with fire; putting hot irons in their mouths; ſuddenly ſtabbing them; hanging them for diverſion; throwing them into kettles full of boiling liquid, *&c.* are recounted as ſome of the modes of puniſhment, and of theſe no fewer than *ſixteen* are enumerated in the evidence laid before the Houſe of Commons.—Nay, to add to the infamy of theſe proceedings, the fair ſex themſelves have been proved to be equally active in the exerciſe of theſe cruelties with the men. Thoſe who call themſelves *ladies*, but for whom the name of *infernal* FURIES is not too bad, have been known to laſh their ſlaves with their own hands, to direct the overſeers and drivers where to ſtrike, and to ſee theſe

cruel

cruel puniſhments executed when the huſbands refuſed to witneſs them. One ſtep in degeneracy ſtill remains, and we can go no farther. The women of the Weſt-India iſlands have been known to ſend their female ſlaves on board of ſhips for the purpoſes of proſtitution, in order that they might enjoy the infamous reward!—Can any thing equal ſuch proceedings! Can we avoid invoking the vengeance of Heaven againſt ſuch wretches. Has the lightning loſt its force, or the earthquakes their tremendous power! are the waves of the ocean unable to overwhelm at once theſe polluted habitations, and their deteſted inhabitants! Such exclamations are natural; but we ought to remember, that *we ourſelves*, in the preſent caſe, are the miniſters of vengeance. Let the nation only unite; let them but ſay a ſingle word, and the Slave Trade is gone for ever.—The time is now come, when a vigorous and ſpirited application ought to be made to parliament, not in the inſipid ſtile of flattery and compliment, but in a determined tone, as if every perſon who makes the addreſs were reſolved to ſpend his laſt drop of blood in the cauſe.

My Countrymen, and fellow-ſubjects,

FROM the few hints above given, reſpecting the nature and conſequences of the Slave Trade, tho' they cannot be ſuppoſed to convey a full idea of its enormity, you may however be able to form ſome judgment, how far it merits the countenance of the Repreſentatives of a free and enlightened People, and what claim theſe have to your acquieſcence in their late deciſion, which ſanctions this infernal traffic for ſo long a period to come. From the whole evidence delivered upon this important queſtion, and other authentic ſources of information, this trade appears to involve in its odious nature, and melancholy conſequences, almoſt every crime of which an apoſtate creature, is capable, attended with peculiar aggravations; while not a ſingle plea can be urged in its favour but what is drawn from the ſordid conſideration of intereſt. It wantonly invades the deareſt and moſt ſacred rights of men, ſacrifices the happineſs, and ſports with the unmerited and accumulated ſufferings of millions of our fellow-creatures, who have never offered us the leaſt injury, deſtroys the innate ſenſe of moral right and wrong, ſpreads terror and deſolation over extenſive

regions

regions, is a direct outrage on the law of nations, the claims of juſtice and humanity, and the ſtatutes of the God of Heaven, all the terrors of whoſe wrath and threatened vengeance it boldly ſets at defiance. It entails loathſome diſeaſes, and ſcatters miſery and death among our ſeamen, annually ſending thouſands of them prematurely to the grave. It blunts the feelings, corrupts the heart, and ſears the conſcience of thoſe who are converſant with it, degrading them in a moral view much below the unhappy objects of their avaricious purſuit. The guilt contracted by it, if not deeply repented of in time, and graciouſly pardoned, will make many thouſands of our fellow-ſubjects completely wretched thro' eternity, when the polluted wealth, ſo acquired, will only ſerve to enhance their miſery, and whet the invenomed darts of keen remorſe and endleſs deſpair. Of all theſe enormous evils, that ignoble principle, he *love of money* is the poiſonous root.

Who can tell the many human victims which this horrid traffic yearly ſacrifices to that darling idol—Britiſh avarice! What numbers does it annually doom, with their innocent offſpring, to the moſt debaſing and unbounded ſervitude? Have not their ſighs, their tears and blood a cry to Heaven for vengeance on the oppreſſors? And will he who takes to himſelf the title of the Guardian of the oppreſſed, the Father of the fatherleſs, and the Judge of the widow and orphan, and hath pledged his veracity to plead their cauſe, and execute judgment for them, connive at the injuries done them, ſhut his ears againſt the cry of their oppreſſion, and ſuffer ſuch enormities to paſs unpuniſhed? Such a conduct be far from the Judge of all the earth, who will doubtleſs do them juſtice, and avenge himſelf on their adverſaries, who are at the ſame time chargeable with treaſon and rebellion againſt himſelf. Such guilty courſes, perſiſted in, cannot fail to ſap the proſperity of the State, to ſhake the pillars of the Throne, and procure the judicial viſitation of the Almighty, who will hold the Nation at large reſponſible for the meaſures of their Rulers, ſhould they neglect firmly to remonſtrate againſt them by every conſtitutional mean in their power. Hence we may venture to pronounce the friends, advocates, and patrons of the Slave Trade, in effect, the worſt enemies of their King and Country; while thoſe who ſolicite its immediate and entire abolition act the part of true patriots and loyal ſubjects.

Before the attention of the Public was turned to this ſyſtem of complicated iniquity, the guilt of it, in a national view, was comparatively

ratively light, but now every ſubterfuge is removed, and we can have no plauſible pretext to offer in alleviation of our crimes. It is not in vain, or without the ſpecial interpoſition of Providence, that the nation hath of late been called to attend to this ſubject. It is not in vain it hath received ſuch public diſcuſſions, by which much light hath been thrown upon it, or that our Repreſentatives have been permitted, in the face of evidence, to vote its continuation for a certain period, while they have, almoſt with the ſame breath, condemned it as *cruel, inhuman and unjuſt.* By all this, God is evidently trying us, to ſee whether the love of juſtice and humanity, or the ſordid love of gain will preponderate. Even to heſitate here, between two opinions, were criminal; yet, alas! in the ſeat of juſtice, and in the face of Heaven, the latter hath gained a decided preference! O Gold, how deſpotic thy ſway over the human heart, and how fatal and degrading thy conqueſts! Indeed, we may ceaſe to wonder when we conſider the leading motives of ſome inveſted with power, too often apparent in their conduct; but it is the buſineſs of the Nation to direct the exerciſe of that power they themſelves confer, in matters that ultimately concern their ſafety and happineſs; and, thanks to Heaven, this they may do in perfect conſiſtence with all the duties of good ſubjects and good citizens. This the radical law of our nature, and the expreſs will of our Creator not only authorize but require; and ſhould we neglect this on important occaſions, of which the preſent is doubtleſs one, we richly deſerve that the exerciſe of that power ſhould militate againſt us.

The late deciſion reminds me of a paſſage of ſacred Scripture, which merits the particular attention of Rulers and Judges. "If "thou ſeeſt the oppreſſion of the poor, and violent perverting of "judgment and juſtice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for "he that is higher than the higheſt regardeth; and there be high-"er than they." Eccl. v. 8. Theſe are not words of courſe. Let all that pervert or refuſe juſtice hear them and tremble. Can we as men, as Britons, and as Chriſtians, conſent to the continuance of a traffic for any given time, which hath already deſtroyed unknown myriads of our ſpecies, which ſets itſelf in direct oppoſition to the peace, the honour and the happineſs of mankind—a traffic which hath loaded our Nation with diſgrace and guilt, and kindled the wrath of the Almighty againſt us? He that can is a traitor to his Country, and to his God; for, while he avows and ſupports rebellion againſt the one, which the trade in queſtion involves, he in effect

fect conſents to the deſtruction of the other. Under the Divine government, moral cauſes have their certain effect, both in the nature of things, and by the righteous diſpoſal of God. Is it a ſmall matter then to perſiſt in meaſures that may be productive of ſuch ſerious conſequences? If we can tamely ſubmit, without uniting in eligible and conſtitutional efforts to procure redreſs, and put away ſuch daring iniquity from among us, may we not hear the Moſt High addreſſing us, as he did his ancient people? *Shall I not viſit for theſe things, ſaith the Lord? ſhall not my ſoul be avenged on ſuch a nation as this?*

Tho' Providence does not now interfere, in behalf of an oppreſſed people, in ſo extraordinary a manner as of old; yet he muſt be fatally blind who does not ſee, and obſtinately perverſe who will not own the interpoſition of Providence on the preſent occaſion. There are ſigns of the times which the men of wiſdom will diſcern and lay to heart, and we are called duly to improve theſe, would we be hid in God's pavilion in evil days. The Jews of old were favoured with ſuch ſigns, but infidelity prevented their perceiving them, till the things that belonged to their peace came to be hid from their eyes. May we be kept from treading in their ſteps, that we be not made ſharers of their plagues. If others perſiſt in courſes marked with the expreſs diſapprobation of Heaven, let us expoſtulate with them, and, if we prevail not, teſtify againſt them, that at leaſt the guilt may be theirs, ſhould we be unhappily involved in the puniſhment.

God demanded the enlargement of ancient Iſrael only by the verbal meſſage of two individuals from among themſelves. This demand diſregarded, who does not know the mode he took to enforce it, and the conſequences? But in Britain many thouſands have united in preſenting to the ruling Powers the claims of juſtice and humanity, and theſe not ſtrangers or ſojourners, but ſubjects, many of whom poſſeſs rank and reſpectability in the State: and yet, inſtead of a cordial compliance, they have been inſulted, and received for anſwer, *Theſe your petitions ſhall be granted only when three years and eight months have elapſed; in the mean time, let injuſtice, cruelty, oppreſſion, murder, and their kindred train of evils prevail unmoleſted; for we are determined to exert the power you have entruſted to us, in ſanctioning and protecting that traffic, which meanwhile we ſee and own to be replete with them all!!!* Is not this exactly copying the example of haughty Pharaoh, who might indeed find more plauſible pleas,

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and urge many more ſpecious reaſons for detaining the Hebrews in bondage than the Britiſh Senate can urge in favour of the odious trade in queſtion. He did not authorize any of his ſubjects to go to a foreign land, and carry the natives away by force to be his bond ſervants. If he oppreſſed them, and gave orders to ſlay their male children, he could plead a reaſon of State—leſt the Iſraelites, who multiplied ſo faſt, ſhould become more mighty than the natives, and uſurp the dominion, or join with his enemies, and effectuate their eſcape, Exod. i. Tho' we can urge no ſuch pleas, yet the late decree of our Supreme Court conſigns myriads, both adult and young, to death, and an unknown number, with their poſterity, to perpetual ſervitude of the baſeſt kind, (the women not excepted, whom the Egyptians ſeem to have ſpared) as ſome members juſtly remarked on the occaſion. Are we then more humane taſk-maſters than Pharaoh, and his inſtruments of cruelty? That tyrant made various conceſſions, however reluctantly, but nothing ſhort of an immediate and total releaſe would ſatisfy the claimants. Amidſt all his partial relentings and conceſſions, he ſet himſelf in oppoſition to the will of Heaven, and the event ſhewed whether his arbitrary purpoſe, or the will of the Almighty was moſt efficacious; and ſo ſhall it appear with reſpect to all who preſume to diſpute his authority, and oppoſe his ſovereign will.

Now He is pleading with Britain, and inſiſting they ſhould immediately aboliſh that accurſed traffic, which hath ſo long proved the ſcourge of ſo many of his intelligent creatures; for the voice of the people, when reaſon and conſcience are permitted to ſpeak, is in fact the voice of God: but a majority of our rulers, following the example of that proud, infatuated deſpot, in refuſing to let the oppreſſed Hebrews go free, will make ſome conceſſions, as if to commute the matter with God, and conſcience; yet, at the ſame time, on the whole abſolutely refuſe to comply with his demand. When the meſſengers of Heaven addreſſed theſe words in Pharaoh's ears, "Thus ſaith the Lord God of Iſrael, Let my people go, that "they may hold a feaſt unto me in the wilderneſs," his haughty reply was, "Who is the Lord, that I ſhould obey his voice to let "Iſrael go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Iſrael go." Exod. v. 1, 2. A reply this fraught with inſolence and profanity; yet with ſuch inſolence and profanity are impotent mortals often chargeable. Would to God the ſame temper were not exemplified on the preſent occaſion! Whoever takes the trouble to con-

traſt both caſes, will eaſily trace a ſimilarity in many particulars. Heaven forbid the event, with regard to us, ſhould be in any manner alſo paralleled! One important circumſtance however materially differs: thro' the kindneſs of Providence we have no deſpotic Pharaoh on the Throne; and therefore hope our King will never be induced to countenance, in any of his ſubjects, meaſures correſponding to thoſe of that tyrant, ſhould they at any time ſo far loſe ſight of the true intereſt and honour of theſe lands, with which their own ſtand inſeparably connected, as to be diſpoſed to adopt and purſue them. It merits the attention of the public, however, that the whole land of Egypt ſuffered for the obſtinacy of the prince; and ſo may we, ſhould our Rulers adopt or ſanction ruinous meaſures, and we neglect to remonſtrate againſt them, and uſe the means in our power for procuring the neceſſary redreſs.

Some think much is gained by the late deciſion, and no doubt it diſcovers the force of truth and equity, when their claims are properly ſtated and propoſed. It indeed ſanctions, in one view, all the exertions made, or that may yet be made in a conſtitutional way, in order to effectuate the deſired abolition; for it allows that there is a cauſe, and that the people, in their application, have truth and juſtice on their ſide. This effect, however, is only accidental; for, viewing it in another light, we may venture to aſſert, that it is fraught with inſult to the great Governor of the world, whoſe ſubjects the people in queſtion doubtleſs are, and who will not, in preſent circumſtances, accept of ſuch negative redreſs at our hand. We own the traffic, in which we have ſo long embarked, to our national diſgrace and guilt, to be inhuman, unjuſt, and quite unfit to be always tolerated, and yet we declare, in the face of the Univerſe, that we are determined not to give it up yet—determined to protect and practiſe it for years to come, when it may be naturally expected to riſe to enormities till then unknown. Is this Britiſh juſtice? what perverſion of ideas! but He that is higher than the higheſt regards it.

Without pretending to foreſee future conſequences, any farther than they may be traced from their moral cauſes, the Writer preſumes to ſay, that the late deciſion in this affair, and the diſpoſitions which gave birth to it, are a certain preſage of impending judgements, if they are not already partly inflicted. It remains with you, my fellow-Chriſtians, to avert theſe by a timely repentance, before the meaſure of our iniquity be full, and wrath come upon us to the utter-

uttermoſt; for it may be the Lord will be intreated of you, and, in his mercy, yet ſpare theſe guilty lands. Our national ſins are ſo numerous and diverſified as to exceed deſcription, and ſo great and aggravated as to ſurpaſs any thing we are able to conceive. A much greater and more ſerious load this than our national debt, enormous as that hath of late grown. While you deprecate deſerved wrath, be not ſlack to petition the Legiſlature to ſuppreſs ſuch meaſures as tend to increaſe both our guilt and danger, yea have already brought theſe to an awful criſis. Particularly embrace the very firſt opportunity of requeſting the ruling powers to put, without delay, a period to a traffic, which, provoking the juſt vengeance of the Almighty, endangers the very exiſtence of the State; and let this be done with a zeal and firmneſs becoming the importance of the object, and the magnitude of theſe conſequences which ſtand inſeparably connected with it, if this may happily prove a lengthening out of our tranquility. You have the means of information on this ſubject within your reach; and conſcience, once informed, will point out the path of duty. Think not then that wilful ignorance about the matter will excuſe your indifference reſpecting the happineſs or miſery of your fellow-creatures; a temper of mind degrading in itſelf, and highly offenſive to the common Father of all. May I not addreſs you in the words of Mordecai to Eſther? "If "you altogether hold your peace at this time, then ſhall there en- "largement and deliverance ariſe from another place:" Heaven forbid there ſhould be reaſon to add the following clauſe, "but you "and your father's houſe ſhall be deſtroyed." Eſther iv. 14.

Are you taught to pray, *Father in heaven, thy kingdom come;* and would you preſent this petition with an exception againſt Africa, and its numerous inhabitants? The Trade in Slaves is an inſuperable bar to their embracing Chriſtianity, and can you be content that trade ſhould be continued, tho' they and their ſeed ſhould periſh for lack of knowledge, and Satan ſtill maintain his empire over theſe extenſive regions? Surely this would prove your own claim to the character of Chriſtians altogether futile and unfounded. As ſubjects, you have a right to petition both the Throne and the Senate; and if you decline to improve this privilege on the preſent urgent occaſion, can you be innocent, in the eye of Heaven, of the blood of thoſe who may periſh by the continuance of this traffic? The human heart recoils at the proſpect of continuing ſuch horrid ravages and depredations for ſo long a period to come, with all their

conſequent calamities, which muſt prove more permanent, and all for the love of *filthy lucre*, the moſt ſordid motive that can actuate the mind of man. Were you in their caſe, and they in yours, what would you wiſh them to do for you? The reply is eaſy. Do ye even ſo for them, for ſo the law of your God and Judge requires. Tho' the ſlave-trade has unhappily many friends and patrons, yet we venture to ſay that they are to be found only among the vileſt of the people, who are as deſtitute of the ſpirit of true Britons, as they are of the character of real Chriſtians. The moſt conſpicuous, the moſt enlightened and deſerving characters in the Nation, and of the age, are on your ſide, and, what is infinitely more, God himſelf, if you herein eſpouſe and plead his cauſe. Quit yourſelves, then, like men and Chriſtians, who feel for your fellow-men, who love your neighbour as yourſelves, and extend your Chriſtian benevolence, as enjoined by the great Lover of mankind, to every Brother of the human race; for he that loveth not his brother abideth in death,—he that hateth him is a murderer, the word of God being allowed to determine; and, in his eſtimation, not to love is to hate him.

Let the poor natives of Africa, then, ſhare your compaſſion and your prayers; for the prayer of faith availeth much, and the Lord loves thoſe who are cheerful and active, from proper motives, in promoting the good of their fellow-creatures. Your prayers and a part of your ſubſtance too would be well beſtowed, if made ſubſervient to the advancement of true religion in the world, and of courſe to the happineſs of the human race. It is deſcriptive of a worldly, mercenary ſpirit, to care only for our own immediate concerns. The liberal ſoul, we are told, deviſeth liberal things, and by liberal things ſhall he ſtand. He that watereth others, ſhall be alſo watered himſelf. Let our love then be without diſſimulation, and let us conſider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works, as we are exhorted, eſteeming it, with our Divine Maſter, *more bleſſed to give than to receive*. Let it conſtitute our heart's deſire, and daily prayer to God, that the precious bleſſings of civil and religious liberty, the light of truth and ſcience, and the benefits of civilization and equal government may be extended over all the earth, and every thing that retards their progreſs happily removed. May every benevolent heart have ſoon cauſe to rejoice, not merely in the ceſſation of cruelty and deſpotiſm, but alſo in ſeeing millions of our fellow-men emerging from a

ſtate

ſtate of ignorance and barbariſm, in which they have been ſo long loſt to themſelves and to ſociety, and enjoying all thoſe comforts and accommodations which contribute to the convenience and pleaſure of life!—May the time to favour that long depreciated and deſpiſed people, whoſe preſent deplorable caſe ſo much deſerves our attention and commiſeration, ſoon arrive, that, furniſhed with the means of rational improvement and religious inſtruction, they may yet riſe to their juſt level in the ſcale of intelligent beings!—May propitious Heaven haſten the accompliſhment of that prediction, *Ethiopia ſhall ſoon ſtretch out her hands unto God*;—that they who have hitherto been ſtrangers and foreigners may be made fellow-citizens with the ſaints, and of the houſehold of God!

A certain philoſophical hiſtorian * has favoured us with a ſhort ſpeech on this ſubject, addreſſed by a Quaker in Penſylvannia to his brethren, in one of their religious aſſemblies, which, he informs us, produced ſuch immediate conviction and remorſe as ſoon iſſued in reſtoring liberty to all the ſlaves in that ſtate. The Reader will excuſe my giving it a place here, tho' I cannot entertain ſuch ſanguine hopes of its ſucceſs.

"How long then ſhall we have two conſciences, two meaſures, "two ſcales; one in our own favour, one for the ruin of our neigh-"bour, both equally falſe? Is it for us, Brethren, to complain at "this moment, that the Parliament of Britain wiſhes to enſlave us, "and to impoſe upon us the yoke of ſubjects, without leaving us the "rights of citizens; while, for this century paſt, we have been "calmly acting the part of tyrants, by keeping in bonds of the hard-"eſt ſlavery men who are our equals and our brethren? What have "thoſe unhappy creatures done to us, whom nature hath ſeparated "from us by barriers ſo formidable, whom our avarice has ſought "after thro' ſtorms and wrecks, and brought away from the midſt "of their burning ſands, or from their dark foreſts inhabited by "tygers? What crime have they been guilty of, that they ſhould "be torn from a country which fed them without toil, and that "they ſhould be tranſplanted by us to a land where they periſh un-"der the labours of ſervitude? Father of heaven, what family haſt "Thou then created, in which the elder born, after having ſeized "on

* Abbe Raynal, in his Hiſtory of the Britiſh Settlements in North America.

" on the property of their brethren, are ſtill reſolved to compel " them, with ſtripes, to manure, with the blood of their veins and " the ſweat of their brow, that very inheritance of which they have " been robbed? Deplorable race!—whom we render brutes, to " tyrannize over them; in whom we extinguiſh every power of the " ſoul, to load their limbs and their bodies with burdens; in whom " we efface the image of God, and the ſtamp of manhood: a race " mutilated and diſhonoured as to the faculties of mind and body, " throughout its exiſtence, by us who are Chriſtians and Britons! " Britons, ye people favoured by Heaven, and reſpected on the " ſeas, would ye be free and tyrants at the ſame inſtant? No, Bre- " thren: it is time we ſhould be conſiſtent with ourſelves. Let us " ſet free thoſe miſerable victims of our pride: Let us reſtore the " negroes to liberty, which man ſhould never take from man. May " all Chriſtian ſocieties be induced by our example to repair an in- " juſtice authorized by the crimes and plunders of two centuries! " May men too long degraded, at length raiſe to Heaven their arms " freed from chains, and their eyes bathed with tears of gratitude! " Alas! the unhappy mortals have hitherto ſhed no tears, but thoſe " of deſpair!"

Subjoined is a draught of a petition, which may furniſh ſome help, if better be not at hand.

A Draught

A Draught of a Petition to Parliament for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

TO THE HONOURABLE

THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

WE the Inhabitants of ——, in the County of ——, in that part of Great Britain called ——, taking into our ſerious conſideration the Trade to Africa in Slaves, ſo long carried on by Britiſh ſubjects, and the many unhappy conſequences that flow from it, both to the Natives of that Continent, and to thoſe who are in any degree engaged in it, feel ourſelves conſtrained, by a ſenſe of that duty which we owe to God, to our fellow-men, and ourſelves, to teſtify our utter abhorrence of it; and, in this conſtitutional mode, to pray for its ſpeedy and entire ſuppreſſion.

From the well authenticated information which we have of late received reſpecting it, we would deem ourſelves unworthy of the many valuable advantages we enjoy, as Chriſtians, and as ſubjects of the Britiſh empire, could we remain indifferent to the complicated, yet unmerited ſufferings of ſo many myriads of our fellow-creatures, or neglect to uſe the means which Providence hath put in our power, in order to ſecure ſome redreſs of their grievances, and aſcertain them relief from the depredations of a traffic, which is not more contrary to the eternal principles of juſtice, than obſtructive to the progreſs of civilization and the ſpread of Chriſtianity in Africa. They cannot but lament, that the luxuries, the avarice, and artifices of Europeans, and particularly of Britons, ſhould ſo long occaſion a conſtant warfare among its inhabitants, be the remote cauſe of deſtroying mutual confidence—of extinguiſhing the principles of morality, and degrading the African nearly to the level of a beaſt of burden; and all under the ſanction of the Britiſh Legiſlature.

Perſuaded that nations, as well as individuals, are ſacredly bound

to

to do juſtly and love mercy—to cultivate that Righteouſneſs which alone can exalt them, and eſtabliſh their proſperity on a ſolid baſis, they feel the moſt ſenſible regret, when they reflect on the deep diſgrace, and enormous guilt, which we have incurred by this commerce, and cannot help fearing the day of retribution may not be far off, that the righteous vengeance of the Almighty may ſoon overtake our nation, ſhould we ſtill perſiſt in holding faſt this Heaven-daring ſyſtem of iniquity, and authorizing it for any time by a law. Felt concern, therefore, for the honour and continued proſperity of our Country, for the civilization and happineſs of our African brethren, for the ſucceſs of undefiled religion in the world, and for the glory of its Divine Author, actuate, if not miſtaken, in making this application.

Tho' they rejoice that this hateful traffic hath been condemned by a majority of our national Repreſentatives, and its final fate fixed, yet they cannot but lament, that the day which is to put a period to its horrid devaſtations is placed at ſuch a diſtance; becauſe from this they apprehend the moſt ſerious conſequences, both to them who countenance and carry it on, and alſo to thoſe who are unhappily the objects of it. While they reprobate the traffic itſelf, and pray for its immediate and thorough abolition, they expreſs their hopes, that the Legiſlature will, in their wiſdom, juſtice, and humanity, adopt ſuch meaſures as may moſt effectually aſcertain the religious inſtruction, and gradual emancipation of our preſent ſlaves, that they may be fitted for acting, in future, in the capacity of free men, with honour to themſelves, and benefit to the Community.—Even this will not indemnify the loſs they have ſuſtained, and the injuries they have borne, in being forcibly carried away from their native country, their relations and connections, and ſo long made to bear the cruel yoke of the moſt degrading ſervitude; tho' a ſenſe of equity obliges us to own, that they are juſtly entitled to all that indemnification which the nature of the caſe can admit; and, if this is denied them on earth, their Almighty Guardian and Judge may require it. To delay an immediate compliance with the demands of juſtice, humanity, and religion in the above reſpects, which every principle of honour and of conſcience requires, they are led to view as an inſult to the nation at large, to our common nature, and to the great Author of our being, and ſo affording a dreadful preſage of impending judgments, which the nation too well merits on other accounts, and alſo as accelerating their approach. They think themſelves

ſelves bound, therefore, by every conſideration calculated to weigh with them as men and Chriſtians,—as ſubjects of the Britiſh empire, and citizens of the world at large, to inſiſt, along with the virtuous and humane part of the Community, for the ſpeedy and total abolition of a traffic, which hath already too long diſgraced the nations of Europe, proved a heavy ſcourge to millions of the human race, and ſerved to treaſure up wrath againſt the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, with reſpect to this Nation in particular.

Conſidering the many obvious and unhappy conſequences of this traffic, and the numerous, reſpectable, and urgent applications which have of late been made to the Legiſlature for its *immediate* and *entire* ſuppreſſion, we flattered ourſelves that the united wiſdom, and the known juſtice and humanity of the Britiſh Senate would have ſaved us the diſagreeable neceſſity of petitioning repeatedly upon this ſubject, and them the trouble of receiving ſuch petitions; eſpecially after it has been pointedly condemned, by the judgment of a great majority of that Houſe, as *cruel, inhuman, and unjuſt*, and its final fate pronounced. To vote the continuation of it after this, appears to them not only quite irreconcilable to all the known principles of juſtice and equity, but alſo to that conſiſtency of character which all, but more particularly perſons in public and important ſtations are indiſpenſibly bound to maintain.

N. B. *A few ſtrictures on ſome other important ſubjects were meant to have been added, as the Reader will ſee from references in the body of the work; but owing to its being ſo long detained in the Preſs, and ſome other circumſtances, it was thought expedient to ſuppreſs theſe at preſent. Whether they ſhall in future ſee the light, will depend on the reception which this Addreſs finds with the Public.*

A PRAYER.

IS man a ſojourner in life,
Still poſting thro' this vale of ſtrife,
To death his journey's end;
While clouds and tempeſts oft ariſe,
And all o'ercaſt his faireſt ſkies?
O Heav'n, thy aid then lend:

Emit, benign, thy cheering ray,
Safe to conduct a pilgrim's way,
Thro' life's each dubious road;
The gloom of error to control,
And thro' her miſts to guide the ſoul,
To happineſs and God.

By Wiſdom's clear diſcerning eye,
Each painted ſhadow teach to ſpy,
Of folly's empty ſhow:
O give to ſee, thro' her diſguiſe,
That all, but ſacred virtue's joys,
Are vanity and woe.

The ſons of vice, O Lord, reclaim,
And teach them to revere thy name,
That theſe no more infeſt:
Shew mercy on Britannia's iſle,
Whoſe daring crimes each where defile;
And let us ſtill be bleſt.

Let King, and Prieſt, and People join,
And their beſt efforts ſtill combine,
In virtue's noble cauſe;
That truth, and piety, and peace,
May ev'ry where their ſway increaſe—
And all revere the laws.

Vice and impiety ſoon check,
Nor let theſe prove the Nation's wreck,
And ſo degrade the great:
Religion, riſing from the duſt,
Still multiply and bleſs the juſt,
And aims of vice defeat.

Aſunder break each galling chain,
Which man degrade, and ſwell his pain;
And make the nations free;
That high and low may hence unite,
In cauſing mutual delight,
And homage pay to Thee.

This homely Eſſay, own and bleſs,
Therewith command thy pow'rful grace;
Nor let it prove in vain:
With Thee, 'tis nought by thoſe to ſave,
Who neither ſkill nor proweſs have;
To patronize it deign.

The gift divine of grace impart,
T' illume the mind, t' adorn the heart;
For this will ever bloom,
When this vain world, with its parade,
Shall vaniſh, like an empty ſhade,
Or into ſmoke conſume.

When time's each care, each joy are paſt,
And other ſcenes which ever laſt,
Be Paradiſe our home;
And let our conduct ſtill diſplay,
To this abode the ſureſt way,
Acquit at the laſt doom.

Array'd in Jeſus' robes divine,
For ever may we ſpotleſs ſhine,
Still bleſſed in his love;
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
Without one mixed drop of woe,
Made *kings and prieſts* above.

INDEX.

PART I.

Introduction Page 1

The happineſs of Britain in reſpect of climate; and eſpecially of the many advantages that reſult from the late happy Revolution, which is a little deſcanted on. 4

Our ſad abuſe of theſe ineſtimable favours, by which we are diſtinguiſhed above other nations. 11

Profligacy of manners, and contempt of religion, too prevalent among the higher ranks in life. 13

Theſe extend their fatal influence to the fair ſex, who are partitularly addreſſed, and invited 20

To copy the example of the Queen. 24

PART II.

Notwithſtanding our peculiar advantages as Chriſtians infidels abound, whoſe baſe and illiberal practices, in oppoſing the truth and influence of Chriſtianity, are expoſed. 33

The infamy and fate of profane and impure Poets. 42

Suicide, its guilt and uſual cauſes. 46

Duelling—the frivolous occaſions of modern duels expoſed. 49

The profanation of the Sabbath, and neglect of religious inſtitutions. 53

Admonitions to ſuch as are guilty in this reſpect. 57

PART III.

The abuſe of God's name by profane ſwearing, perjury, &c. and remonſtrances with thoſe who are chargeable with theſe crimes. Page 61

The fatal and uncontrolled prevalence of profane ſwearing, and other vices in our fleets and armies, with ſome monitory ſtrictures on that head. 71

The prevalence of venality and corruption in the ſtate: and ſome ſtrictures on certain abuſes in the church. 82

Patronage, or the uſurped claim of preſenting to church livings and the cure of ſouls. 98

The diſgrace of ſuffering the great body of the officiating Clergy to remain oppreſſed with penury, while others of their brethren live in pomp and affluence. 99

The debaſing vice of drunkenneſs, and its ſad effects. 103

Theft, ſwindling, &c. practices which ſhamefully abound. 115

Such as indulge to the above crimes admoniſhed, and their unhappy caſe bewailed. 118

PART IV.

Impurity—its dreadful prevalence, and fatal effects. 121

Thoſe who indulge to this vice addreſſed and admoniſhed. 128

Animadverſions on thoſe who practiſe the arts of ſeduction, and the female ſex cautioned to beware of their ſnares. 134

Some ſtrictures on the uſe of paint, ſaid to have be-

come of late quite common with the Britiſh ladies. Page 138
Defects in the diſcharge of relative duties. 140
The prevalence of luxury and its uſual concomitants, with correſponding admonitions. 147
The King propoſed as an example of temperance and moderation. 156
Some thoughts on avarice, and cautions to thoſe who indulge to it. 157
The State Lottery—its guilt and baneful effects. 159
Smuggling—the criminality and pernicious conſequences of it. 163
The community admoniſhed with reſpect to the above criminal practices. 165

PART V.

Slave-trade—admonitions to the rulers and people reſpecting it. 171
Child-murder—the great guilt of neglecting to puniſh it adequately 174
All ranks reminded of the penal effects of abounding iniquity. 176
Some of theſe pointed out, as chaſtiſements of our ſins, and ſolemn warnings to break them off by repentance and reformation. 179
Exhortations duly to improve ſuch warnings, &c. 181
The Author's wiſh reſpecting the Britiſh empire. 183
Some thoughts on the late Revolution, and grand Confederation in France. 184
The powers of the earth admoniſhed to make a due improvement of that event, and the lovers of

mankind invited to rejoice in it, and at the proſpect of its probable happy conſequences. Page 185
The ſubjects of Britain exhorted to revere the laws, to love their King, and to ſeek redreſs of grievances only by conſtitutional means. 189
A prayer for the ſucceſs of Chriſtianity—the ſpread of civil and ſacred liberty in the world, and the continued proſperity of our native land. 190

PART VI.

Tokens of the Divine diſpleaſure againſt ſin in other nations. 196
Tokens of the Divine diſpleaſure againſt our own ſins, in the late ruinous war with the American Colonies, with ſome ſtrictures on that unhappy event. 199
The attention of the public directed to other expreſſions of God's diſpleaſure againſt us;—ſuch as the fatal plague in London in 1665*—the deſtructive fire in* 1766. 205
The King's late illneſs. 208
The recent diſpute with Spain reſpecting Nootka Sound. 209
Cautions not to aſcribe our ſucceſs, in making war or peace, to the wiſdom of our councils, or the proweſs of our troops; while the Lord of hoſts, the great Ruler of the world, is overlooked. 210
The war in India. 213
Admonitions tendered to the nation. 216
The cloſe of the Monitory Addreſs. 224

A poem

A poem entitled the Lady's Skull, addreſſed to the modiſh part of the ſex. Page 228
Lines on Duelling. 240
Britain's Remembrancer, or the danger not over. 243

APPENDIX.

Strictures on Drunkenneſs. 313
A ſummary view of the Slave Trade. 319
A ſhort addreſs to the nation reſpecting it. 325
A draught of a petition to Parliament for its ſpeedy and thorough ſuppreſſion. 335
A Prayer. 338

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

THE END.

Lately Publiſhed by J. Guthrie, No 2. *Nicolſon-Street*,

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE;

OR, A

Short view of the Evidence, relative to that ſubject,

With ſuch remarks as naturally flowed from it:

All meant to evince the ſound policy and moral obligation of its *immediate* and *entire* abolition; as alſo of adopting ſuch meaſures as may aſcertain Liberty to the preſent Slaves *in due time.* To which is ſubjoined an Appendix, containing the late Debate in the Houſe of Commons upon that important queſtion, with ſome ſtrictures thereon, and the deciſion which cloſed it: Alſo a ſpecimen of the Reſolutions advertiſed to the public reſpecting it, *&c.* and a Paraphraſe of Moſes' Song in verſe; or, the Triumph of the reſcued Captives over their Oppreſſors.